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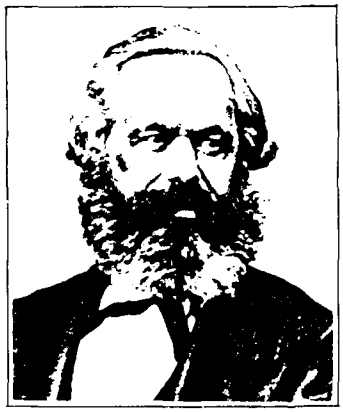

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Out of My Mind

Little-Known Facts About the World's Best-Known Mountain

JEREMY BERNSTEIN

This past January I had the occasion to observe Mount Everest from a small plane for about an hour. For reasons I will sketch, geologists believe that the mountain is still rising—some eight meters in the last one hundred years. Per hour this does not come to much, but in the spring of 1975 the Chinese announced a new height for the mountain: 29,029.24 feet as opposed to the earlier measurement of 29,028 feet. So, I thought, perhaps it is rising faster than usual and one may see something. (In their 1975 expedition the Chinese left a red metal surveyor's beacon some three meters high on the summit, which they observed at ten stations located from seven to twenty-one kilometers from the summit during a period of three days. The beacon is still up there.)

The mountain is an awesome sight, especially from the air, but I can report that it is, or was, not rising visibly. When I got back to Kathmandu, I learned that in 1978, at the twenty-fifth anniversary gathering of all the members of the fifteen successful climbing expeditions (out of a total of forty-seven) that could be assembled, the Chinese announced privately that they had made some sort of mistake in interpreting their observations. The true altitude, they said, still appears to be 29,028 feet—so Tenzing and Hillary, who climbed it first in 1953 at the old altitude, do not have to go back now and do it again. I also learned, by the way, that Hillary's first remark upon descending and meeting a support group of climbers who were backing them up, was "Well, we knocked the bastard off!" I have always felt that Sir Edmund Hillary is a great man and that only confirmed my feeling.

One might wonder why it is so difficult to measure the height of something the size of Mount Everest. But altimeters in the mountains are notoriously unreliable, since they vary with changing air pressure. (One way of predicting the weather while climbing is to look at how an altimeter changes when one is stationary at some given altitude.) In principle what one does is to measure one's distance from the base of the mountain and the angle subtended by the mountain at that distance, and then to apply trigonometry. There are several flies in this ointment. In the first place, light bends in the atmosphere—the phenomenon of refraction—so that when one points at what one *thinks* is the summit one is actually pointing somewhere else, and this correction must be estimated and taken into account. Apart from this, one must know which way is up—that is, what is the vertical direction. One can find this by dropping a plumb line, a lead weight on a string. This would be fine except that the direction of the plumb line is subject to local variations in the earth's gravitational field. If one drops one's plumb line somewhere on the plains of India, it tilts from the true "normal"; or, put another way, it is bent at an angle that depends upon where one is. One might naively think that since, as viewed from the Indian plains, the Himalayas are massively situated to the north, the plumb line would be attracted in the general direction of the mountains. Remarkably, this is not what happens. The plumb line is actually attracted south. The explanation, now generally accepted, is that the

JEREMY BERNSTEIN is a professor of physics at Stevens Institute of Technology and a staff writer for *The New Yorker*. His latest book is *Mountain Passages*.

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Himalayas are riding—floating—on a material that is less dense than the crust of the earth to the south of them. There is a dense chain of subterranean rock extending from Orissa to Karachi, which overcompensates for the attraction of the mountains.

This serves to confirm one's notion of how these mountains were built in the first place. Originally the Himalayas were under water, and that sea separated the Indian and Asiatic continents. About fifty million years ago, according to the geologists, the Indian continent began migrating northward, and when it collided with the Asian continent the resultant forces began to squeeze the mountains up out of the sea. Most of the job was completed about ten million years ago, but the mountains are still rising. The fact that the Himalayas were once under water was confirmed as early as 1924 on a celebrated British expedition to Mount Everest. On that occasion the expedition's geologist, N. E. Odell, found marine fossils at well over twenty thousand feet on the mountain. Odell was, by the way, the last person to see George Leigh Mallory alive on Everest. He, Odell, was by himself at some 26,000 feet when the clouds parted and he observed two figures that he thought were Mallory and his climbing partner, Andrew Irvine, somewhere near the summit. They vanished, and although Mallory's ice ax was later recovered, no one will ever know whether they reached the summit. It was Mallory who, after a lecture in Philadelphia, was asked why he climbed Mount Everest and replied, "Because it is *there*." He was also, clearly, a great man.

There was something rather special about these early British expeditions to Everest. Looking at the old photographs of the eight or nine climbers, usually seated on what appear to be comfortable armchairs somewhere on the Rongbuk glacier in Tibet—Nepal was closed until 1950, so all these expeditions attacked the northern or Tibetan side of the mountain—they appear to be wearing some sort of grousing jackets and fashionable looking hunting caps. Down appears to have been unknown. When actually climbing the mountain they wore wool knickers, with their lower legs wrapped in puttees, and carried climbing staves that looked more suitable for herding sheep than for cutting steps in the ice. Almost all of them were public school men and, indeed, Mallory taught at Charterhouse. At various altitudes they read Shakespeare to each other. In his account of the 1922 expedition, Mallory remarked, "On another occasion, I had the good fortune to open my Shakespeare at the very place where Hamlet addressed the ghost. 'Angels and Ministers of Grace defend us,' I began, and the theme was so congenial that we stumbled on enthusiastically, reading the parts in turn through half the play." This reading took place at 22,000 feet. Shortly thereafter Mallory and a companion managed to climb to 27,000 feet on the mountain with no oxygen.

This was, in fact, the first expedition that had oxygen, which the Sherpas called "English air." But the oxygen equipment was so cumbersome and unreliable that it was never very clear on these expeditions that its benefits were much more than psychological. Over the years, the prewar climbers did about as well with it as without it, reaching altitudes of at least 28,500 feet. But after the war, new oxygen systems were introduced and it became an accepted part of the Everest tradition that climbing with oxygen was an absolutely essential part of the enterprise. This myth appears to have been shattered once and for all when, on May 8, 1978, two young European climbers named Reinhold Messner and Peter Habeler climbed the mountain without it.

I once had the opportunity of asking the great British climber Eric Shipton, who took part in some of these prewar expeditions, whether he thought Mallory and Irvine actually got to the summit before they disappeared. He showed me a remarkable photograph that he had taken at the place where Odell thought he had seen Mallory and Irvine. He pointed out some rock outcroppings that looked like men at about where the climbers were supposed to have been. He felt that these were what Odell really saw. The terrain, he explained, is very dangerous on that side of the mountain. It consists of outsloping layers of rock, like roofs covered with ice. He felt that they must have slipped on one of these and fallen to their death before reaching the summit. This is the route by which the Chinese did finally climb the mountain in 1975. An earlier attempt by the Chinese, in which they claimed to have climbed it, is highly disputed in the climbing fraternity.

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I have touched upon nearly everything about the mountain except how it got its name. My favorite story about how Mount Everest was "discovered" is the following. During the period from 1849 to 1855 the Geodetic Survey of India mapped and assigned altitudes to the major Himalayan peaks. The chief computer for the Survey was one Radnath Sikhdar. One fine day in 1852 (so the story goes) he rushed breathlessly into the office of the then Surveyor General, Colonel Andrew Waugh, and announced, "Sir, I have just discovered the highest mountain in the world." It is a nice tale but unfortunately it is not true. The best account I have read about the matter is given in a book entitled *Faces of Everest* by Major H. P. Ahluwalia, who himself climbed the peak with the Indian expedition of 1965. In writing his book, the major visited the headquarters of the Survey of India in Dehra Dun and spent several days going over old records. Among other things he discovered that Radnath Sikhdar was posted in Calcutta in 1852 and could not have taken any part in the computations that led to the conclusion that Everest was indeed the highest mountain in the world. Up to that time it was generally assumed that Kanchenjunga, which is situated on the frontier between Nepal and Sikkim, was the highest. Kanchenjunga, whose altitude is 28,208 feet, is the third highest mountain in the world, the second being K2, at 28,250 feet, which is located in the Karakoram range in Pakistan. In 1852 Everest was known in the Survey as simply "Peak XV." By that time, Sir George Everest, who had been the first Surveyor General, had retired to England, where he died in 1866. In March 1856, his successor, Andrew Waugh, wrote to the district Surveyor General, Henry Thillier: "I was taught by my respected chief and predecessor Col. George Everest, to assign to every geographical object its true local or national appellation. . . . But here is a mountain, most probably the highest in the world, without any local name that we can discover, whose native appellation, if it has any, will not likely be ascertained before we are allowed to penetrate into Nepal [which was then closed to foreigners] and to approach this stupendous snowy mass." Stupendous it is, but snowy it is not especially. Everest, viewed from Nepal, is a triangular black rock face seamed with snow. Be that as it may, Waugh went on: "In the meantime, the privilege, as well as the duty, devolves on me to assign to this lofty pinnacle . . . a name whereby it may be known among geographers, and become a household word. In testimony of my affectionate respect for a revered chief, in conformity with what I believe to be the wish of all the members of the scientific department over which I had the honour to preside, and to perpetuate the memory of that illustrious master of geographical research . . . I have determined to name this noble peak . . . Mount Everest."

What Waugh did not know was that the name of the mountain was already a household word, at least in certain Tibetan households—except that the word was "Chomolungma." The mountain had appeared with that name on maps prepared by French Jesuits as early as 1733. When this was pointed out by the Tibetologist Sven Hedin early in this century, it caused some flap. In a review of Hedin's book, Sir Sidney Burrard, who was then the Surveyor General, noted: "The interest that now attaches to Mount Everest is due only to its great height. The Lamas and the Jesuit Fathers discovered that the whole of this region was mountainous and that it abounded in ranges and peaks, but their maps show that they were unaware that any mountain of exceptional height was standing there. In fact they knew no more about Mount Everest than the Tibetans knew. Nothing was known about Mount Everest until it was observed by a theodolite from the plains of India in 1849. Until that observation was made, the world was ignorant that their highest mountain was standing there." So much for that—or nearly.

The early maps have a name of something which reads like "Cha-ma-lung" and which, according to some of the scholarly Tibetan Lamas, is a contraction of "Cha-Dzi-ma lung-pa," which means a "district where birds are kept" and appears to refer to a valley in which the early Tibetan kings actually kept birds. This may account for something I was told when I visited the lamasery in Thyangboche, at the foot of Everest, and had the chance to ask the reincarnated head Lama what the name "Chomolungma" meant in Tibetan. He said that it meant "So high no bird can fly over it . . . ," whereas the gener-

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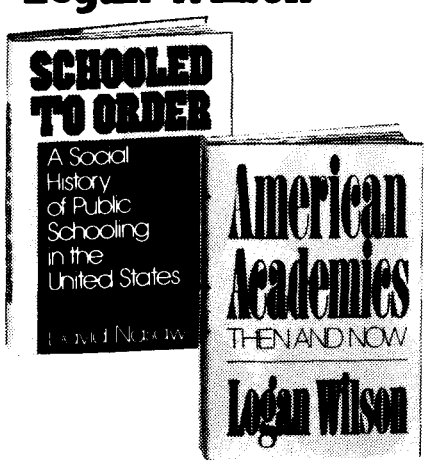

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ally accepted translation is "Goddess Mother of the Earth." The official Nepalese name for the mountain is "Sagarmatha" which, as nearly as I can tell, means in Nepali "the summit of the skies." The local name is still "Chomolungma." I also, by the way, asked the head Lama for a translation of the Tibetan prayer "Om mani padme hum . . . ," which is usually rendered as "Hail to the jewel in the lotus." He said that it would take me many years of intense study to understand any answer he could give—a remark I often make to undergraduates who ask about the Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle. A final note: in the fall of 1978 Everest/Sagarmatha/Chomolungma was climbed by a forty-nine-year-old Frenchman who, as far as I know, is the oldest person to have done it. It was also climbed in 1978 without oxygen, and a young French mountain-climber friend of mine skied down it somewhere not too far from the top. I am not sure what to expect next.

Sarentino—South Tyrol

PHILIP BRANTINGHAM

On dark days the clouds
drift through the valley's cleft,
cutting off the mountaintops.
The castle on the facing slope
from us sinks into mist.
A chill glistening is on the grass
and the thick forests are grim.
Here in the Alps, locked in
by the creeping cumuli
we sit on our balcony
and drink Eppan wine.
Watching the *Schloss* glide in and out
of the fog, I expect at any time
to see a man-bat flap
away from a stony turret.

PHILIP BRANTINGHAM, a textbook editor for Scott, Foresman and Company, has had poems in *The Classical Outlook* and *Rhino*.

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Life and Letters

In and Around Books

ARISTIDES

I am about to publish a book. Nothing fancy, merely a book of essays—the very essays that have been appearing in this journal since 1975. In a way, I wish it were a rather fancier book. What I mean by a fancier book is one loaded down with what, if the book business were the car business, might be called accessories: footnotes, appendixes, a foreword, a preface, an introduction, a prolegomenon, blurbs, a dust-jacket photograph, eight or nine pages of acknowledgments, a translator's note, both a topic and a name index, epigraphs in six or seven languages, a glossary of terms, an afterword by a foreign dignitary, and on the front flap a notice from the publisher that after Christmas this book is going to cost two bucks more. My own book in its entirety will not be as long as would the combined accessories I have just named, but then one can't have everything.

Still, rather like a poor man at a Rolls Royce agency, one can peer in at the dash, lift up the hood, kick the tires. So I, the poor man of my own simile, have come to look at the accessories in and around other people's books, and these have come to exert their own peculiar fascination. Reading through an author's acknowledgments, looking through his index can tell you a great deal about his book. His photograph on the dust-jacket can tell you something about the man himself: whether he has had a hard or easy life, whether he is modest or vain, and so forth. This is, one might argue, judging a book by its cover (and its acknowledgments and index), a thing which from earliest education we are instructed not to do; but with so many books in the world, what else are we to do—read the entire work? Let them, I say, make better covers.

But apart from the utility of discovering whether or not one would wish to spend a few days of one's life with a certain book, other treasures are to be found among the accessories of books. If someone wanted to study the reasons for the current wave of feminism, he could do worse than read the acknowledgments of husband authors to their wives. Debts to wives, in these acknowledgments, are almost always "incalculable." "The debt I owe to my wife," runs a typical such acknowledgment (written in 1964), "is incalculable. For the better part of two years, she conducted research, typed manuscript, criticized drafts, ran down leads, corrected proofs, and somehow simultaneously cared for two small children and a home. Her sacrifice has improved every page of this book; the errors and shortcomings are mine." Ah, but yes, one can hear a feminine voice adding, and so was the pleasure all yours and so shall be the glory.

Now, though, the tables appear to be turning, and women who write books acknowledge their husbands' help, which usually turns out to be "indescribable." Thus the author of a recent study of Edith Wharton notes that her husband's "enthusiasm and loving support can never be described adequately. Perhaps the quality of his 'sacrifice' might best be measured by totaling the hours he has spent of a Saturday afternoon in the sticky darkness of a movie theater with Walt Disney and two boisterous little boys—so that I might write." If there is a moral in all this, it is that being married to a writer, male or female, involves a person, one way or another, in a great deal of Mickey Mouse.

But acknowledgments also have much to tell about how books are being made nowadays. Sometimes this process seems to resemble nothing so much as an assembly line,

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as the author goes down the line thanking squads of research teams, librarians, graduate students, government agencies, and private foundations. Some authors run on for five or six pages thanking people who have spoken with them or read portions of their manuscript, or offered helpful advice of one kind or another. Except to the chronically grudging, giving acknowledgment seems to be a highly pleasurable activity. Once begun, it is not easily brought to a close, for it is something akin to handing out gratuities with play money—one may as well be a big spender. "Thanks are owed, too, to my fifth wife, whose departure with my chauffeur for South America left me the quiet and composure necessary to finish this lengthy work. . . ."

I suspect that giving acknowledgments is much to be preferred to being acknowledged, where the pleasure is not always unequivocal. Being publicly acknowledged for one's "invaluable help" in producing what turns out to be a very shoddy book is at best a droopy flower in one's boutonniere. I have myself been acknowledged in some five or six books but never, if I may say so, adequately. Generally I either felt that my aid was vastly overestimated or, in some instances, found myself bridling slightly at having my name put in a longish list that included people I have no very high regard for. The closest I have come to what I consider adequate acknowledgment is in a book about writers and revolution, whose author notes: "I am indebted to Nikolai Aristides for (among other things) directing me toward Alexander Herzen." I did so direct the author, but I will be damned if I know what those "other things" are. Requiring precision even in thanks—can there be a better definition of a true pedant?

Acknowledgments can also tell us a good deal about contemporary notions of privacy, vanity, and gratitude. On occasion a book's acknowledgments will reveal quite as much about an author as anything that appears in the pages which follow. In his acknowledgments in *The Pendulum Years,* the one book he has written, the excellent British journalist Bernard Levin makes it very clear that journalism is his true métier, and that to get this book out he very nearly needed to be dragged to the bindery: "To Tom Maschler, now Chairman of Jonathan Cape Ltd., and to Graham Watson of Curtis Brown Ltd., my Literary Agent, I owe a debt of a different kind: for their understanding patience with one who must repeatedly have tempted them to wash their hands of him." In that sentence one can make out the effluvia of many missed deadlines, unreturned phone calls, unanswered letters.

If Bernard Levin seems to have been brought to book filled with remorse, Sir Isaiah Berlin, in his author's preface to *Concepts and Categories* (the second of his projected four volumes of collected essays), comes to publication aswirl with demurrers. He claims —and there is no reason not to take him at his word—that he could not bring himself to reread the essays in his book; he thinks they are too much of their time and place, containing "little or nothing worth resuscitating thirty years later"; and he wonders if his editor's decision to publish the book at all "was not more generous than just." Acknowledgments, authors' prefaces, dedications are written after books are completed, and the tendency is for people to come to them in various states that follow intellectual fatigue, ranging from dubiety to exaltation. Lillian Breslow Rubin, author of *Worlds of Pain,* obviously wasn't feeling any pain when she wrote her acknowledgments, for unconscious vanity not so much sneaks as strides in everywhere. A number of friends supplied "thoughtful criticisms [that] helped make this a better book." Another friend will "surely recognize her stimulating and thought-provoking contributions to the final product." Yet another friend is cited for having "enriched both my life and this book in ways too numerous to cite." As for Mrs. Rubin's husband, she "could say how much the book benefited from his participation," but "instead I would rather say that I, as a person, am better, stronger, richer, more open, and more honest for having him in my life." Better, richer, stronger, more open, more honest though she may be, Mrs. Rubin seems not to have noticed that she has used her acknowledgments to puff her own book and, through her husband, herself. Gratitude, it seems, is sometimes its own reward.

I am not sure when elaborate acknowledgments first came into being. My guess is that they are an innovation of our own century

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and are connected with the need to secure permission for extensive quotations from other works. But by now acknowledgments have become quite formulaic, and nowhere more so than in that phrase with which most of them end. After handing out thanks all round for help and advice, support and love, our author, brave fellow, remarks, "Any errors of fact or judgment are of course my own"—which is sometimes varied to read, "Of course these persons do not necessarily concur in my analysis and conclusions." This always leaves me a bit uneasy. What errors? Why do his friends not concur with him? Is our author not only careless but wrongheaded into the bargain? Jan Morris, in her revised edition of *Oxford*, handles this point in her acknowledgments as nicely as I have seen it done: "So many other people have helped me with the work in its original edition and in revisions, that I hope they will accept the book itself as a token of my gratitude, forgiving its faults and claiming its merits as their own."

Not least among the problems presented by acknowledgments is to decide how far down one ought to dip in the well of debts incurred when ladling out thanks. One can easily enough imagine acknowledging one's parents—if not precisely for help on the book in question, then certainly for one's intellectual development generally. But what about the man who made it all possible to begin with—one's mother's obstetrician, "without whose steady hands and grace under pressure this book might never have been written"? And while at it, "I should like also to thank the dentist of my early years, Dr. Joseph Chulock, whose program of sound dental hygiene made possible the dazzling smile I display on the back of this dust-jacket. My janitor, Tony Ardecelli, in the midst of a serious energy crisis, kept the heat coming into my apartment, making it possible for me to work on this book through the exceptionally severe winters of 1978 and 1979. My postman, Lester Goodman . . ."

At the university where I teach, the story is told about a graduate student whose dissertation director was the very reverse of helpful. The minimal advice he gave the student was useless. Letters the student wrote to him went unanswered. Appeals for aid were unavailing. On all the administrative details for which the dissertation director should have been responsible he proved dependably unreliable. Despite all this, the graduate student managed to complete his dissertation; and having done so, the time came for him to write his acknowledgments. Not to mention his dissertation director—whom, by now, he thoroughly and rightly detested—would have been unseemly. Yet to give him any credit at all nearly made the student ill. He solved the problem thus: "This is the place to acknowledge my dissertation director, Professor Samuel Smith; only he and I know how much he contributed to this work."

Nicely done, that, yet why not take it a step further? Ought not an author to acknowledge, along with those who aided the progress of his work, those who impeded it? For most authors, this list of negative acknowledgments figures, I fear, to be rather longer than that of positive acknowledgments, and rather more impassioned as well. Here is the kind of thing that might result:

I wish to acknowledge the contribution of my editor, whose advice, usually delivered in bullying tones, consistently led me far astray, causing me constant discouragement. The title of this book, so dull and yet so vulgar, is his, foisted upon me against my will. The Guggenheim, Ford, and Rockefeller foundations, always ready to loose their purse strings for projects both idiotic in themselves and likely to have been repulsive to their founders, saw fit, each of them, to deny my urgent grant applications, thus forcing me to live, at hazard to my health, on my publisher's piddling advance. The Widener, Regenstein, and New York Public libraries were all rather more pettifogging than even bureaucratic temperaments would seem to require. But the obstacles that these institutions put in my way were as nothing compared to the direct acts of sabotage attempted by the heirs of the subject of this biography. They will not, I think, be altogether uninterested in my findings, not the least of which is that my subject died, as he lived, retaining a large cold spot in his heart for his family. My own dealings with this same family have placed me in a splendid position to understand his unflagging animus. To the Internal Revenue Service . . .

But I see that I have rather a stronger hand at this than I had thought, and so had better stop here.

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On, then, to the back of the book; more specifically, to its index. An index can be a superior guide to the quality of a book, and usually has more to say about its content than the table of contents. The inadequacy of indexes is something for a certain kind of academic book reviewer to complain about, but, be it adequate or inadequate, I like to roam in the index of a serious book. There, in a single column of print, one meets up with people who may have lived at the same time but who cannot be imagined in the same room together. From a single column in the index of Frederick R. Karl's recent *Joseph Conrad: The Three Lives*, one can make up a little party whose guests would include Edith Wharton and Beatrice Webb, Alfred North Whitehead and James Whistler, H. G. Wells and Woodrow Wilson. And—ah yes, I nearly forgot—President Wilson, may I present Oscar Wilde?

"All writers," Orwell remarked in his essay "Why I Write," "are vain, selfish, and lazy . . . ," and I for one can testify to the truth of the first of these qualities. Having over the years written superficially on a superfluity of subjects, I have discovered that I am not above, in looking over any book on a subject I have written about, sneaking a peak into the index to see if I have been quoted or if my name comes up. (Apparently I am not alone in this act of peeping egotism. William F. Buckley, Jr., tells of sending a copy of one of his collections of essays to Norman Mailer, but before doing so marking in the index next to Mailer's name the single word, "Hi.") I am currently attempting to shake off this habit, for I began to realize it might be rather dangerous when, one day, I found myself looking for my name in the index of a book written before I was born.

But to get to the bottom of things, what about footnotes, the accessory that is coming to be a misnomer, now that footnotes are less and less often printed at the foot of the page? Noel Coward claimed to detest footnotes, likening the eye's trip from the text to the note to having to go downstairs to answer the doorbell while having sex. Put in such flat-out hedonistic terms, I suppose it is all a question of who is waiting downstairs when one arrives there. If the man writing the footnotes is Gibbon, the trip is likely to be worth making. For example, the famous sentence in Gibbon about the younger Gordian—"Twenty-two acknowledged concubines, and a library of sixty-two thousand volumes, attested the variety of his inclinations, and from the production which he left behind him, it appears that the former as well as the latter were designed for use rather than ostentation"—meets with the following footnote: "By each of his concubines, the younger Gordian left three or four children. His literary productions were by no means contemptible."

Today, under most publishing dispensations, one would have to go to the end of Gibbon's chapter, or indeed to the back of the book, to read that note; and by the time one got there, lo, the joke would be gone. What would an editor today make of the 165-page footnote, said to be the longest in the world, in the nineteenth-century work *The History of Northumberland*? Doubtless he would direct the author to chapter 12 of Horrelbrow's *Iceland* (1758), a chapter entitled "Concerning Owls in Iceland," which reads in toto: "There are no owls of any kind in the whole island." The printing of footnotes at the end of chapters or all the way in the back of the book is a publishing economy which higher printing costs have forced on most publishers of scholarly books. But as a result, an art, that of the pointed footnote, is on its way out.

Yet there are other publishing economies that make no sense at all, and can be infuriating. Consider the habit of some scholarly publishers—highly regarded ones, too—of advertising other works on the back dust-jacket of one's own book. "Books of Related Interest," these ads are generally designated. The effect of such an ad, it has always seemed to me, is rather like walking around town in a sandwich board marked "Read at Sam's." Something similar can occur on the front cover of a book, at least in its foreign or its paperback edition. I speak of the use of blurbs. Strewn across the front cover of a paperback edition of a book I published a few years back is the phrase "Personally insightful," which is what a *Newsweek* reviewer said of the book. At the time I was pleased enough to have had his praise, but I now wish he could have found a phrase I loathe less than I do "Personally insightful."

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Whenever I see that book I feel as a man must who has the name Betty tattooed on his arm though he is married to a woman named Sally.

If I had my choice of a puff for my book, I think I should like one written by an English writer named Henry Puffmore. I first noted Mr. Puffmore's name on the back of the reissued edition of Quentin Bell's little book on Ruskin. "In just over a hundred pages," writes Mr. Puffmore, "Ruskin had been presented and probed with such skill that one hardly knew whether to admire more the patient or the surgeon." A perfect puff by Puffmore—except that, technically, it is not quite a pure puff, in that it was extracted from a review Mr. Puffmore wrote in the English journal *The Bookseller*. A pure puff is one that does not originate in a review, but in the request from author or publisher to supply endorsements for the book of the kind that may be used either on the dust-jacket or in advertisements. In most instances, these puffs are less testaments to the quality of the book than to the friendship of puffer and author. This being the case, perhaps it would be best to have puffs from the biggest names—the Aga Kahn, the Prince of Wales, Greta Garbo—so that, even if the puffs have nothing true to say about the quality of one's book, at least the roster of one's friends will seem impressive.

To impress is of course the point of a book's dust-jacket. Serious books cannot avail themselves of the flash or luridness of dust-jacket art of the kind used by, say, the sort of gothic novel that in the trade is known as "a bodice ripper." Puffs and blurbs are all they have, plus an occasional inflated author's biographical note. But these latter have become rather more dull than they once were. Novelists especially used to go in for flashy bios, in the attempt, I suppose, to seem worldlier than thou. A not untypical biographical note might read that our novelist "has worked as a lumberjack, dishwasher, judo expert, encyclopedia salesman, janitor, cellist, and part-time circus roughy." Today such a note is more likely to read that our novelist is "a former Rhodes scholar and director of the Creative Writing Program at State University. He is a recipient of a Guggenheim Fellowship, a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities, and an award from the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters." This change in the nature of notes on novelists reflects the chief change in the production of American novels: their increasing academicization.

The photographs of authors on the dust-jackets of books have changed, too, or so it seems to me. They are now by and large more professional than they once were—better, that is to say, but also less interesting. Many of the best known authors have in fact been photographed by the same photographer, Jill Krementz, who has made something of a specialty of photographing writers. For myself, I have come to like books that do not have photographs of their authors, preferring my imaginings of their looks to the reality. My imaginings, I should add, are almost always wrong, based as they usually are on an author's prose. (Thus I imagine, to cite a single example, that Tacitus was elegantly lean.) But if my own imaginings are often wrong, reality is even more often disappointing. Exceptions there may be—one is the splendid photograph of M. F. K. Fisher on the back of her little book on Marseille, *A Considerable Town*, in which Miss Fisher looks exactly as one who has read her imagines her to look: sturdy, handsome, and intelligent—but writers are for the most part better read than seen.

Better unseen, too, is the fairly new authorly tick of assigning a place-name and date to the preface or introduction to one's book. The most famous of these is that which James Joyce affixed to the last page of *Ulysses*: "Trieste-Zürich-Paris 1914–1921." I had thought Joyce was the first to do this, but not so. At the end of the introductory chapter of *The Genealogy of Morals*, Nietzsche affixed, "Sils-Maria, Upper Engadine, July 1887." The habit of doing this has caught on, so that today even the most arid tract in political science or agronomy is likely to have affixed to it "Evanston, Illinois," "Cambridge, Massachusetts," "Bombay-Rome-Muncie." It almost always leaves a small cloud, vaporous with pretension. Perhaps a good rule for authors might be to add place-names in one's book only if one is confident of being a writer of the Joyce or Nietzsche class; otherwise, abstain.

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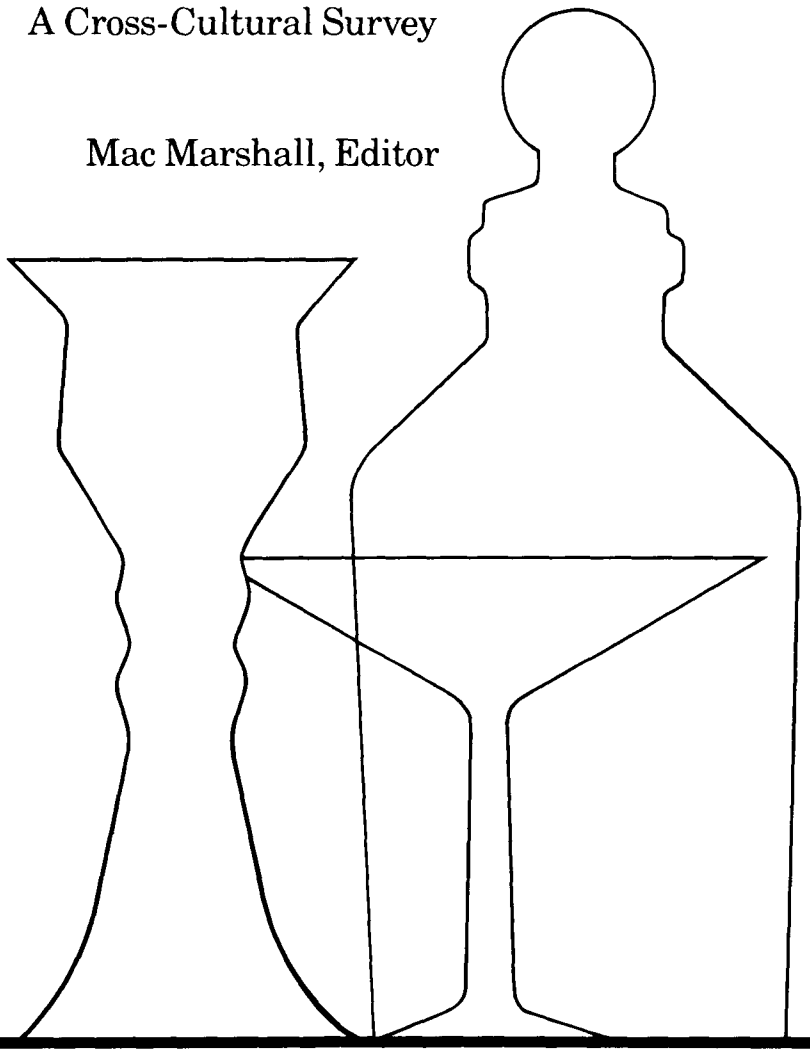

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Although not a regular accessory, readers' underlinings and marginal comments found in books borrowed from libraries seem to me of especial interest. These marginal comments in his books are perhaps as close as a writer gets to a spontaneous response from his readers. Every writer would like to spin through a library copy of his book to find its margins decorated with such accolades as "How true!" "Beautifully formulated!" "Right on!" Alas, since people are more often animated by disagreement than by agreement, one is much more likely to find one's margins lacerated by such cuts as "Dubious!" "Wrong again!" "Sheer rubbish!" Cyril Connolly has told of looking through one of Evelyn Waugh's copies of his (Connolly's) books and discovering on its margins a number of rough remarks in Waugh's hand which convinced him that Waugh held a furious grudge against him. But Connolly doubtless sensed this earlier from Waugh's acknowledgments to the British edition of *The Loved One*, which read: "My thanks are due to Lady Milbanke, who first set my feet on the path to Whispering Glades [his novelistic version of Los Angeles's Forest Lawn Cemetery]; to Mrs. Reginald Allen who corrected my *American*; to Mr. Cyril Connolly who corrected my *English*."

As acknowledgments can be ambiguous, so too can dedications. Sydney Smith, for example, dedicated his first book, *Six Sermons*, to Lord Webb Seymour, in the following terms:

> My Lord—I dedicate these few sermons to you, as a slight token of my great regard and respect, because I know no man who, in spite of the disadvantages of high birth, lives to more honorable and commendable purposes than yourself.

The most famous dedication in American literature is surely that of Thomas Wolfe to Maxwell Perkins, his editor at Charles Scribner's Sons, which appears in Wolfe's *Of Time and the River:*

> To
> Maxwell Evarts Perkins
>
> A great editor and a brave and honest man, who stuck to the writer of this book through times of bitter hopelessness and doubt and would not let him give in to his own despair, a work to be known as "Of Time and the River" is dedicated with the hope that all of it may be in some way worthy of the loyal devotion and the patient care which a dauntless and unshaken friend has given to each part of it, and without which none of it could have been written.

Like nearly everything else about him, even Thomas Wolfe's dedication required editing; it was cut down from an original version that ran to three pages. But as interesting as the dedication is its aftermath: not long after it had been written, Wolfe left Scribner's and Maxwell Perkins in a heat of paranoid hatred.

Dedications run the gamut from the simple ("To my mother") to the sweet (Rebecca West's dedication of *The Strange Necessity:* "To Irita Van Doren Whom One Would Like to Be Like"), to the slightly mysterious (M. L. Rosenthal's dedication to *Poetry and the Common Life:* "For Sally Moor Gall, gratitude for clear thoughts, disturbing questions"), to the wiseacre (Dwight Macdonald's dedication to his splendid anthology *Parodies:* "To my dear sons Michael and Nicholas, without whose school bills this anthology would not have been made"), to the straight-out clownish (Bruce Jay Friedman's dedication to *The Lonely Guy's Book of Life:* "To BJF [Friedman himself], This one's for you, fella"). Among modern dedications I know none more touching than Arnaldo Momigliano's dedication to the third volume of his *Contributo:*

> *To Felice and Atillo Momigliano,*
> *Masters and friends beyond the grave;*
> *and to my daughter, Anna Laura,*
> *in whose eyes their light shines.*

Ships, buildings, monuments, bridges, and books receive dedications, but only books have a chance to exert an influence in the world. The chance is not necessarily great, to be sure, and even if one's book does exert an influence, who can say for certain that it will be for the good? Because of the problematic nature of the fate of a book in the world, perhaps an author ought also to include, along with the other accessories to his book, a Disclaimer. This Disclaimer ought to appear, as we say nowadays, up-front and probably in italic type. It ought not to be a place for false

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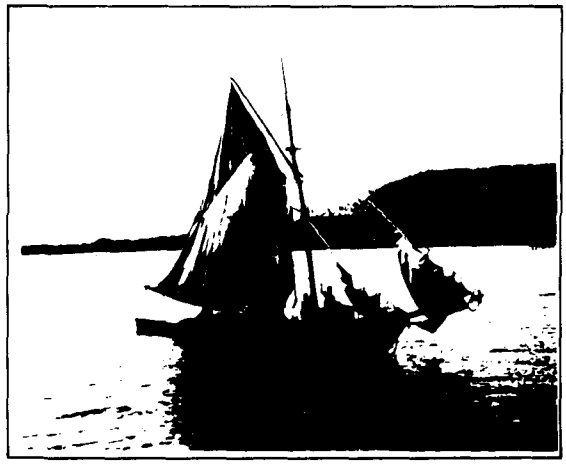

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modesty but for a true statement of the authorial case.

"I wrote this book," a model for such a Disclaimer might read, "in the hope of making a persuasive argument, while giving pleasure to myself in forming my thoughts into sentences, paragraphs, and chapters. Whether I shall give anything even resembling an equivalent pleasure to my readers is highly doubtful, I realize, but an author retains his slender hopes. I wish my book were better than it is, but I fear that it is quite the best that I have had the skill and patience to make. If any justification for this book is needed, it is that the book seeks, in its stuttering way, to take a very small part in a conversation which has been going on for a very long while now. For myself, I hope to be able to read it ten years hence without shame or regret."

Two Elm Trees

SUSANNAH P. MALARKEY

A hundred years or so ago
Intrepid families
From Boston sailed around the Horn
With seeds of trees
Among their lares and penates.

In Portland, Oregon
They planted these
And elm and chestnut trees
Began to grow
In Oregon those many years ago.

envoi

Across a city street
Where now I live observing things
I daily greet, as venerable ladies,
Two elegantly graceful elm trees
Of the eighties.

Native spruce and pine and fir
Admiringly, I feel,
Concur.

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Constructing a Theory: Einstein's Model

GERALD HOLTON

The Epistemological Imperative

JUDGING FROM HIS PUBLICATIONS AND LETTERS, Albert Einstein considered it one of his important tasks to express and elaborate his views concerning the philosophy of science. There seem to have been two reasons for that. First, Einstein experienced in his own work in the early years, and then again among his "ablest students," how important the discussions concerning the aims and methods of the sciences are.[1] Such interest was not merely a matter of intellectual curiosity but, in his opinion, went to the heart of the task of the innovator. Epistemology and science, he said, "are dependent on each other. Epistemology without contact with science becomes an empty scheme. Science without epistemology is—insofar as it is thinkable at all—primitive and muddled." At the same time he warned that the scientist cannot permit himself to be too restricted "by the adherence to an epistemological system" (Schilpp, pp. 683–84). He might, therefore, seem to be more a philosophical opportunist than school philosopher. However, that accusation seemed to bother Einstein as little as did the more serious attacks from so many other quarters upon his science and his other views. He avoided almost every opportunity either to engage in debates with opposing philosophers or to cite those who supported his views. Reading his opinions on age-old questions of methodology, we feel we are given a direct report on a deeply felt, personal struggle with ideas.

A second reason why a scientist concerned with the grand problems should not avoid epistemologic considerations was, in Einstein's opinion, that there simply was no other way. In our time, when scientific foundations are changing rapidly, "the physicist cannot simply surrender to the philosopher the critical contemplation of the theoretical foundations; for he himself knows best and feels most surely where the shoe pinches" (*Ideas and Opinions*, p. 290).

With these motivations, Einstein found himself publishing con-

GERALD HOLTON, Mallinckrodt Professor of Physics and Professor of the History of Science at Harvard University, is the author of *Thematic Origins of Scientific Thoughts: Kepler to Einstein* and *The Scientific Imagination*.

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stantly on the philosophy of science and, significantly, doing so throughout his most creative period of scientific work (e.g., 1914: *Principles of Theoretical Physics;* 1916: *Ernst Mach;* 1918: *Motive for Doing Research;* 1919: *Induction and Deduction in Physics;* 1921: *Geometry and Experience;* 1933: *On the Method of Theoretical Physics;* 1936: *Physics and Reality;* and many others—not to speak of his letters to Besso, Solovine, and other friends). With characteristic persistence, not to say obstinacy, he put on himself the task of presenting what he called his "epistemological credo." Moreover, it is striking how consistent he was in his presentation—at least from about 1914 on, after his formative period during which he had gone through a kind of philosophical pilgrimage.

In the last four decades of his life, he therefore was acting not only as a profound scientist but also as a popularizer, teacher, and philosopher-scientist in the tradition of Henri Poincaré, Ernst Mach, and others of the generation before him. It is obvious that he took this role as a public educator very seriously, and that he tried his utmost to write clearly and at a level on which the intelligent layman would understand him. Hence it came about that the man who was best known for his legendary quest for inaccessible and recondite theories was—and to this day remains—in fact one of the most readable and widely read scientists, whose essays have been reprinted in the distant corners of the world. There is also an ever-growing flood of analyses of his ideas and the way they do or do not coincide with long-familiar questions of philosophy. But it may be appropriate, and in the spirit of Einstein's own intentions, to provide on the centenary of his birth a presentation of a key portion of Einstein's epistemological position, using his own words as far as possible.

Writing to Solovine

In all Einstein's own writings, one message stands out and is returned to repeatedly: the need for a model of scientific thinking, and indeed of thinking in general. That model forms the core of the first pages of his "Autobiographical Notes."[2] But Einstein's most concise and graphic rendition or model of his working epistemology is to be found in a letter he wrote to his friend Maurice Solovine in 1952. It is a remarkable condensation of his thoughts, hence well suited to examining his credo on his own terms. It is also an invitation to elaborate on his brief explanations by reference to his other publications on the same subject, and therefore to pull together many of the methodological ideas scattered throughout his writings over the years.

Solovine was one of Einstein's oldest friends; they had met in Bern in

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1902 and had kept up a correspondence after Solovine had moved away in 1905. Writing on 25 April 1952, Solovine confesses that he has trouble understanding a point made in one of Einstein's essays which Solovine has just been translating for publication in France. "Would you be so kind," Solovine asks, "as to explain precisely a passage . . . which is not quite clear. You write: 'The justification (truth content) of the system rests in the proof of usefulness of the resulting theorems on the basis of sense experiences, where the relations of the latter to the former can only be comprehended intuitively. . . .'" Solovine indicates his puzzlement.

In his reply of 7 May 1952, Einstein starts in his characteristically relaxed, unpompous manner: "Dear Solo! In your letter you give me a spanking on the behind . . . , but," he continues, "you have thoroughly misunderstood me with respect to the epistemological matter. Probably I expressed myself badly."[3] In the explanation that follows, of the respective roles of sense experience, intuition, and logic in the functioning of the imagination, Einstein concentrates, as one would expect, on the sequence of steps in doing science, in making a discovery, or in formulating a theory. He does not show much interest in the later stages of reformulating the results, to make them acceptable to publishers of scientific journals or to philosophers interested in the justification of proposed theories.

It will also be noted that while the context of Solovine's question and Einstein's reply makes it clear that Einstein is talking about a model for thinking in *science*, nowhere in what follows does he use the word "science"; and what fragmentary examples he gives are not drawn from scientific theory. This is entirely in line with his typical refusal to tolerate unnatural and unnecessary boundaries. For he said repeatedly that one is dealing here with a continuum: "Scientific thought is a development of prescientific thought" (*Ideas and Opinions*, p. 276); "all this applies as much, and in the same manner, to the thinking in daily life as to the more consciously and systematically constructed thinking in the sciences" (*Ideas and Opinions* [hereafter *I.O.*], p. 23; see also *I.O.*, p. 324). This point of view was perhaps best caught in his statement that the "whole of science is nothing more than a refinement of everyday thinking" (*I.O.*, p. 290). Just for that reason, however, the critical physicist should not restrict his examination of concepts to his own field of expertise, but should consider "critically a much more difficult problem, the problem of analyzing the nature of everyday thinking" (ibid.). Perhaps for this reason Einstein had placed the question "What, precisely, is 'thinking'?" near the beginning of his "Autobiographical Notes"—and then, during that discussion, referred only rarely to science.

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Given: A "Labyrinth of Sense Impressions"

Einstein begins his explanation to Solovine with the sentence "I see the matter schematically thus"—and there follows a diagram (not surprisingly, for we know of Einstein's preference for visual thinking). It is a simple sketch that concentrates in a few lines a wealth of information (Figure 1). The diagram indicates an essentially cyclical process, and Einstein enters on its discussion by laying out the stage where the process must both begin and end:

"(1) The *E* (experiences) are given to us."

This refers to the horizontal line shown at the bottom of the figure, marked *E* and labeled "Multiplicity [or variety] of immediate (sense) experiences."* As usual in his discussions on method, these come first. And they will have to come again at the end, when we return to the level

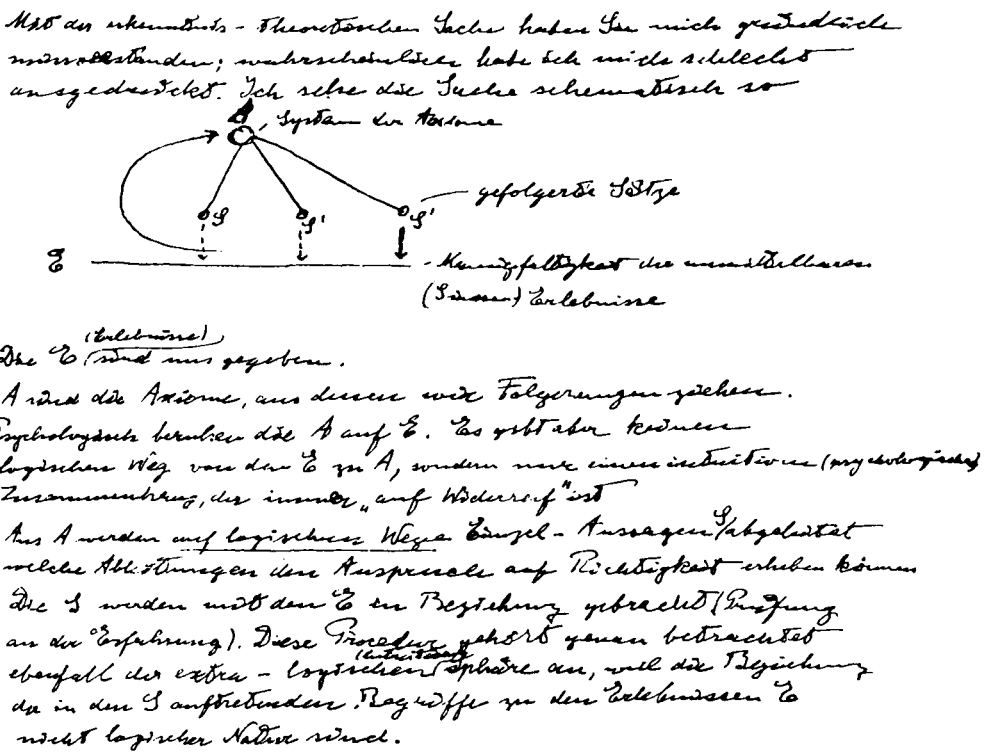

FIGURE 1

* Throughout this paper, parentheses within quotations are given as they appear in the original, and square brackets identify editorial additions or explanations.

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of sense experience to see if our theory can handle the largest possible part of the totality of the facts of experience—which is, after all, the final test of a theory.

The thin line marked *E* is rather deceptive. One might better visualize it as an infinite plane on which the separate and diverse sense experiences or observations that clamor for our attention are laid out, like so many separate points. The plane does indeed represent the "totality of empirical fact" (*I.O.*, p. 271) or "totality of sense experiences" (Schilpp, pp. 11, 12, and often elsewhere). In themselves the points on this plane are bewildering, a chaos of elements, a veritable "labyrinth of sense impressions" (*I.O.*, p. 291), of which, moreover, we never can be completely sure that they are not "the result of an illusion or hallucination" (ibid.). In fact, the ultimate aim of science can be defined in this manner: "Science is the attempt to make the chaotic diversity of our sense-experience correspond to a logically uniform [unified] system of thought" (*I.O.*, p. 323). The chaotic diversity of "facts" will be mastered by erecting a structure of thought on it that points to relations and order: "In this system, single experiences must be correlated with the theoretic structure in such a way that the resulting coordination is unique and convincing" (ibid.).

An aside: Nobody had to point out to Einstein that sense experiences or "observations" are virtually never pure and unvarnished but theory-dependent. Even the father of positivism, Auguste Comte, had written (*Positive Philosophy*, 1829) that without a theory of some sort by which to link phenomena to some principles "it would not only be impossible to combine the isolated observations and draw any useful conclusions, we would not even be able to remember them, and, for the most part, the fact would not be noticed by our eyes." Indeed, sometimes Einstein speaks of "experience" or "facts" in a way very different from what Ernst Mach took to be "elements." Among facts, Einstein in various writings included inertial motion, the constancy of light velocity, the equality of gravitational and inertial mass, and the impossibility of constructing perpetual motion machines (*I.O.*, pp. 307, 309; cf. letter to Besso, quoted in *Thematic Origins*, p. 229). Nevertheless, in the most primitive form, the *E* in Figure 1 can be thought of as simple sensory impressions.

The Ascent to an Axiom System

The diagram in Figure 1 now goes on to show what is perhaps Einstein's most insistent conception in epistemology. Rising out of an area just above a portion of the chaos of observables *E*, there is an arrow-

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tipped arch reaching to the very top of the whole scheme. It symbolizes what under various circumstances could be a bold leap, a "widely speculative" attempt (quoted in *Thematic Origins*, p. 254), a "groping constructive attempt" (ibid., p. 286), or a desperate proposal, made when one has despaired of finding other roads. There, high above the infinite plane *E*, is suspended a well-delimited entity labeled "*A*, system of axioms," issuing out of the arrow-tipped arch like a pulse of light out of the trajectory of a firework.

Einstein writes in explanation:

"(2) *A* are the axioms from which we draw consequences. Psychologically the *A* are based upon the *E*. There is, however, no logical path from the *E* to *A*, but only an intuitive (psychological) connection, which is always 'subject to revocation.' "

Evidently Einstein holds that in the formulation of ideas—everyday as well as scientific ones—the process of thinking or discovery does not follow the classical model of J. S. Mill, i.e., of erecting a logical ladder by induction of generalizations from the set of individual observations. That method is only "appropriate to the youth of science" (*I.O.*, p. 283). Nor does Einstein believe, as Ernst Mach had counseled, in remaining as much as possible within the plane of *E* and confining oneself to searching out the most economic statements of relations among the elements there; for what that missed, Einstein explained in his "Autobiographical Notes" (Schilpp, p. 21), was precisely the "essentially constructive and speculative nature of thought and more especially of scientific thought."

In the schema of Figure 1, the arc is just that speculative leap or constructive groping to *A*, the axioms or fundamental principles which in the absence of a logical path have to be postulated, perhaps at first quite tentatively on the basis of a conjecture, supposition, "inspiration," "guess," or "hunch." We are dealing, after all, with the private process of theory construction or innovation, the phase not open to inspection by others and indeed perhaps little understood by the originator himself. But the leap to the top of the schema during this groping phase symbolizes the precious moment of imaginative release, the response to the motivation of "wonder" and of the "passion for comprehension" (*I.O.*, p. 342) which can come from the encounter with the chaotic *E*. Indeed, there is a clear and uncanny parallel between the process described in Figure 1 and the model that Einstein proposed in order to explain the motivation for research. As Einstein puts it there, to escape from the chaos of the world of personal experience, the scientist, scholar, or artist erects a "simplified and lucid image of the world," lifting into it "the center of gravity of his emotional life" (quoted in *Thematic Origins*, p. 377).

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As one would expect from him, Einstein did not speak of the technique of elevating a supposition or hunch to an axiom or fundamental principle as if it were some hypothetical advice. He had done so himself in his scientific papers and, what is more, had confessed it quite frankly. For example, on the first pages of his first paper on relativity, he refers to a few well-known experimental facts, some of them in a quite perfunctory manner, invoking them chiefly to say, without further specification, that they "lead to the conjecture [*Vermutung*]" which he calls the Principle of Relativity. Without further apology or explanation, he then declares, "We will raise this conjecture . . . to the status of a postulate." Moreover, he adds at once, and indeed without any preparation at all, that he will "also introduce another postulate," namely that concerning the constancy of light velocity.

We know that reaching these conjectures, and gathering the courage to raise them to fundamental principles, was not the result of momentary, enthusiastic decisions but the result of years of groping. It was in fact forced on Einstein that the kind of fundamental theory he was trying to build could be attained in no other way. He told in his "Autobiographical Notes" that it was an act of desperation when he discovered, shortly after 1900, that the then current method for research on the frontiers of science, which he came to call making "Constructive Theories," was inappropriate; rather, it was time to return to the search for the more deep-going "Principle Theories": "By and by I despaired of the possibility of discovering the true laws by means of constructive efforts based on known facts. The longer and more despairingly I tried, the more I came to the conviction that only the discovery of a universal formal principle could lead us to assured results" (Schilpp, p. 53).[4]

Two Logical Discontinuities in J

We have to linger a little more on the implications in Figure 1 of the trajectory, arc, ascent, leap, or jump (to which we will now assign a label, *J*). As Einstein often stressed (cf. analysis in "Autobiographical Notes" and many other sources, e.g., *I.O.*, p. 291), there are in fact two sets of logical discontinuities implied in the seemingly smooth curved line. We ready ourselves for the leap to *A* by fastening our attention on "certain repeatedly occurring complexes of sense impressions" (*I.O.*, p. 291) and "relating to them [*zuordnen*] a concept" (ibid.). The concept is then a kind of "mental knot" or "mental connection" (ibid.) between sense impressions, and is "primary" (*I.O.*, p. 293) if close to sense experience. But we select the concept without some logical necessity, really "arbitrarily" (*I.O.*, p. 291) in the sense that "considered logically this concept

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is not identical with the totality of sense impressions referred to; but it is a free creation of the human (or animal) mind" (ibid.—"human or animal mind": another unnecessary barrier unceremoniously discarded!).

The same theme of the logical discontinuity in the formation of concepts appears again and again. For example, "All concepts, even those which are closest to experience, are from the point of view of logic freely chosen conventions" (Schilpp, p. 13). And again: "There is no inductive method which could lead to the fundamental concepts of physics. Failure to understand this fact constituted the basic philosophical error of so many investigators of the nineteenth century" (*I.O.*, p. 307). On several occasions Einstein referred to David Hume's attack on induction, showing that "concepts which we must regard as essential, such as, for example, causal connection, cannot be gained from material given to us by the senses" (*I.O.*, p. 21).

To the same end, Einstein also reminded his readers frequently (e.g., *I.O.*, p. 298) of the fatal error that had been made for so long in thinking that the basis of Euclidean geometry was logically necessary; this error was caused by forgetting the empirical base, and hence the limited experiential context, within which all concepts are fashioned. A similar illusion was the great obstacle to formulating the Special Relativity Theory (*I.O.*, pp. 298–99), namely the idea that there exists a universal time applicable to all observers and events in space as a whole, a concept of time long held to be an a-priori given, a necessary conception, seemingly independent of our sense experience. This error was caused by forgetting that the notion of time itself arises initially in our everyday experience by watching sequences of events happening in one locality, rather than in all of space.

Deprived of any certainty that our concepts have a necessary connection with the corresponding experiences, we begin to see the precariousness of the business of theory construction. But we can do no better. We create new concepts, perhaps suggested at first only tentatively, and add them to the old concepts whose usefulness has been tested in previous struggles—knowing that neither the one nor the other is sacred and unchangeable, neither induced nor in any other way securely abstracted from the plane of experiences below. Perhaps this discontinuity is symbolized in Einstein's drawing by the small gap between the horizontal line *E* and the arc rising from that region to *A* above.

There is a second logical discontinuity which also enters to make it a "*mistake to permit theoretical description to be directly dependent upon* acts of empirical assertions" (Schilpp, p. 674). This concerns the relation

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of concepts to one another when they are used together to make a system of axioms—for example, some postulated laws of nature ("propositions expressing a relationship among primary concepts," *I.O.*, p. 293). Not only each individual concept, but the whole "system of concepts is a creation of man" (Schilpp, p. 13), achieved in a "free play." The justification for it lies only in the pragmatic success of the scheme being built, when it gives ultimately a "measure of survey over the experience of the senses which we are able to achieve with its aid" (Schilpp, p. 7).

Again and again, Einstein returns to this twofold discontinuity, with sentences like this one: "There is no logical path to these elementary laws; only intuition, supported by being sympathetically in touch with experience [*Einfühlung in die Erfahrung*]" (*I.O.*, p. 226). The repeated insistence seems to me to have had two reasons. One was Einstein's opposition to the then current form of positivism, which, for example, saw the chief goal of scientific work to be the economic statement of relations among observables. To this day, Einstein's formulation causes hostility from some quarters which insist on exaggerating this particular element in Einstein's total schema. (On the other hand, it should also be said that Einstein's anti-inductivism has encouraged some interesting contributions to the philosophy of science in our day.) The other reason for Einstein's dogged insistence on the fundamental dualism between experience and theory, sometimes offered in surprising and inopportune contexts (cf. *I.O.*, p. 356), may have also been caused by a persistent intellectual discomfort. To this great unifier, the existence of an unbridgeable chasm must have presented a challenge of its own.

At any rate, in no way can Einstein's message on this point be taken to celebrate irrationality, to give primacy to intuition, or the like. Rather, it represents two truths which he had learned, so to speak, on his own body. One was the liberating warning that just because all theories are "man-made" and "the result of an extremely laborious process of adaptation," they are also "hypothetical, never completely final, always subject to question and doubt" (*I.O.*, p. 323). The other message was, precisely against this somber knowledge, to encourage the assertion of ingenuity and innovation, in science as well as outside, if necessary against prevailing dogma. (Einstein quipped, "Would Faraday have discovered the law of electromagnetic induction if he had received a regular college education?" [*I.O.*, p. 344]). If accused of dragging down, from the Olympian fields, "the fundamental ideas of thought in natural science, and to attempt to reveal their earthly lineage" (*I.O.*, p. 365), Einstein would answer that he did so "in order to free these ideas from the taboo attached to them, and thus to achieve greater freedom in the formation of ideas and concepts. It is to the immortal credit of

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D. Hume and E. Mach that they, above all others, introduced this critical conception" (ibid.).[5]

Constraints and Freedoms

We might point to other properties of the concepts by means of which axioms are formulated. Although Einstein does not often stress it explicitly, one type of conceptual construction needed to keep the concept from floating away like some arbitrary soap bubble is the definition which we give to an abstract term (point, length, time interval, electric charge, etc.). While the meaning of any term is logically arbitrary, it is connected with observables by our "operational definition" or "semantical rule" to which we agree to adhere once it has been fashioned. As early as 1916 Einstein wrote, "Concepts have meaning only if we can point to objects to which they refer and to the Schema through which they are coordinated with these objects."[1] Good examples of this operational approach to concepts can be found in Einstein's own careful analysis of the mental (mathematical) and physical operations of measuring time in his first relativity paper, or in his description of what is meant by such conceptions as "solid body" or "space" in several of his later essays. Therefore, one might elaborate the diagram in Figure 1 by drawing thin vertical lines between E and A, to indicate that such connections are made whenever we choose the convention or "meaning" assigned to a term that is part of the scientific vocabulary.

The other constraint on our choice of concepts—even though they "have a purely fictitious character," being the "free inventions of the human intellect, which cannot be justified either by the nature of that intellect or in another fashion *a priori*" (*I.O.*, p. 272)—lies in Einstein's call for frugality and simplicity. After all, the aim of any good theoretical system is "the greatest possible sparsity of the logically independent elements (basic concepts and axioms)" (Schilpp, p. 13). Any redundancy or elaboration must be avoided, for "it is the grand object of all theory to make these irreducible elements as simple and as few in number as possible" (*I.O.*, p. 273). For example, it was, in his view, "an unsatisfactory feature of classical mechanics that in its fundamental laws the same mass appears in two different roles, namely as inertial mass in the laws of motion, and as gravitational mass in the law of gravitation" (*I.O.*, p. 308). The testable equivalence of these two types of mass for any object signaled to him a truth which needed to be stated as a basic axiom (in General Relativity Theory), rather than saddling the theory with a proliferation which did not seem to be inherent in the phenomena.

In good part as a result of Einstein's own work and example, physical

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scientists have indeed succeeded in showing, during this century, that only a very small number of postulated fundamental laws, employing a surprisingly small number of fundamental concepts, are needed to encompass ("explain"), at least in principle, an ever-growing infinity of separate facts of experience. This does not mean at all that everything is explained, or even in principle already explainable; but still, it is a "wonder" (Schilpp, pp. 9, 11) and hence a motivation for further work. This success, which we had no right to expect a priori, also has some curious consequences, to which we shall return later.

One result of adopting Einstein's method of theory construction is that the innovator must give his proposed jump to the axioms a chance to prove itself. Hence, during this early and usually private stage of theorizing, the researcher may well grant himself a moratorium on premature attempts at falsification (i.e., on making every attempt to disprove the hypothesized postulate). One can call it the right of "suspension of disbelief."[6] Though the very idea is contrary to the naive picture of the scientist, it is an essential part of the scientific imagination. In Einstein's case it is connected with his ability to tolerate ambiguities, to keep unresolved problems and polarities long before his mind's eye.

A related corollary is more disturbing, however. Just as there were in principle infinitely many points on the E level at the bottom of the schema, there are in principle infinitely many possible axioms or systems of axioms A at the top. The choice a given scientist makes out of all possibilities cannot be entirely arbitrary; that might well involve him in an infinitely long search. How does one in fact make this choice? That is, what guides or constraints do exist which help (or hinder) the innovator in making his particular leap to A rather than to some other A', which another researcher, on the basis of the same E, may prefer to make? Einstein says nothing about it in this letter; but he wrote sufficiently elsewhere to help us deal with the question, as we shall see presently.

The Logical Path

To return now to Einstein's letter to Solovine. He continues his explanation of the schema:

"(3) From A, *by a logical path*, particular assertions are deduced—deductions which may lay claim to being right."

This sentence takes us to the area in the schema where rigorous analytical thinking enters, where the scientific imagination indeed requires the "logical path." "Logical thinking is necessarily deductive" (*I.O.*, p. 307), starting from the hypothetical concepts and axioms which were postulated during the earlier upward swing of the schema. There-

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fore we are now proceeding downward from the axioms, deriving the necessary consequences or predictions: if *A*, then *S*, *S'*, *S''* . . . should follow; or, as in the 1905 relativity paper, if the Principle of Relativity and the Principle of the Constancy of the Velocity of Light are assumed in the first place as axiom system *A*, then there follow necessarily, without any further fundamental assumptions, the transformation equations for space and time coordinates, the relativity of simultaneity, the so-called length contraction and time dilation effects, and, at the end of the paper, "the properties of the motion of the electron which result from the system of equations and are accessible to experiment. . . . [These] relations are a complete expression for the laws according to which, by the theory here advanced, the electron must move." This wealth of results is a natural consequence of Einstein's powerful deductions. In an excellent paper entitled "Logical Economy in Einstein's 'On the Electrodynamics of Moving Bodies,'" Robert B. Williamson[7] has shown the logical consistency and parsimony of Einstein's detailed argument. These features make it even more plausible that the whole work represents the crystallization of years of effort.

Some who have criticized Einstein's remarks as giving too much weight to intuition and other logically speculative concepts have tended to overlook the definite role which Einstein did give to the logical phase of the scientific imagination. If he argues for recognizing the necessary inspirational component in the formation of fundamental hypotheses at the level of *A*, he also goes on to say that "the structure of the system is the work of reason" (*I.O.*, p. 272). This part of the scientist's work, where inference follows inference, requires "much intense, hard thinking" (*I.O.*, p. 282), but at least is a task that one can learn in principle "at school" (*I.O.*, p. 221). It is only the earlier step, that of establishing the principles in the first place from which deduction can proceed, for which "there is no method capable of being learned and systematically applied . . . the scientist has to worm these general principles out of nature" (ibid.).

Testing Against Experience

Continuing in his letter to Solovine, Einstein now comes to the fourth and final step that brings us back to the plane from which we started:

"(4) The *S* are referred [or related] to the *E* (testing against experience)."

Still anxious to make the necessary distinction between what logic can and cannot be expected to do during the process of theory construction, Einstein adds parenthetically:

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Carefully considered, this procedure also belongs to the extra-logical (intuitive) sphere, because the relations between concepts appearing in S and the experiences E are not of a logical nature. [Perhaps this is why Einstein draws the vertical arrow-tipped lines from S, S', . . . as *dotted* lines.] This relation of the S to the E is, however, (pragmatically) far less uncertain than the relation of the A to the E. (For example, the concept "dog" and the corresponding experiences.) If such correspondence could not be attained with great certainty (even if not logically graspable), the logical machinery for the "comprehensibility of reality" would be completely worthless (example, theology).

The quintessence is the eternally problematic connection between the world of ideas and that of experience (sense-experiences).

The main point of interest in this passage is the first sentence: "The S are referred to the E." Even its simplicity of expression does not hide the difficulties in the content. We are now at the crucial last phase of the schema, and we are looking down, from the predictions and other consequences (S, S' . . .) of the partly hypothesized, partly deduced scheme, to find whether corresponding observations can in fact be found to exist on the plane of experience E. If these are found, we can say that our various predictions have been borne out by observation and that we therefore have a right to regard with more confidence the previous steps that led us to this last one—the jump J from E to A, the postulation of A, and the deduction of the S. We thus have completed the cycle implied in the schema $E \rightarrow J \rightarrow A \rightarrow S \rightarrow E$. (For simplicity, I will refer to this schema as Einstein's *EJASE* process of scientific theory construction.)

But Einstein knew well that even if the predictions are borne out, one must not be too confident that the theory, the whole structure of conjectures, postulations, and deductions, is necessarily right. This is so for three reasons. First, right predictions can be drawn from wrong axioms. Hence theories that have turned out to be fundamentally in error (Aristotelian theory of elements, phlogiston theory, caloric theory) nevertheless were for a long time thought to be "verified" by the coincidence of deductions and observation.

Second, it is even impossible *in principle* to consider a theory "proven" once and for all, since this would entail subjecting it to an infinity of tests by observation, and not just now but for all future times. There is no such thing as a final verification or confirmation of a theory by experiment or observation. The most one can ever claim is that a theory gains more and more plausibility or usefulness the longer the various predictions derivable from it are found to correspond to the growing area of available sense experience—and the fewer the contradictions.

Third, and most important, Einstein came to realize that, except

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perhaps in the simplest cases, one cannot rely on what someone claims to be "experimental facts" without much probing. The "confirmations" of theories have often turned out to be the result of misinterpretation of the data or a malfunctioning of the experimental apparatus. Einstein had been held up more than once in his theoretical work by claims of experimental scientists that turned out to be wrong. As he was reported to have said in the mid-1920s:

> You must appreciate that observation is a very complicated process. The phenomenon under observation produces certain events in our measuring apparatus. As a result, further processes take place in the apparatus, which eventually and by complicated paths produce sense impressions and help us to fix the effects in our consciousness. Along this whole path—from the phenomenon to its fixation in our consciousness—we must be able to tell how nature functions, know the natural laws at least in practical terms, before we can claim to have observed anything at all.[8]

Criteria for a Good Theory: I. "External Validation"

What, then, can one expect to be the proper relation between the *S* and the *E* in an adequate theory—at least one of the more ambitious kind that was of interest to Einstein, a theory whose object is the "totality of physical phenomena" (Schilpp, p. 22)? As we saw in Einstein's sentence, "The *S* is referred to the *E*," the phrase "referred to" [*in Beziehung gebracht*] is not at all the same thing as "verified against," as one might expect to read here if the proposed test of a good theory were the test of "verification." But that would be a pre–twentieth-century view which has turned out to be too optimistic an estimate of the solidity of scientific theories.

In fact, Einstein had proposed, some years earlier, two criteria for a good theory, two tests "according to which it is at all possible to subject a physical theory to a critique" (Schilpp, p. 20). The first test is what Einstein called the criterion of "external validation," and it is "concerned with the validation [*Bewährung*] of the theoretical foundations by means of the material of experience [*Erfahrungsmaterial*] lying at hand" (Schilpp, p. 22).[9] The criterion is simply this: "The theory must not contradict empirical fact" (Schilpp, p. 21).

Note that this is a *principle of disconfirmation* or of *falsification*, and hence much more sophisticated than any injunction to seek "confirmation" by empirical test. It is more generous, because in the absence of disconfirmation one can hold on to the theory—"Once a theoretical idea has been acquired, one does well to hold fast to it until it leads to an untenable conclusion" (*I.O.*, p. 343)—and it is also a sharper demarca-

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tion criterion because the presence of believable disconfirmation soon discredits a theory, whereas a continued absence of verification merely delays the final decision.

The disconfirmation criterion does not mean at all, however, that presumed confirmations, or coincidences of S with corresponding elements of E, would be unwelcome. On the contrary; the purpose of the majority of actual experimental investigations is guided, of course, by the hope of finding correspondences of this type, by which the plausibility of some previously examined theory would be increased. But for the reasons given above, absence of verification is not conclusive either way—permitting one, depending on one's prejudice, to be skeptical about or to hold on to the theory until further notice. What really would decide the matter soon would be stubborn and repeated evidence of disconfirmation.

But it really should be stubborn and repeated evidence. One cannot abandon a theory, or even a mere law deduced from it, every time a disconfirmation is reported. That would be extreme experimenticism, not warranted by the delicate and difficult nature of experiments in modern science.

It is in this way that we must understand those very few isolated places in all Einstein's writings—of which much has been made by some commentators—where he seems to advise that we must throw away the whole hard-won theory when there appears a single disproof of one of its predictions. For example, he wrote an article on relativity at the request of *The Times* of London in November 1919, at the height of the astounding euphoria about his work, when the British eclipse expedition had just produced its successful experimental results. Toward the end he listed the three observable consequences then expected from his theory, and added (*I.O.*, p. 232):

> The chief attraction of the theory lies in its logical completeness. If a single one of the conclusions drawn from it proves wrong [*unzutreffend*], it must be given up; to modify it without destroying the whole structure seems to be impossible.

Yet one of his three predictions, concerning the value of the displacement of spectral lines toward the red end of the spectrum in the light from stars with large mass, was by no means easy to test, and the shift was found to be neither systematic nor of the predicted amount. There ensued a long period of experimental and theoretical work by some of the best astronomers and physicists. But Einstein, when confronted with the challenge, simply waited it out. To Max Born he wrote later that, even in the absence of all three expected observable con-

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sequences, his central gravitation equations "would still be convincing," and that in any case he deplored that "human beings are normally deaf to the strongest [favorable] arguments while they are always inclined to overestimate measuring accuracies." (See also *Thematic Origins*, pp. 234–37.) He was warning on such occasions that one should be as reasonably skeptical about experiments that disconfirm as about those that confirm—and particularly if the alleged experimental disconfirmation of one theory is used to support another which, on *other* grounds, is less appealing.

Criteria for a Good Theory: II. "Inner Perfection"

What can this other ground be? What can make a theory more appealing or less so, other than the criterion of "external validation"? The answer is given by Einstein's second criterion for subjecting a theory to a critique. He called it the criterion of "inner perfection," and it concerns itself with choosing the best superstructure in the *EJASE* scheme, namely the *J*, *A*, and *S*. One must remember that there is no guarantee in a given case that the elements of a theory are unique. It often happens that two quite different theories, with different *J*, *A*, and *S*, arise out of concern with the same material of experience, and moreover give equally good correspondence between their sets of *S* and the relevant sense experiences. The most famous case is, of course, that of Ptolemaic theory and the theory of Copernicus in the sixteenth century. While different with respect to their basic axioms, both theories arose out of the need to account for the same regularities and irregularities in *E*, in the observed motion of celestial bodies, and the predictions derivable from both theories had about the same degree of correspondence with the observables.

Einstein's second criterion deals with just such situations, and was frankly stated in his "Autobiographical Notes": "The second point of view is not concerned with the relation to the material of observation but with the premises of the theory itself, with what may briefly but vaguely be characterized as the 'naturalness' or 'logical simplicity' of the premises (of the basic concepts and of the relations between these which are taken as a basis)" (Schilpp, p. 23).

This of course is not a new idea; Einstein acknowledges that it "has played an important role in the selection and evaluations of theories since time immemorial." But in practice, the requirement of naturalness or logical simplicity, or "unity and parsimony" (*I.O.*, p. 23), has never been easy to follow. Einstein's warning here is to stay clear of theories that are patched up by ad hoc assumptions introduced just to make the

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deductions correspond better to the facts of experience as they continue to come in. "For it is often, perhaps even always, possible to adhere to a general theoretical foundation by securing the adaptation of the theory to the facts by means of artificial additional assumptions" (Schilpp, pp. 21–23). Early in his career, Einstein had considered Lorentz's theory of the electron as just such a patchwork, in the sense that it avoided factual disconfirmation only by introducing assumptions specially chosen for this very purpose (introduction of length contraction to explain absence of predicted effect in ether-drift experiments). This practice could be represented by a modification in the diagram of the *EJASE* process, as in Figure 2. There, schema C_1 is modified when the observable corresponding to S'' fails to appear; so schema C_1 yields to schema C_2 by changing A to $(A + \alpha)$, α being the modification in A introduced to deal with the problem of obtaining better correspondence between the deductions S and the facts E—including, if possible, predictions of new links, such as $S'' \rightarrow E_3$.

To be sure, theories often do grow in some such manner, as they are applied to new areas of phenomena. And in any case, such criteria as "naturalness" or "logical simplicity" or "economy" or "unity and parsimony" are not easy to defend or even specify, for their "exact formulation . . . meets with great difficulties" (Schilpp, p. 23); that formulation requires from us not a mere "enumeration of logically independent premises," but "a kind of reciprocal weighing of incommensurable qualities" (ibid.), hence a judgment into which aesthetic considerations and other preferences can enter prominently.

Einstein was aware of a paradox. He was trying to deal with great and complex areas of varied experience; and yet he imposed the criterion of looking "for simplicity and economy in the basic assumptions. The belief that these two objectives can exist side by side is, in view of the primitive state of our scientific knowledge, a matter of faith. . . . This, in a sense religious, attitude of a man engaged in scientific work has some

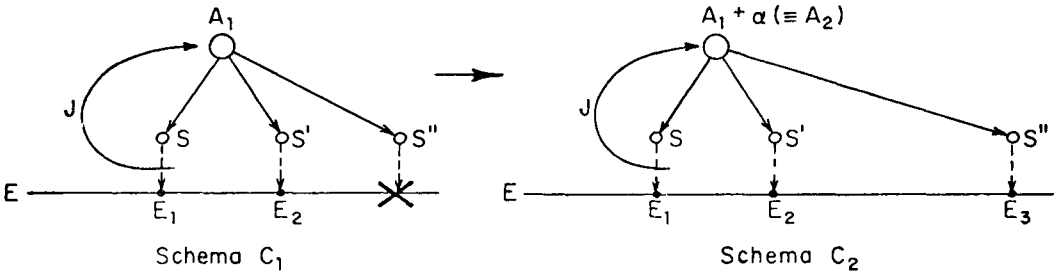

FIGURE 2

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influence upon his whole personality" (*I.O.*, p. 357). Again, writing at about the same time (1950) elsewhere, he acknowledged the a-priori implausibility "that the totality of all sensory experience can be 'comprehended' on the basis of a conceptual system built on premises of great simplicity. The sceptic will say that this is 'a miracle creed.' Admittedly so, but it is a miracle creed which has been borne out to an amazing extent by the development of science" (*I.O.*, p. 342).

An example of Einstein's commitment to simplicity and naturalness among the fundamental conceptions of science—an example that haunted Einstein for much of his scientific life—was his unshakable dislike for the program and premises of quantum mechanics. For the mathematical description in quantum mechanics deals in principle with statistical ideas (e.g., densities in the ensemble of systems), eliminating thereby even the possibility-in-principle of describing the detailed behavior of the single object or system—the very thing that lies closest to our experience, as in the sensory reports made available by cloud chambers, counters, and the like. To believe that this program is right "is logically possible without contradiction; but it is so very contrary to my scientific instinct that I cannot forego the search for a more complete conception" (*I.O.*, p. 318; and also often similarly, e.g., *I.O.*, p. 316; letters to Max Born, discussion with Niels Bohr, etc.). This search for a more complete conception, he knew, might be doomed. "In the end the choice will be made [by the profession as a whole] according to which kind of description yields the formulation of the simplest foundation, logically speaking." But until the evidence would be irresistible, he considered it his right to abstain from "the view that events in nature are analogous to a game of chance. It is open to every man to choose the direction of his striving" (*I.O.*, pp. 334–35).

Einstein's use of the colorful words "instinct," "striving," "intuition," and "wonder" was, I feel sure, not intended as a calculated provocation of some scientists or philosophers; but it has had this effect nevertheless. To make matters worse, he referred to yet another process of importance in the growth of theories, known to every practicing scientist but difficult to define. For even though he acknowledged that these two criteria of "external validation" and "internal perfection" defied precise description, he held that among the "augurs," those who deal deeply with physical theory, there nevertheless exists, at any given time, agreement in judging the degree of external validation and inner perfection (cf. Schilpp, pp. 23–25). Once more, the absence of an airtight definition did not preclude him from putting his bet on the usefulness of a concept, in this case that of consensus in groups within the scientific community.

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Going Beyond Einstein's Précis

In assembling Einstein's own reports on his epistemological views, I have been trying to do justice to his meticulous sense of the realities, the lack of guarantees, the tentative, fallible, human aspects of each element in theory construction, and of the "eternal antithesis in our area between the two inseparable components of our knowledge, the empirical and the rational" (*I.O.*, p. 271). The schema that has emerged is of course not a formula, rule, or algorithm for making scientific discoveries. It is also miles from some of the self-confident and axiomatic treatments of scientific methodology which Einstein rightly held to have little resemblance to the actual practice of the working scientist. But let us not make a mistake in the opposite direction. Despite all its disclaimers, and despite the availability of other methods that may have equal power, Einstein's schema sketches the essentials of as solid a process of reasoning as is in fact available to scientists.

Of course, Einstein's letter to Solovine was not a solemn publication of new results. Rather it is a précis or mnemonic sketch, shared between friends, in which Einstein reasserts ideas which he had held (repeating, for example, almost verbatim passages from the essay "Induction and Deduction in Physics" of 1919). Also, it overlaps with earlier authors—for example, Mach's "Theory of Heat" and his other essays. Yet it puts the matter very suggestively and now invites us, in the spirit of Einstein's own method, to go beyond these ideas, to see how they can serve to handle other problems of theory construction and of the working of the scientific imagination. As in science itself, our belief in a scheme increases if we find that it is not merely ad hoc for covering the area within which it was specifically proposed, but is successful beyond it. There are specifically two problems that Einstein's schema will help elucidate: how scientific theories grow and give way to other theories, and how to understand better the controversies involving fundamentally different theories that claim to deal with the same experimental facts.

The Growth of a Theory

We noted that the schema in Figure 1 is not a static one, but is a process which makes a cycle from E, via J, A, S, back to E. But a theory can hardly be created and tested by going through the cycle just once. Even the theories by which we orient ourselves in our day-to-day lives—and a fortiori the established theories of science which we honor and use as tools that came down to us from earlier workers and controversies—are all the results of cycles of progressive adaptation. They are made

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successively more acceptable by using the feedback from one cycle to modify the next. Moreover, this process of modification and growth will continue as new phenomena are found that enlarge the original area of application. Physics is constantly "in a state of evolution. . . . Evolution is proceeding in the direction of increasing simplicity of the logical basis" (*I.O.*, p. 322).

The need to go through many cycles ($C_1 \rightarrow C_2 \rightarrow C_3 \ldots$) of the *EJASE* process is forced on us, if by nothing else, by our human limitations. Neither thought by itself nor sensory experience by itself leads to reliable human knowledge. Concepts can be subjected to analysis which gives us certainty of the kind "by which we are so much impressed in mathematics; but this certainty is purchased at the price of emptiness of content" (*I.O.*, pp. 276–77). On the other hand, sense experience cannot be related to the concepts, as we have seen, except by adopting essentially arbitrary definitions (conventions), and hence they cannot claim certainty either. The best we can do, then, is to let whatever trustworthiness there is in our theory construction come out of the interplay of thought and sense experience through many cycles, carried out over time. Theories therefore have to be "thoroughly elaborated" (*I.O.*, p. 282) and have to evolve—first in the mind of the innovator before publication, and then in the community of scientists through discussion or controversy.

For example, in going through the first cycle of the schema, the S of the theory at that stage (S_1, S_1', S_1'' . . .) may show an incomplete correlation with the "facts" in the *E* plane. Einstein gives an example which, he says, is one of the considerations which "kept me busy from 1907 to 1911": in his early attempts to generalize relativity theory, "the acceleration of a falling body was not independent of its horizontal velocity or the internal energy of the system," contrary to the "old experimental fact" (*I.O.*, p. 287). A discrepancy of this sort forces one to rethink the *A*, modifying the original axiom system A_1 into a somewhat different one, A_2.

We recall that Einstein warned that such modification should be made not in a merely ad hoc, brute-force way, but (for example) by recasting the axiom system into a more generalized form which permits more deductions S_2, S_2', S_2'' . . . that can be correlated with the *E*, and if possible from fewer independent concepts. Thus Einstein was able to go from the first principle of restricted or special relativity theory, that all natural laws must be so conditioned that they are covariant with respect to Lorentz's transformations, to the first principle of general relativity theory, that natural laws are to be formulated in such a way that their form is identical for coordinate systems of any kind of states of motion

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(*I.O.*, pp. 329–30). In this way Einstein removed his dissatisfactions with the special nature of the original relativity theory, namely that it referred only to systems in uniform motion to which no absolute significance could be attached. (As he confessed in a letter to de Sitter in 1916, he was a person "driven by my need to generalize [*Verallgemeinerungsbedürfnis*]"). Moreover, the introduction of the principle of equivalence removed the contradiction between the predicted acceleration of a falling body and the observed one, as well as removing an unnecessary duplication (two meanings of mass, as referred to above).

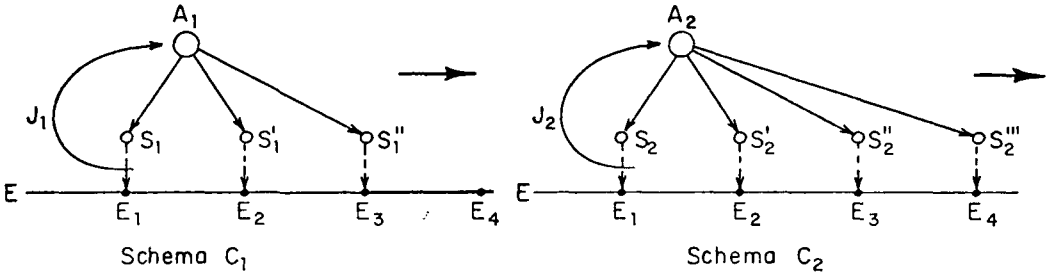

FIGURE 3

Figure 3 represents schematically the progress from the early state of a theory to a later state, from C_1 to C_2 or from C_2 to C_3. Here C_3 could stand for the next step which Einstein saw was needed after his success in fashioning general relativity theory; for he felt that "the theory could not rest permanently satisfied with this success. . . . The idea that there exist two structures of space independent of each other, the metric-gravitational and the electromagnetic, was intolerable to the theoretical spirit" (*I.O.*, p. 285). Hence Einstein's persistent attempt to fashion a field theory that corresponds to a "unified structure of space" (ibid.). Again and again the word "unity" beckons as Einstein's final goal—"seeking, as far as possible, logical unity in the world picture [*Einheitlichkeit des Weltbildes*], i.e., paucity in logical elements" (*I.O.*, p. 293); "thus the story goes on until we have arrived at a system of the greatest conceivable unity, and of the greatest poverty of concepts of the logical foundations, which is still compatible with the observations made by our senses" (*I.O.*, p. 294). Here we glimpse the holy grail, the ultimate goal not only of Einstein but of Mach, Planck, and that whole generation of scientists-philosophers: the unified *Weltbild*. We shall touch on this point again soon.

To give some other examples of the driving force leading from C_1 to C_2 to C_3: Einstein held Newton's mechanics to be "deficient" from the

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point of view of the requirement of the greatest logical simplicity of the foundation, insofar as the choice of the value 2 of the exponent in the inverse square law of gravitation—the very heart of Newton's greatest triumph—was heuristic or ad hoc in the sense that its chief support was that it worked. In addition, the law of gravitation itself was a separate postulate, not connected with or derivable from other conceptions in mechanics—whereas in general relativity theory it developed as a consequence of the postulates. Similarly, Einstein felt that H. A. Lorentz's synthesis of Newtonian mechanics and Maxwell's field theory contained the "obviously unnatural" mixture of total differential equations (for the equations of motion of particles or points) with partial differential equations (Maxwell's field equations). It led to the need to assume particles of finite dimension, to keep fields at the surface from becoming infinitely large. To Einstein it appeared "certain . . . that in the foundations of any consistent field theory the particle concept must not appear in addition to the field concept" (*I.O.*, p. 306). This fixed the direction of the search for the better theory.

One could also visualize the progressive development of scientific theory to take place as the development of the system of concepts at an increasingly higher level of "layers" or strata, each layer having less and less direct connection with the complexes of sense experiences (*I.O.*, pp. 293–95). In this way a more phenomenological theory at the early stage of science, e.g., the theory of heat before Maxwell, gives way to a more independent set of concepts and axioms that characterizes, for example, kinetic theory and statistical mechanics. Thus the latter eventually allowed, in the study of Brownian motion, finding the limits of applications of the laws of classical theory, and in addition provided a definite value for the size of atoms and molecules, obtained by several independent methods.

There is of course a cost in this developmental process. By going cyclically through several stages of theories, each stage is forced to use conceptions more removed from direct experience (e.g., atomism). The distance from the E to the A is larger; the contact with common sense is more and more tenuous. While the fundamental ideas and laws of each science become fewer and more widely encompassing (cf. *I.O.*, p. 303), the correlation of the predictions with the ground of experience becomes more difficult and lengthy. Thus it took the general theory of relativity until 1919 to make proper contact with E. The delay may well test the self-confidence of the theoretician to the utmost. "It may need many years of empirical research to ascertain whether the theoretical principles correspond with reality" (*I.O.*, p. 222); for it may take that long to discover the "necessary array of facts" (*I.O.*, p. 223).

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Representations of a Finished Theory

In the ordinary course of events, the development of a theory will take it to a stable canonical form. It enters the textbooks usually in a recast form, as a pedagogic scheme which is characterized by a rearrangement to bring out an axiomatic structure and to hide all traces of the speculative phase that motivated and characterized the theory in its early stage. In particular, the textbook tends to hide the *J* process as if it were an embarrassment. The presentation of the theory at that stage in its life cycle, and of scientific research papers that base themselves on such a theory,[10] is likely to look like Figure 4. That is, a few phenomena are cited (E_1, E_2 in Figure 4) from which, it is said, the axiom system was induced; and from the latter, predictions are deduced for which corresponding experimental demonstrations (E_3, E_4 . . .) can in fact be given. Or, as in Figure 5, the whole theory is presented as if its starting point is the discovery of an axiom system, from which all follows. That is essentially the style of the *Principia* of Newton and of most schoolbooks; e.g., Newton's laws of motion and of gravitation, at the top, radiate deductions concerning the periodicity of the tides, the shape of planets, etc., and these in turn are directly confirmed by the experimental evidence below. Or from the fundamental postulates of the kinetic theory, there follow the equations of state of gases, viscosity, diffusion, heat conductivity, radiometric phenomena in gases, etc.; and, sure enough, all these can be correlated with their corresponding phenomena over a large range.

Of course, apart from the fact that such a representation no longer reflects the genesis of the theory (which, in any case, is usually of little

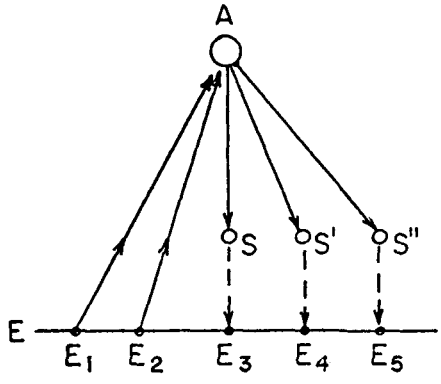

FIGURE 4

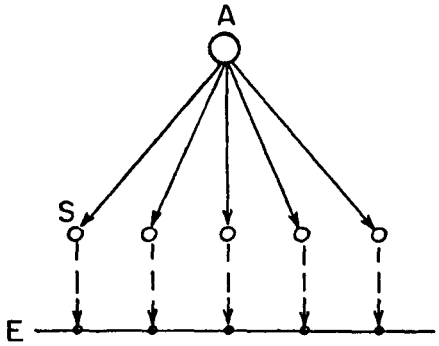

FIGURE 5

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interest except to historians of science), a representation such as that in Figure 5 brings out the astounding strength of well-developed theories. That is, they give us, to use Einstein's term, an "overview" by which the multiplicity of immediate sense experiences of the most diverse kinds is brought into a unified, and therefore understandable, scheme.

Progress by Unification of Theories

The next stage in the historic progress of science occurs when a unification of two or more theory systems is forged, as when Galileo joined terrestrial and celestial physics, or when Maxwell produced a synthesis of electricity, magnetism, and optics. Before unification or synthesis, each of the theory systems has its own system of concepts, and while they might be closer to experience than the concepts after unification, they lack unity among their different fundamental postulates within which they are embedded (cf. *I.O.*, p. 302). In terms of our graphic shorthand, what happened through Maxwell's work is roughly symbolized by Figure 6. On the left side, the separate axioms for the fields of electricity, magnetism, and optics dominated the respective systems that sat, like separate pyramids, upon their corresponding territories on the *E* plane. After Maxwell's synthesis, the separate axiom systems become merely special cases of a more general one that incorporates Maxwell's equations. The separations between the three areas on the plane of phenomena disappear, the sets of facts previously connected become part of one larger set, and their theoretical description has thereby been simplified (cf. *I.O.*, p. 223).

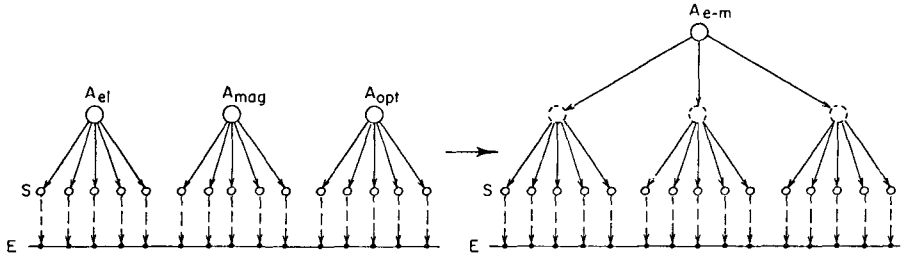

FIGURE 6

The same symbolization would be appropriate for many of the great advances of science—for example, for the work of P. A. M. Dirac in the late 1920s by which large areas of both physics and chemistry were

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brought under the control of quantum mechanics. In our time, the current attempts in elementary particle theory to unify the basic forces of nature are another chapter in this drive to encompass eventually the totality of *E*, all points on the *E* plane, in terms of the fewest possible independent axiom systems. It was of course Einstein's hope to establish through field theory a unified foundation for the whole of physics (cf. *I.O.*, pp. 328–29). Einstein put this aim very clearly: "From the very beginning there has always been present the attempt to find a unifying theoretical basis for all these single sciences, consisting of a minimum of concepts and fundamental relationships, from which all the concepts and relationships of the single disciplines might be derived by [a] logical process. That is what we mean by the search for a foundation of the whole of physics. The confident belief that this ultimate goal might be reached is the chief source of the passionate devotion which has always animated the researcher" (*I.O.*, p. 324). When that ultimate goal is attained, one would be able to behold in one's mind the entities and relations of the scientific universe, all connected in a manner symbolized in the right-hand portion of Figure 6. This is what it means to "have a *Weltbild*," to have a mental picture of the universe. And even though it may take a long time to reach that goal, we have sufficient glimpses of it to inspire the work.

The Role of Thematic Presuppositions

We now must come back to deal with an important point which was left open. The problem can be put as follows: Since the leap from *E* to *A* at the beginning of the schema in Figure 1 is logically discontinuous and represents the "free play" of imagination, and since from such a leap there can result an infinite number of *A*—virtually all of which will turn out to be useless for the construction of the theory system—how can one ever expect to be successful in this process, except by chance? The answer must be that the license implied in the *J* process is the freedom to *make* a leap, not the freedom to make *any* leap whatever. Something guides or channels *J*, if only because the premises later must pass such tests as those of naturalness and simplicity in order to meet Einstein's second criterion for a good theory.

The chief guide is a constraint that shapes the work of every scientist engaged in a major work on novel ground: the constraint provided by explicit or, more usually, implicit preferences, preconceptions, presuppositions. Einstein himself recognized and commented on this repeatedly, e.g.: "If the researcher went about his work without any preconceived opinion, how should he be able at all to select out those

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facts from the immense abundance of the most complex experience, and just those which are simple enough to permit lawful connections to become evident?"[11] By way of example, he discussed the dilemma that, in formulating the laws of mechanics, one has to follow either the "natural tendency of mechanics to assume . . . material points," which necessarily leads to the presupposition of atomism, or else to erect a mechanics of continuous media based on another "fiction," e.g., that "the density and the velocity of matter depend continuously upon the coordinates and time" (*I.O.*, p. 302). These "fictions"—not unrelated to what Frank Kermode in another context has called the "necessary fictions" that are found at the heart of literary works—have of course considerable practical value. For example, they guide the development of mathematical tools (in Einstein's last example, partial differential equations). But they are much more than that. He referred to them as " 'categories' or schemes of thought, the selection of which is, in principle, entirely open to us and whose qualification can only be judged by the degree to which its use contributes to making the totality of the content of consciousness 'intelligible' " (Schilpp, p. 673).

An example of such a category is the distinction between sense impressions and "mere ideas" (ibid.). He stressed that "we do not conceive of the 'categories' as unalterable (conditioned by the nature of the understanding [and in this respect "distinct from that of Kant"]) but as (in the logical sense) free conventions. They appear to be a priori only insofar as thinking without the positing of categories and of concepts in general would be as impossible as is breathing in a vacuum" (Schilpp, p. 674).

As I have tried to show in a number of case studies, stretching from the time of Kepler to that of Bohr and Einstein and to the frontier work of today, we can recognize the existence and, at certain stages of scientific thinking, the necessity, of postulating and using precisely such unverifiable, unfalsifiable, and yet not arbitrary conceptions, a class to which I have referred as themata. Different scientists may be attracted to different themata, and allow themselves to be led by them to different degrees.

Among the themata which guided Einstein in theory construction are clearly these: primacy of formal (rather than materialistic) explanation; unity (or unification); cosmological scale (generalizability, and egalitarian applicability of laws throughout the total realm of experience); logical parsimony and necessity; symmetry; simplicity; causality; completeness; continuum; and of course constancy and invariance. It is adherence to themata such as these which explains in specific cases why he would obstinately continue his work in a given direction even when

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testing against experience was difficult or unavailable. It explains equally why Einstein refused to accept theories that were well supported by correlation with phenomena but that were based on thematic presuppositions opposite to his own (as in the case of the quantum mechanics of Niels Bohr's school).

This conception can be built into a modification of Figure 1, to exhibit the function that themata have in the *EJASE* process. Figure 7 shows a number of possible leaps arising from *E* toward *A*, but only one (or a few) survives the filtering action of the themata (θ) which a particular innovator has adopted or incorporated into his conceptual processes. For example, the two conjectures which Einstein raised to the status of postulates at the beginning of his 1905 relativity paper are thematically shaped presuppositions; they conform to the prior imposition of the requirements of large scale and egalitarian applicability of laws, invariance, logical parsimony, and primacy of formal explanations.

Confrontation of Rival Theories

The *EJASE* schema as now completed lends itself very well to representing the situation that arises when two different theories claim to handle about the same experiential material. Thus Einstein often stressed that his relativistic mechanics, at least in the early years, overlapped with Newtonian mechanics with respect to the range of testable experience, even though the theories corresponded to "two essentially different principles" (*I.O.*, p. 273).

In analyzing controversies between rival explanations drawn from the same ground of available experience—most recently the controversy between Millikan and Ehrenhaft on the existence of the unitary charge of electricity[12]—it has been evident to me that the difference of choices of themata by the rivals explains a good deal of the details of their theories and of the course of the controversy. In very abbreviated form,

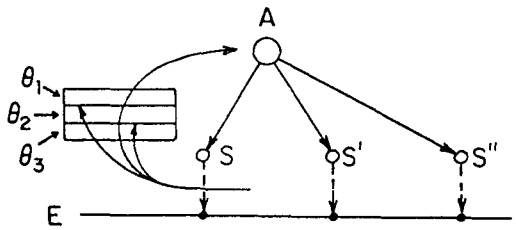

FIGURE 7

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Figure 8 will help to make this point. Here we are presenting A_1 as the axiom system reached by the first of two innovators. His themata are symbolized by θ_1. The system of propositions gives rise to deductions S_1, S_1', S_1'', S_1''', as shown. To most of these, there correspond observations (E_1, E_2, E_3) which can be correlated with the deductions. As is usual, some deductions (S_1''') remain, at least for the time being, without such "verifications," although work may be in progress on just such a problem at that point.

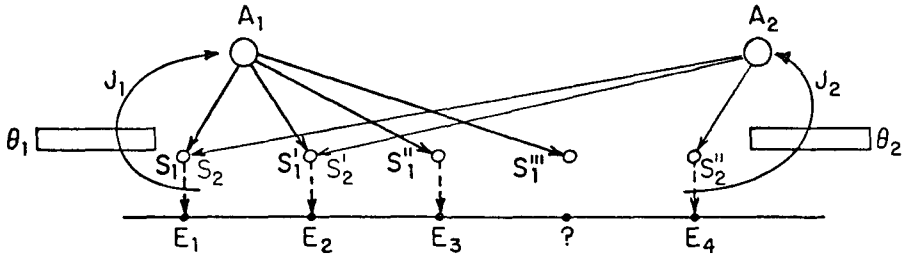

FIGURE 8

The second innovator is represented by the system on the right side of the figure. His axiom system A_2 was reached through preliminary notions passing through the constraint indicated by θ_2, his own set of themata. The system A_2 as a whole is not so utterly different from A_1 on the left side that there is not some overlap between the deductions made by the two innovators. Thus the deductions S_2, S_2' of the second person refer to the same phenomena E_1 and E_2, at least as far as can be determined at the time, as do S_1 and S_1'. In addition, however, A_2 permits the deduction S'' for which there is no equivalent in the first system and which claims to be correlated with ("borne out by") E_4.

Something like this shows how a scientific dispute can continue for some time. A_1 or A_2 or both may, in the course of the debate, be progressively modified, with corresponding changes in the S_1 and S_2. Eventually, one or the other of the two systems wins out, and this happens usually in one of two ways. The two theory systems, separately, may come to a point of development where there is no essential difference in the number and types of phenomena (experimental evidences) which they can handle. That is, perhaps by some ad hoc adjustment of A_2 it too "can account for" E_3 as well as A_1 does. If this situation persists for some time, a choice is made between the two systems on the basis of the "appeal" of the fundamental presuppositions. This comes down to hav-

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ing the preponderance of the scientific community make a choice on the basis of preferring the system of themata θ_1 or θ_2. Thus, in the early period when Einstein's relativity theory could not be clearly distinguished from the theories of the electron proposed by Lorentz or Abraham through any significant differences in their testable predictions, Max Planck was driven to exclaim in a scientific meeting, when pressed to confess why he believed in Einstein's postulate system rather than in its rivals, "I find it more congenial" ["*Mir ist das . . . eigentlich sympatischer*"].[13]

An alternative scenario for deciding a controversy is for one of the two systems to produce more verifiable predictions of observable events than the other, and fewer (or no) uncomfortable disconfirmations. Almost never is the situation so clean that the inability of one theory system to handle a specific experiment produces right away a decision in its disfavor. What is much more likely is that during the period when attempts are made to account for apparent difficulties, the balance of opinion swings toward one of the systems in favor of the other, and the latter slowly fades from view without necessarily ever being "disproved."

The model implied in Einstein's schema can be shown to be useful in further, fruitful extensions, helping us to understand additional details of the working of the scientific imagination. That is a task for another occasion. By having gathered together and concentrated on Einstein's own expressed views, and having tried to correlate them with the schema he himself proposed, we have found a consistent prescription for one way by which the human mind may puzzle out the order behind the appearances, and for communicating that perception to others in a convincing manner.

Despite this grand ambition we must not think that Einstein in this field, any more than in his science, attempted to impose an absolutistic point of view. He was all too aware of the tentative state of understanding in the field of scientific methodology. The spirit in which he proposed his ideas is well conveyed in a passage in his "Autobiographical Notes," immediately after he has begun to give his answer to the question "What, precisely, is 'thinking'?":

> With what right—the reader will ask—does this man operate so carelessly and primitively with ideas in such a problematic realm without making even the least effort to prove anything? My defense: all our thinking is of this nature of a free play with concepts; the justification for this play lies in the measure of survey [*Uebersicht*] over the experience of the senses which we are able to achieve with its aid (Schilpp, p. 7).

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As limited human beings confronting the seemingly endless parts and interlocking puzzles of the universe, we can nevertheless hope to play, as in Newton's metaphor, with pebbles at the shore of a vast ocean. If we do it well, that play can yield the most highly desirable kind of knowledge: a survey or overview of the world of nature that grants us the perception of an order guiding the phenomena in their infinite, individual variety and in their inexhaustible interactions with one another.

Acknowledgments

I wish to express my indebtedness to Miss Helen Dukas and the Estate of Albert Einstein for help and for permission to cite from the writings of Einstein. I am happy to acknowledge research support by grants from the National Science Foundation and the National Endowment for the Humanities.

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"What is the Theory of Relativity?," 1919 (pp. 227–32)
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"On the Method of Theoretical Physics," 1933 (Herbert Spencer Lecture) (pp. 270–76)
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"Physics and Reality," 1936 (pp. 290–323)
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NOTES

1. Cf. A. Einstein, "Ernst Mach," *Phys. Zs., 17* (1916), pp. 101–4.

2. Einstein wrote the essay in 1946 as the opening article for the book *Albert Einstein: Philosopher-Scientist* (Paul A. Schilpp, editor); see "Principal References" appended to this essay. I have analyzed the early portion of the "Autobiographical Notes" in G. Holton, "What, Precisely, Is 'Thinking'? Einstein's Answer," in A. P. French (editor), *Einstein: A Centenary Volume* (London: Wm. Heinemann, Ltd., and Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1979).

3. A. Einstein, *Lettres à Maurice Solovine* (Paris: Gauthier-Villars, 1956), pp. 118–21.

4. The schema in the letter to Solovine applies to fashioning Principle Theories. That does not mean Einstein never fashioned Constructive Theories. An example is, in fact, the photon theory, including the explanation of the photoelectric effect, which he had published earlier in 1905. But precisely because he did not view the introduction of the quantum as anything more fundamental than a "heuristic point of view" to deal with the problem at hand, he could never bring himself to regard quantum physics as more than a transient stage in the development of physics. Only in Theories of Principle, he thought, are the postulated axioms far enough above the plane of experience, and far enough from ad hoc reasoning, to yield a creative scheme that can handle the totality of the facts of experience.

On Einstein's view concerning Principle Theories versus Constructive Theories, which he discussed from 1919 on, see *I.O.*, pp. 228, 302–3, 318–19, and Holton, *Thematic Origins*, pp. 230, 252, 316, and 348.

5. However, Mach, with W. Ostwald, is scolded by Einstein (Schilpp, p. 49) for his "positivistic philosophical attitude" which misled them into opposing atomic theory. They were victims of "philosophical prejudice," chiefly "the faith that facts by themselves can and should yield scientific knowledge without free conceptual construction."

6. For a discussion of the concept of "suspension of disbelief," see Holton, *The Scientific Imagination: Case Studies*, pp. 71–72. Even the "dean" of logical positivists of his day, Hans Reichenbach, might have agreed, for he said, "The physicist who is looking for new discoveries must not be too critical; in the initial stages he is dependent on guessing, and he will find his way only if he is carried along by a certain faith which serves as a directive for his guesses," etc. (Schilpp, p. 292). But he went on to deny that such mechanisms can or should be of interest to "the philosopher of science."

7. R. B. Williamson, "Logical Economy in Einstein's 'On the Electrodynamics of Moving Bodies,'" *Stud. Hist. Phil. Sci. 8* (1977), pp. 49–60. See also P. Mittlestaedt, "Conventionalism in Special Relativity," *Foundations of Physics, 7* (1977), pp. 573–83.

8. W. Heisenberg, *Physics and Beyond* (New York: Harper and Row, 1971), p. 63.

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Every experimentalist in modern science knows this all too well. For example, counting the daily growth lines of skeletons of fossil corals (to establish paleontological clocks for measuring the earth's rotation) may sound straightforward. But "the trouble is that counting growth lines is not easy, as anyone who has tried can testify. It is constantly necessary to make subjective decisions about whether a line is really a line or where an annual or monthly series begins or ends. As a result it is not surprising to find that counts often come out close to the hypothesized values." Quoted from J. W. Evans in *Science, 191* (1976), p. 375.

9. Wherever possible, I have checked the published English-language translation of material which Einstein published first in German, and where necessary have corrected the translation, as in this case.

10. The commonly agreed-upon structure of writing scientific papers for publication, which makes it seem that the gathering of data and induction from them formed the beginning of scientific work, has prompted P. B. Medawar to call the scientific paper a "fraud" and a "travesty of the nature of scientific thought." P. B. Medawar, "Is the Scientific Paper a Fraud?," *The Listener* (1963), pp. 377–78.

11. A. Einstein, "Induktion und Deduktion in der Physik," essay for *Berliner Tageblatt*, 25 December 1919. Galileo's spokesman Salviati put it succinctly in the *Dialogue on the Two Great Systems of the World* (1632): "The certainty of a conclusion assists not a little in the discovery of its proof."

12. *The Scientific Imagination*, chapter 2.

13. M. Planck, "Prinzip der Relativität," discussion at German Physical Society, 23 March 1906.

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Miss Burchwood

(a belated elegy)

JAMES K. BOWEN

It is hard for me to touch
the earth lightly anymore—
I sweat too much
and would rather sit
under the oak tree
in my own backyard.

Or drink from the fountain
in my old elementary school,
even if I have to bend both
at the knees and waist.

The brown crayon drawings,
streaked with blue and red
look good to me now.

And the dry leaves pinned
to corkboard.

When I listen, I can hear
my own voice or one
that sounds like mine gurgling
from the small room marked "Boys."

I miss the hardwood floors
they replaced with durable
vinyl and Miss Burchwood

Died they told me
when I was off somewhere
doing something important,
like digging a tunnel under
a broken mountain so a curve
could be erased from a bend in the road.

JAMES K. BOWEN is an associate professor of English at Southern Oregon State College.

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The Train Set

Craig Raine

A broken buffer rolls
in the palm of my hand,
like a collar stud
retrieved from history.

I take out two bridges,
goose-pimpled with rivets,
and notice that a child
has cleverly blackened

the underside of one
with smoke from a candle.
There is a trunk, labeled
WINDSOR, ENGLAND, EXPRESS,

but the tracks were made
in Germany. Fit them
together how you will,
they form a pretzel . . . .

Better just to leave them
in confusion, in the sad
geometry of flight.
They will never recede

like a xylophone.
On the little trolley
for *Bucher & Zeitungen*,
the papers are in scale:

De Telegraaf's date
is 4th of Feb., 1929.
The fine print bulges
under the dealer's glass,

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as if I were looking
through unbidden tears.
Die Woche advertises
PARKER Duofold Pens

below the photograph
of a skiing girl
who tucks away her sticks
like a sergeant major.

The signal still salutes
as smartly as ever,
with the reds and greens
of a medal ribbon.

All the rolling stock
is in mint condition,
perfect on barbell wheels:
Nichtraucher, Schlafwagen,

Raucher, Deutsches Benzin.
I fiddle with the couplings
like a father dressing
his child in a hurry,

the spinal column there,
alive, under my hands.
I'm suddenly touching
a boy in pajamas,

the ghost in the machine.
Here is the key that makes
those pistons shadowbox
so fast and uselessly.

● CRAIG RAINE teaches English literature at Christ Church, Oxford. His newest collection of poems, *A Martian Sends a Postcard Home*, will be published this fall.

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Album of Suicides

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

I

I'VE KNOWN THREE WOMEN WHO ATTEMPTED SUICIDE, two of whom were eventually successful. All were beautiful.

Nan Talbot worked in a publishing house, an editor before I became an editor there. She was incompetent. It was a firm of paperbound reprinters, and she had been engaged some months before I arrived to select and handle books for women. Apparently the bosses had thought that her womanliness would compensate for her lack of editorial experience. They may even have thought that her average taste would be useful in the job.

Her appearance was not average. She looked queenly. She was tall and erect and she had the figure of a showgirl. She moved deliberately and smoothly, like a royal barge. She had black hair and bright blue eyes and the whitest teeth I have ever seen. Her face was like a magazine illustration tempered by something blunter. Later I learned that she had some Indian blood: I thought it was visible.

I met her on Valentine's Day 1949, the day I started in publishing. She welcomed me like a housemother: she hoped that I would be happy there. I noticed that her eyes sometimes went up to the ceiling while she talked to me, to anyone.

By the time I arrived, one of the top men in the firm had already made a play for her. She told me this later, and told me that after a while she had permitted him, once, to succeed. ("Let him do his business" was her phrase.) She never suspected, as I did, that she had been hired because she was attractive and one or another of the top men had ticked her off as a private possibility. She was so used to attention that she thought it quite natural, quite incidental and inevitable, that men would move toward her. She thought this without vanity.

But facile male attention enraged her. Women in those days still joked and bragged about being whistled at in the streets. It often happened to Nan, and she hated it. She would tell me about it angrily, her jaw clenched, her face flushed and tight.

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She confided in me and in one other man in the office because she saw early that neither of us was moving toward her and she could talk more easily to men than to women. Within a few months the other man quit the firm, leaving his wife to go off with another woman who worked in the office, so I was then Nan's only confidant. This confiding took place partly at lunch, which we had together about once a week, but mostly it was in long typewritten letters, which I would hear her whacking out in her office and which she would then hand to me, folded, without envelopes. Two or three of them a week.

I soon thought the letters were boring, but then I thought she was rather boring. Still she was so frank, she assumed so completely that I would respond, that I hadn't the heart to avoid listening and reading. Besides, I was bored by the job, as I had been by most office jobs, and she helped to pass the time. She really didn't want anything from me, least of all advice, she just wanted an ear or an eye. And the boredom of her talk and letters was at least a change from the work that drained my time away so that I could get money to support my own work for a few hours every day before I came to the office.

Love and sex were the two chief themes in Nan's talk and letters. The job and its difficulties were a close third—not her difficulties in doing it but with the slights she imagined all around. I was more interested in the first two subjects. She had been divorced twice. She came from a prim Ohio family and had married in her sophomore year at college, a Marine officer. They broke up three months later, but it was enough to finish her college career. Then came some rousting around, various cities, various jobs, various men. Then she married a young businessman with whom she tried to have a child, without success. They had gone to specialists in America and Europe, who had told them there was nothing wrong with either of them. She had had internal adjustments. Still no child. After four years her husband divorced her and produced children with another wife.

Nan felt failed, angry, unrealized. She read a best-seller about self-confidence by a popular New York psychoanalyst, then went to him as a patient. Within a month he made love to her on the office couch. She told me about it merely with puzzlement, nothing like the rage with which she reported the whistlings in the street. (For her, sex was always something a man did to a woman. "After he did his business, we just went on talking.") Again she took his actions quite calmly as the effect of her looks, and she kept going to him professionally. She was still going to him. I tried to make her angry at him, but she couldn't get much more than puzzled.

Her troubles at the job arose because she was no good at it and,

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although she didn't know this, she was sufficiently uneasy to see insults everywhere. She could do just well enough, in her reports and recommendations and the copy she was supposed to write for covers and inside pages, so that others could patch them into usability. I suppose that in time, after the boss who had slept with her was embarrassed enough at having her around and was exasperated enough by her incompetence, she would have been fired. Meanwhile she worked hard and, like all incompetents, kept asking how she was doing. And kept being offended by trifles.

She tried to improve herself, and this led to complications in her private life. When I arrived, she was having an affair with a young engineer named Willis whom I met, pleasant but with one of those faces it takes a while to remember. She wanted to marry him. He wanted to keep things as they were. She loved him, she told me, and thought he would make a good husband; and, although she let him keep doing it, she didn't like being phoned whenever he felt like spending a night or a weekend with her. This had been going on—before and after the boss's and the psychoanalyst's attentions—for a couple of years. Then Nan decided to take an evening course in writing at N.Y.U. to help her in her work. There she met Gareth, a young writer from Kentucky.

A few weeks later a long letter was handed to me. The young writer had taken her home the previous night after class and had gone to bed with her. "He did his business, and it was the best s-e-x of all my born days. (Or do I mean nights????) I still love Willis, but Gareth is simply tuh-riffic!!! What to do? Ah, me."

Gareth called for her at the office one day, and I was introduced. He was taciturn, mustached, with a crew cut and the eyes of a killer snake. (He is now a well-known novelist.) He was icily impressive.

He kept seeing Nan when she wasn't seeing Willis. Willis wasn't closely attentive at best, and she made sure that he didn't come around on the two class nights every week. I was glad of Gareth in a pragmatic way because it gave some novelty to the letters.

Nan hoped, though she didn't precisely say so, that the fact of Gareth would jog Willis into proposing. Although she made sure the two men didn't meet, she made a great honest point of telling Willis about the other man. It had just the effect she didn't want. Willis said she was free to live her own life, as was he. So she was cheated of her "Ah, me" dilemma. She was left with a man she wanted as a husband and a man she couldn't resist as a lover, both of whom visited when they chose.

She kept her outward calm, though she was more and more distressed. I could see the distress in the letters was genuine though they always sounded as if they had been typed in a chintz-curtained college

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dormitory room with one leg folded under her. She moved carefully, with the sobriety of a practiced drunk, but her only alcohol was insecurity. She let herself flare into hot red tempers only when she was telling me about insults: otherwise she sailed gracefully and said "Mmhm" a lot and glanced at the ceiling.

Sometimes, especially when she was angry, I felt remorse for the way I thought of her. But I paid for it with my time. Gladly, because it helped to pass the time.

The writing course ended, and Gareth went home to Kentucky. In an odd way this made the situation worse for Nan. It wasn't because she missed Gareth: Willis "did his business" well enough, even though it wasn't as "tuh-riffic" as with Gareth. What was worse was that now, more intensely than before, she was dependent on Willis. She loved him, she had loved him all along and had never loved Gareth, Willis was the one she could see herself in the same house with all her life, and now she felt even more at the mercy of his whim. "I don't care if he has other girls," she wrote, "I wouldn't even care after we were married. (Shocking???) If we ever are. But he treats me so casual. (Casually?) He's always got a good reason why I haven't heard from him in a week, but the darned fact still remains that I haven't heard from him in a week. Golly." And she appeared in my office doorway, as she usually did about fifteen minutes after she had handed me a letter, to see whether I had yet read it, moving carefully, looking gorgeous and wise and quite unconnected with the letter she was wondering about.

I foresaw endless letters. I had bouts of panic when I thought that the tedium would outweigh the diversion. But there was no way out of it now. I was trapped.

She released me. One Friday afternoon after work, we rode downtown together on the bus. It was accidental: I usually went home another way. I forget what we talked about, but I remember being surprised that it was something other than herself and her troubles. She got off first, saying "See you Monday."

On Monday she wasn't there: she was in the Bellevue emergency ward. She had gone straight home from the bus, taken thirty sleeping pills, turned on WQXR, the classical music station, then had lain on her bed. The first real pang I ever felt about her was not about the pills because, by the time I heard about them, it was she, recovered, who was telling me. The pang was WQXR. She wanted to be found with good music playing on the radio.

She had done it because Willis had promised to call her before three that Friday afternoon at the office, to tell her whether he was coming for the weekend. So her mind had been made up all the while we were

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chatting on the bus. Willis came around on Saturday afternoon, heard the radio, went away, came back, heard the radio, got the superintendent to let him in, found her and rushed her to Bellevue.

She told me the story a week later. She had circles under her eyes but otherwise looked the same. She told it without any drama, talking about the Bellevue ward as if she had gone to a beauty parlor. I remember thinking, "My God, you can go over the edge for good, as far as you know, and still come back dull."

I think she believed it was for good. I don't think the suicide attempt was a trick: I don't think she was wily enough. Besides, she couldn't have been sure that Willis was coming. But it had the effect of a trick. Willis proposed. That solved one problem. He wanted to move to Massachusetts. That solved two other problems, her incompetence and my entrapment. They married and moved, and in three months she was pregnant. "My poor ole noggin just can't figure it out," she wrote. (Her letters continued for a while, by mail.) "After all that stretching and tube-blowing and all those doctors with Howard" (her second husband). She visited New York about a year after her child was born, and we had lunch. She had a son. Willis was an attentive father and a good husband. Gareth had not even sent a card when the baby was born though she had written to tell him. "I sure made the right choice," she said, though I couldn't see that she had chosen. She missed the job and being busy, "the gang." As soon as the baby was old enough, she was going to try for a job in the town bookshop.

We fell out of touch. By mail she was easier to discourage, simply by delaying replies and finally not replying. Then one day in the late 1960s I got a note from her. She was coming to New York. Could we have a drink? I felt guilty enough, even curious enough, to reply and to agree.

When she came into the bar, she sailed up to me, with the same stately smooth glide. She held out her hand as if she were receiving me. She was heavier but still beautiful. She still glanced at the ceiling from time to time as we talked. Willis was doing well and was still a good husband. She was the assistant manager of the bookshop. Her son was eighteen and very troublesome, running around, taking drugs. Nan hated him. She flushed when she said it, her jaw clenched.

II

Betty Berger came to work as a secretary about a year after Nan left. The company had moved uptown, from a mercantile district to the center of town; the offices were grander than they had been and secretaries were more numerous. Betty was half mine.

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She was a big voluptuous baby, all curves and roundness. She had the sweet, almost confessional smile of a baby and dark velvet eyes. The brows sometimes curved in a seemingly angry frown, but I never saw her angry. She giggled often with a little gurgle. She often shook her head as if physically clearing her mind, and her taffy hair swirled.

She came from Long Island. Her family was well-off. She had been to Bryn Mawr and had just graduated cum laude. I was the first in our office to interview her, and I asked her why she wanted to be a secretary. She said she was interested in publishing. I said that was fine, but there was no surety that this job would lead to anything better. She said she wanted to live in New York. I didn't ask why she couldn't have done so without a job because it was clear, given the facts about her background, that she didn't want or couldn't get help from her family.

Later, and not much later, I learned that her father would not help. In those days many parents still felt that unmarried daughters, even sons, ought to live at home, so I thought I understood. But her father had added, "Anyway, you'd never be able to make it on your own." When she told me that, about two weeks after she started work, she said it with a sad shared look, as if I knew her father, knew her difficulties.

Betty did her work perfectly well, was naturally pleasant, got on well with the other secretaries. This last was remarkable because, in the days before secretaries became assistants, most of them college graduates, she was much more one of us, the editors, than one of them. The other girls were a bit sniffy at first, but Betty dressed simply and asked their advice a lot, and they soon saw that she was grateful for their friendship. The editors and bosses all felt that she was like a cousin working for us as a kind of interim lark, unlike the other girls who were doing more or less what they would always be doing, at least until they got married.

She had many boyfriends, and she often went away on weekends. When we chatted, which we frequently did in my office and occasionally did at lunch, she would talk about how she loved being in love. Once I teased her about her weekend activities, and she said, "You're worse than my father." Then she shook her head and the hair swirled and the velvet eyes looked warm and she put her plump hand on mind and said, "No, good grief, you're not."

Then, suddenly, she was out of the office for four days. The girl with whom she was most friendly telephoned her at home on the afternoon of the first day she didn't appear. There was no answer. Betty telephoned the next day. She said she was ill and was staying with a friend and didn't think she could be back until Monday. She apologized and hoped we would forgive her. She sounded odd, as if she were very tired. Or had been crying.

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Betty was at her desk when I arrived on Monday. She was pale. She was so contrite, she looked so defenseless yet so ready for the worst, that no one wanted to do anything about the absence. It had been a virus, she said.

A few days later she and I worked late together. When we finished, it was dark outside and the office felt intimate. I said that the next time she got sick she ought to let me know, at once. I said that I had been worried until I heard from her, which was true, and that I had thought of trying to get in touch with her family or even calling the police to open her apartment.

Her brown eyes overflowed. She reached across the desk and grasped my hand. "I really love you," she said. She giggled. "Is it OK to say that?"

It was OK.

After a moment she said, "Can I tell you something? Between us?" I nodded. "I wasn't sick. Not that way. I was up at Crystal Lake." A psychiatric hospital and rest home in Connecticut, famous, expensive. "They know me. I've been there before. A little thing with a lot of pills, as they say." She giggled again. "I can drop in any time I like. Standing invitation. So I just went there."

Nan passed through my mind, faster than she ever moved in reality. I asked Betty, since she had said that much, whether she wanted to say more. What had happened? Why had she gone to Crystal Lake?

She shrugged. "The usual. I saw my father the Saturday before." Again she said it as if I understood. I must have looked baffled. She went on. "Oh, you know, he told me I'd never amount to anything. Just because I had this nothing little job, I thought I was such a hotshot, but I'd never be anything. Besides, I'm no good. I'm rotten, to say the least. You know, the usual." She shook her head, clearing her mind. "The only thing he'll pay for is Crystal Lake. And my shrink. And he's the reason I need them both." She got up. "This is terrible. Why should you have to listen to all this hooha?"

I asked her to sit down, and asked her whether she had any brothers or sisters. "A brother. Older. He's at Penn Med. My father thinks he's the greatest thing since sliced bread. I like Davey myself, I'm crazy about him in fact, but he can do anything he wants and get away with it. With me, it's," she ducked her head, "different." She shrugged. "Oh, phooey." But the dismissal didn't work for her. Her eyes came back to mine.

I felt cold. I didn't want to hear any more, and I wanted to know everything. A father whose behavior sent his daughter to a mental hospital. And who knew it because he paid the bills—had agreed in

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advance to pay them. I wanted to know what was in the shadows, and I also wanted to keep out of them. I said, "I wish there was something I could do. More than say I wish there was something I could do."

She grabbed my hand again. "Darling, you're wonderful to me." She said "darling" with a family face. "You're all wonderful to me here. I feel better in this office than any place else in the world." Her chin went down into her neck. "You wouldn't fire me, would you, after what I've told you? I can do the job."

Yes, she could do the job. No, I wasn't going to fire her.

But I did, in time. At least I told my own boss that we had to get someone dependable, and he fired her. He felt wretched about it, as did everyone else. It was not possible to dislike Betty. By that time everyone knew that she had episodes, though not many knew about the father. Everyone knew that she had to be replaced.

All that had happened, really, was that the film had speeded up. The absences happened more frequently. I guessed, and she acknowledged with a duck of her head, that troubles with the father had increased.

Her life with boyfriends had speeded up, too. There were more of them, and when she talked about them, the stories all seemed somewhat frenzied. It was easy to see that she needed the reassurance that male attention gave her; it was harder to see how she—irresistible, soft, endearing—could need it so badly.

Then, after three absences in four months, she was out for ten days. Her girl friend called Crystal Lake after the second day to confirm that she was there. Betty couldn't come to the phone. On the fifth day I went into my boss's office. He knew what I had to say from the look on my face.

When she came back, he called her in and told her. She came straight from his office to mine, her eyes moist, her face full in its frank baby smile. She spoke before I could. "Darling, don't feel bad." She put her arms around me; she smelled fresh. "Don't feel bad. You had to do it. I know that. I'll be all right. I need to take a rest, anyway." She giggled. "That sounds crazy, doesn't it?" She giggled at that, too, then she said, "My father will pay for it, I guess."

She went somewhere in the Caribbean for a week. She sent me a card. A few weeks later she called me at the office and said she had to see me. She sounded strained. She was at a coffee shop down the street. I was in the middle of something, but I put it aside and went down.

She was sitting in a booth, wearing chic clothes and a number of bracelets. She looked brown and happy. She waved and jangled. She kissed me and began to chatter, no trace of the strain that I had heard on the phone only a few minutes before.

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We had coffee and she went on, almost without stopping, about the Caribbean island and the parties there. "I mean," she said giggling, "practically gang bangs." She had never said anything so explicit before. And she said she had just come back from a weekend party with a couple of men.

Now, oddly, I felt less frightened for her. I felt myself looking at her, drawing back. The more she chattered and giggled and jangled the bracelets, the more separated I felt. She hadn't really needed to see me, of course. I thought of the work I had interrupted more than I thought of her. She had just wanted to talk: so I didn't ask why she had phoned.

I changed the subject, trying to make the change sound parenthetical. "By the way, I meant to ask you. Your doctor. You once told me you were seeing a doctor. Is that still on?"

"You mean my shrink? Oh, sure. When I get up early enough. Why shouldn't I go? My father is paying for it. Listen, darling, do you know Jack LaBella?" A band leader. I didn't know him. "I met him last night. *Wild.*"

I got away as soon as I could manage it. I embraced her and smiled as she smiled and felt her warm and close and far away. I went upstairs and got back into the work as hard as I could, I pulled it around me for snugness.

One afternoon the following week she called again from the coffee shop. I begged off, saying I was late for a meeting "inside."

"Oh." A child's gasp. Then she poured. "Darling, of course, of course."

A month later she telephoned me at home, after midnight. Laura answered. She had heard about Betty, she had met her and she liked her. She was as friendly as possible at that hour. "It's for you," she said after a moment. "Betty."

Betty said, "Darling, I'm sorry I disturbed your wife. I'm sorry. And you." She began to cry. "Darling, could you please come for me?"

"What?" I was in bed, I had been asleep. "What's the trouble? Where are you?"

Crying, she said, "I'm at a party. It's terrible." Now I heard the noise behind her, the music and babble. She began to cry really badly. "It's terrible. I want to go home. I can't do it alone."

"Isn't there someone there who can take you? Whoever brought you."

"*No.* Nobody. I don't *like* anyone here. Darling, I need you to take me. Please. I need to go home. *Please.*"

What shocked me most was not her condition but my response. I wanted to slither away over the phone, to slide out of her life. I felt as if

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an octopus with bracelets were reaching for me. Maybe she really needed help, maybe not, but if I let her call me out of my home at this hour, just once, I might as well cut my throat. She would call again. And again. She would devour me.

I don't remember how, but I managed to persuade her to ask someone at the party to put her in a taxi. I forgave her, as she pleaded with me to do, for calling so late.

Next day I thought of telephoning to find out how she was, but I didn't dare.

A couple of weeks later she telephoned again at home, about two in the morning. This time I answered. She was bright and gurgly. "Hi, darling," she said. "Guess where I am. Florida. Miami. Moon over Miami. Wild, ha? I know you worry about me, so I wanted to let you know where I am. I came down yesterday with some wild guys. Guess what we're doing now. We're sitting by this fabulous pool in the moonlight. Skinny-dipping." She giggled. "It's wild. I love it. I just wanted to talk to you, darling."

I wasn't angry. I thought it was horrible enough to feel as distant as I did without being angry, too.

I saw her once more. I heard from the girl friend in the office that she had gone back to Crystal Lake again, and a month or so after that, Betty came into the office one afternoon. She was dressed exquisitely, her hair had just been done, she was wearing a gorgeous fox stole. Her face had changed. Now the smile seemed fixed. The velvet eyes had burning pinholes in their centers.

She moved from desk to desk around the office, from cubicle to cubicle, talking incessantly. I wanted to hide, but my room was at the end. I couldn't possibly get out, get past her, without being seen.

She reached me. "Darling." She swept in and hugged me as if I were sick and she were visiting my ward. She chattered on about how busy she was these days having fun, and I tried to make replies that fitted in the spaces that she left.

She took my arm. "Walk me to the elevator, darling. You're the one I love most around here, anyway." We walked out through the large room to the corridor. "I've got to hurry," she said. "I've got to pick up the result of my Aschheim-Zondek." The pregnancy test. "My *latest* Aschheim-Zondek."

At the elevator I said something about the fur stole. "Like it?" she said. "A present. Not from a man, for a change. I got it for myself." Her face changed. "My father paid." I had never seen her face like that. Two expressions combined: fright and vindictiveness. Real fright, yet somehow weary. And the knife look of a vindictive woman.

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I went back to my office feeling dizzy. Something had hit me, had spun me around. I couldn't stop spinning.

Her father wanted her. *Wanted* her. He was trying to kill her to protect himself.

If that was true—I didn't know, but it fit what I saw—he got his wish. She was back in Crystal Lake a few weeks later. A few days later I heard from her friend in the office that she was dead. At Crystal Lake. The girl didn't know how Betty had done it, they wouldn't say.

Everyone in the office felt struck. We had dreaded it in advance, but it hurt just the same. I felt something else, too. I was relieved. No more calls. No more octopus.

I never met the father, never saw a picture of him, nothing. I don't often think of Betty, I got fairly well rid of her. But when I do think of her, I think of him, too.

III

Jean Avery was on the bus that we were taking upstate for a weekend. We hadn't seen her in about ten years. She whooped when she saw us, spread her hands, jumped up and kissed us both. Short brown hair, darting eyes, high cheekbones, husky voice, vigor and firmness—all familiar at once. She was now in her middle forties, but even close she looked twenty-five, like a young woman who had lately been a college girl.

She was going up to Harmony, she said as we settled into seats, which was not far from where we were headed. She was going to sell her house. We remembered the house well. We had stayed there several times with her and Tom. Now, as we knew, Tom was dead: his bad heart had taken him off several years before. She was living in Chicago, had decided to stay there, so she was selling the house.

"Say! Why don't *you* two buy it?" she said, grabbing Laura's arm next to her and reaching across Laura, across the aisle, to me. "You always loved it. Why don't you buy it? There's an offer, but it's not final. You could still have it."

I said we wished we could buy it, which was almost true. It was a small early-eighteenth-century Dutch farmhouse, stone walls two feet thick, set on a hillside shelf looking south over a wide valley. I saw it now with memories of Jean gardening decisively in shorts, a cigarette in the corner of her mouth. But in any case I wouldn't have wanted a house redolent of Tom.

We talked along for the two hours until the town where we were all getting off. The longer we rode, the more I liked her and remembered

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how much I had always liked her and disliked the dead Tom for having shunted us apart. He had been a writer, not a bad manufacturer of sentimental stories. I had published a novel of his, at the firm where I worked after the one where I had known Nan and Betty. But Tom and I had known each other for some years before that. He was tall, slightly portly, bald with a fringe of curly gray hair, and had a mouth like a woodchuck's. He was smooth and smoothly overbearing. If you had rescued him from drowning, he would have complimented you on your swimming while you were doing it. He had the wide thin knowledge of the hack writer. He was usually right on trivial points of factual dispute. He had a lot of skills: carpentry, baking, automobile repair, radio mechanics. He was even a good marksman. Once he took a .22 rifle out of my hands as we were sitting on a porch and carelessly killed a rabbit thirty yards away. I would have missed. I wasn't competing with him in anything—I couldn't do at all most of the things he was good at, so there wasn't any competition—but he always acted as if I were trying to equal him and could use his encouragement. And he was dirty-minded. His work went bumpily, and his frustrations about it, his poor health, his jealousy about his attractive wife—twenty-five years younger—all found an outlet in aggressive, sleazy raunchiness. It was worst when you were his guest and he knew that you were captive.

I liked people who nipped at me less, who were less hungry for parlor victories. My own frustrations were at least up to the average, but I wanted to spend time with people who didn't need to prove themselves so continually or to avenge themselves pettily on the world in the person of myself. Laura agreed. So, in time, we gave up seeing Jean, in order to avoid seeing Tom. When we read that he had died, we didn't know where she was, and anyway it would have seemed odd to look her up as if we had been waiting for his death to clear the track.

Still, Tom was not an ordinary man. And the story of his marriage to Jean, all true, was like a fantasy.

We told the story to the M.s that afternoon, the friends with whom we were spending the weekend. When we had parted from Jean at the bus stop, we said we would ask the M.s, whom she didn't know, whether it was possible to invite her for dinner. Jean said she'd love it: she was staying in a motel, her car was in a garage up here. She would love to drive over and spend the evening with us. The M.s of course invited her, and before she arrived, we told them about her and Tom.

He, after a knockabout career on magazines and newspapers and in free-lancing, had become a successful radio writer in the 1940s, doing a weekly homiletic editorial for a program sponsored by a huge corporation. He met a beautiful woman named Claire, about forty, whom he

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married. After their marriage he discovered that she had previously been married three times instead of the once she had told him about, which was not in itself important but which made him uneasy. Soon afterward he discovered that she was a pathological liar and otherwise pathological as well—she went on binges of alcoholism and violence. He told horrible stories of public embarrassments, of bottles flung, of fights in which he had to wrench knives out of her hand, of her disappearances for four or five days at a time. She was a devil, he said. But before and after and sometimes even during these outbursts, she was diabolically seductive. And when she was calm, when she really worked at it, she could enslave him as abjectly as at the very beginning before he knew what was under it all. He felt that he was married to an inescapable maniac.

One day when he was alone in their Manhattan apartment, the doorbell rang. There stood a sixteen-year-old girl in an orphanage uniform, with a suitcase. It was Jean. She was Claire's daughter. All this time she had been in an asylum in the Bronx, a Dickensian horror chamber as it turned out, half an hour away by subway. Jean was illegitimate, and Claire had simply left her at the orphanage almost sixteen years before, had promised to return for her soon and had never done so. Now the orphanage could no longer keep her. Jean, with her quick wiry intelligence, had picked up a few clues and had tracked her mother down.

When Claire came home, she was unperturbed. She said she thought she had told Tom about the child. She hadn't wanted a baby around, but a sixteen-year-old would be all right.

Jean had been to public school but knew practically nothing. She didn't even have passable table manners. Tom taught her how to use a knife and fork conventionally, he gave her books and pictures and records, he took her to concerts and jazz sessions and museums. It was soon clear to him that she had an exceptionally good mind. He coached her for college entrance exams, they sat up nights together when Claire was out or sleeping it off. In a couple of years Jean took the exams and passed, well. Tom helped her with her college work.

The inevitable happened, it had happened long before they spoke of it. They were in love.

Claire was getting madder by the month, but in intensity, not at length, always within the confines of binges. The rest of the time she was socially maneuvering and fiendishly entwining. Her increased violence made Tom even more anxious to leave her, and the fact that, when sane, she could cajole her way through the world, soothed his conscience about leaving. Besides, there was now no question that Jean and he had to be together. Claire, blinded either by madness or her ego when not

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mad, suspected nothing. As soon as Jean graduated from college, Tom told Claire that they were leaving. He made sure that Jean was out of the house when he broke the news.

There was a storm. Tom was ready. Claire chased him down the hall to the elevator, screaming and clawing. He had to throw her out of the elevator and shut the door.

He discovered that a divorce was unnecessary. When he took steps to file, his lawyer learned that Claire had never actually divorced her previous husband, so her marriage to Tom was bigamous and null. Tom married Jean and bought the house in Harmony. Claire made occasional violent appearances in Manhattan or Harmony—once at midnight in the country with a hatchet—but she soon wound herself around another man. She died about ten years afterward. Tom visited her on what turned out to be her alcoholic deathbed, and he said that she was still so seductive that he had to get away fast.

The marriage with Jean was a Freudian ideal, a figurative father-and-daughter marriage. (Betty Berger didn't even seem a shadow of this when I first heard the story, the matters were so different.) Tom was not well when they married, which Jean knew: he always said that Claire had given him his bad heart. He had to give up radio work. He concentrated on short stories for slick magazines, still a possible way to make a good living in those days and he could do it when and where he liked. He had sporadic success: they could live by what he made if they could deal with interludes of worry. One of his stories was sold to Hollywood. They gave up their Manhattan apartment and moved to Harmony. In the cold months they went south for his health—in those days before Castro, to Cuba.

In the winter of 1954 we spent two weeks with them, as paying guests, in the bungalow they had rented in Varadero. It was a lush, luxuriating holiday, lovely except for Tom, or Tom some of the time. Jean, barefoot and brown, made Cuban coffee, boiled stone crabs in seawater, took us to buy the best macaroons in the world. She was learning Spanish and called Tom Tomás. She was the pet of all the shopkeepers in the pretty town. She taught me Cuban dances, and Tom urged me to dance with her as if to prove his self-confidence. Afterward he would make seamy remarks about her body—he didn't dance much—and would ask whether I agreed, while Jean blushed under her brown and said, "Tomás! Por favor!"

I knew all that he had done for her, I knew he was more complex than I was letting him be in my mind, I knew it was ridiculous of me to resent Tom for Jean's sake because she adored him. It was entirely on my own that I didn't like him, because of the smarmy nagging and the sly

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discomfiting. Laura didn't mind him as much, but she knew how he was affecting me and she didn't care enough about him to argue strongly. After Cuba we saw Tom and Jean a few scattered times over a few years, then we didn't return an invitation. Time went on, and we simply hadn't seen them, didn't see them.

Tom put out another novel a few years after I left publishing. It failed quite badly and, away from the man, I could feel sorry for him. I read the book and could see in it how anxious he was for success. A year or so later we read his obituary.

IV

Jean zoomed up to the M.s' house in the little red convertible that I remembered, then zoomed into the house. She shook hands firmly and swiftly, she smiled her burst of a smile, her body squirmed with energy under her trim cotton dress. I could see the M.s trying to reconcile this radiance, this unmediated self, with the story we had just told them.

After dinner, which Jean devoured, smacking her lips over the good wine—she loved wine and she had learned something about it from Tom—we lounged around the fireplace in the living room, feeling knit. But Jean didn't lounge: she sat, as always, at ease but with her feet gathered under her as if ready to spring, a lighted cigarette in one hand, a pack of cigarettes and a lighter in the other. We talked about the Caribbean. She and Tom had stopped going to Cuba when the government changed. Laura and I were thinking of going to the Caribbean for a week or so the following spring—this was summer—and Jean told us about Martinique. She and Tom had gone there for several winters and had loved it. "It's for me. It's my island," she said. She gave us the name of a small hotel in a cove and told us about the owner.

"In fact," she said, "we flew from there to Florida when Tom had his last attack. That's where he died—in Florida."

I said, "I hope it was quick."

"It wasn't." Her face went bronze. "It wasn't. It was bad. He kept asking, 'Why can't I die, why can't I die?'"

I felt something like guilt, as if his dying might have been easier if we hadn't stopped seeing him.

Jean made herself brighten. "Anyway, afterward I picked up and went to Chicago."

"Why Chicago?" I asked.

"Well, I didn't want to come back and live all alone up here. Especially in the same house. Even if I could get some kind of job here. And we had some good friends in Chicago—Sid and Mimi Ginsberg. Did you ever meet them?"

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"I don't think so."

"Well, they said I had to come and stay with them, they were just wonderful to me, and I did that for a while, and I got a job for a while, and I was in the nuthouse for a while." All in one sentence.

"What? What happened?" I asked.

She shrugged. "I tried to commit," she said as if admitting a prank. "One night I was taking a sleeping pill, and I thought, 'Oh, what the hell,' and I just tipped up the bottle and took them all. I was still staying with the Ginsbergs then and they found me."

Laura looked as if she were going to cry. I felt sore, stabbed, and at the same time I thought: The third. The third beautiful girl.

The M.s were hushed. All of us were trying to believe that we had heard right, that this had come from the humming young woman with whom we had just had so much fun, eating fun and joke-making fun, at dinner.

I didn't need to say anything, and was glad of it: I knew she would continue.

"I still don't know why exactly. Anyway, when I recovered, the Ginsbergs took me to Dr. Diener, I still see him three times a week, and he put me in this nuthouse for a while. You ought to see it. The fanciest place I've ever been in anywhere. Swedish modern furniture, paintings in every room, a home away from home. Sid and Mimi call it the Meshugganeh-Hilton." The Yiddish word, in Jean's non-Jewish mouth, was a lighthearted plea to belong: not to Jews, to the world.

She had stayed there two months. Now she had a place of her own, a floor of a brownstone near the lake. She had a job with a photographer, general assistant, handling phone calls, hiring models, lugging equipment. She swam twice a week at a gym—she was a superb swimmer. She worked two nights a week at a settlement house for black children, teaching reading and coaching games. She had decided to stay in Chicago so she had put the Harmony house on the market. She was here now to deal with an offer.

The evening moved along, and the talk moved elsewhere. But Jean's story was like a backdrop in front of which the rest of the talk took place. Then she said it was time to leave. She thanked the M.s with that bursting smile. She hugged Laura. She hugged me.

I told her I was going to Chicago in December for a meeting. Would she like to have dinner? She grabbed my shoulders. "Would I? *Would* I? Do you promise?"

In mid-November I telephoned her, and I could see the smile when she heard me. We made our date. I asked her to book a table for us at any restaurant she liked.

On that night, which was bitter cold, she opened her door with a look

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that warmed me on the front step. She hugged me and took me in. She talked rapidly, almost breathlessly. She lived on the first floor of her brownstone, and she had a few things I remembered from the Harmony house. No picture of Tom was visible. She had bought a bottle of Irish whiskey, which she knew I liked, and we had a drink, while she sat opposite me with her feet under her, her cigarette going. She calmed down a little, and we talked and laughed. After a couple of drinks we went to dinner, a quiet good restaurant in another brownstone nearby. I went over the wine list and chose a Musigny. It was a mistake. She drank it as enthusiastically as she could.

The dinner was long and easy. It was the only substantial time we had ever spent alone with each other. We both realized that, without mentioning it, and it gave her a freedom to talk, different from the freedom that she usually had. Partly, I thought, it was childlike excitement about the moment. Partly it was because, like many women, especially beauties, she could talk more freely to a man.

She told me she was busy these days, she liked it, she felt good. Was the doctor helping? "Who knows? I think so. I like seeing him, I like talking to him, but he keeps telling me that I have to help myself. For this, I'm paying him half my salary." She laughed from far inside that warm body. "I'm kidding, of course. He tells me more than that. Anyway, I like talking to him. And anyway it *is* all up to me. Only. . . ."

I waited.

"Only sometimes I'm sitting inside a black shell. You know? Not big. Almost sort of cozy. All the things I do, the job, the settlement house, the people I see, I'm moving around the whole time inside that black shell. Like a nice cozy one-man tank. One-woman."

"Do you tell your doctor?"

"Oh, sure. He says to *use* the tank, until it wears out. Anyway, it's not there all the time. Like now. Anyway, the hell with it." She held out her glass. "Let's have some more of that delicious wine."

I asked whether she had any social life.

"Some. But it's hard, you know. People don't know what to do with a single woman. They invite you once or twice, try to get someone to match up with you, but it's kind of a drag. They'd rather invite couples."

"But what about men friends? Your own, I mean."

"Oh, a few. Once in a while. Nathan Kahn. I see him once in a while." He was a composer, well known, now teaching at the University of Chicago.

"Well, for heaven's sake, that ought to be interesting. How'd you meet him?"

"At somebody's home. Then he called me up. I've seen him a few times. I'm teaching him the guitar. Well, he makes believe I am."

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She had learned guitar, at least enough to accompany herself in some songs, in Cuba.

She seemed so unimpressed at knowing this celebrated man that I felt embarrassed at being impressed. I changed the subject. Later we changed wines. Later we were almost the last people left in the restaurant. Suddenly she said, "Stanley, may I ask you something? Why did you stop seeing Tom and me?"

"No special reason, Jean. No special incident or anything like that." I kept talking to cover the hole. "We just drifted apart. You know how these things happen without any real reason, any split, things just carry you one way or another."

She didn't press her question, though she knew I wasn't telling the truth. "Tom was hurt, you know." She had drunk enough to dig a few millimeters beneath even her usual frankness. "He used to talk about it. He didn't know what he had done. He really liked you, Stanley."

I felt irritated. I was sure Tom had said it if she was telling me so, but I thought he had been performing for her. He was shrewd enough to know exactly how he had put me off or at least that he *had* put me off. For Jean, he had been playing the kindly suffering old saint, one of his many roles.

I couldn't think of anything to say. I made a sound—ruminative, I hoped, quasi-repentant.

"I'll tell you something, Stanley," she said bravely. "He wasn't so terribly fond of Laura. I hope you don't mind my saying so. It was you he really liked. He was hurt that you stopped seeing him."

The hell with him, I thought. I felt good now about having dropped him. It crossed my mind to wonder why Jean had told me that about Laura, but the evening was too pleasant to let me wonder long. Besides, I was glad in a way that Jean had told me: it sealed off Tom. I made the thoughtful sound again.

Soon we left the restaurant and walked to her place in the clear cold night. Underneath, I was still a bit upset, I was surprised to discover, at what she had told me, but I didn't show it. It might have done her some damage. I did the opposite of withdrawing. "Jean, I'm going to be passing through Chicago again in February. Changing planes to go some place downstate. On the way back I could stay overnight here and we could have dinner again, if you want to."

She hugged my arm and said she'd love it.

"I'll phone you again a few weeks ahead of time and we'll make a date," I said. "We can go back to the same restaurant if you like. Except no Musigny."

At her door she asked me to come in. I thanked her but said I had an early date in the morning, which was true.

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"But I've still got all that Irish," she said.

"It won't spoil. I'll have some more in February."

"Promise?"

I promised. We put our arms around each other, and she kissed me on the mouth. Her body felt electric through both our coats. Her mouth was warm, friendly, womanly.

In New York, in January, by coincidence I met Nathan Kahn. I was in a bookshop when he came in with a lawyer I knew, who introduced us. Kahn was short, white-haired, with a neat white beard, very handsome. He had been divorced four times. His interest in women was well known.

We chatted for a few moments. He was between terms and had come back to New York, his hometown, to see family and friends. I said that we had a friend in common in Chicago, Jean Avery. In a split second his face went through rapid changes. His eyes widened a bit in surprise, the surprise changed to defensiveness, as if I'd accused him of misbehavior, and just as rapidly the defensiveness changed to kindliness, the avuncular kindliness that men with reputations as womanizers adopt to show that they are quite capable of having simple friendships with women. "Oh, yes," he said like a stage uncle, "Jean. She's lovely. A lovely young woman. I'm very fond of Jean." He chuckled. "She's teaching me the guitar."

"Cuban style."

"Cuban style. Or she would if I could see her. Every time I've called in the last month or two, she's been busy."

Whatever his interest, it certainly seemed stronger than the one she had shown in him. Well, I could tease her about it when I saw her.

Early in February, on a Friday evening, I telephoned Chicago. Jean didn't answer. I tried again on Saturday morning. No answer. I supposed she was away for the weekend, so I called on Sunday evening. No answer. I called on Monday morning, at eight-thirty Chicago time, assuming that she would have to be up for work. A man answered. I felt like an intruder, but there was no point in hanging up.

"May I speak with Jean Avery, please?"

"Who is this?"

I gave him my name.

"Oh, yes, I've heard of you. Jean talked of you."

"Is she there, please?"

He hesitated a moment. "I'm Dr. Diener."

"Oh, yes." The psychoanalyst. "I've heard of *you*." If he was there, something was wrong. "May I speak with Jean?"

He hesitated another moment. "I'm afraid I have some bad news. Jean has done away with herself."

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What a stupid remark, I thought. Did away with herself. What other self is there, I thought, to stand outside herself, to do the doing *to* herself?

I said, "What?"

"She came home on Friday afternoon, apparently, and she was found last night." He sounded solemn but not unhappy, like a funeral director.

She had been lying there the whole weekend. Every time I had called, the phone had been ringing in the room where she was lying. While I was hearing the phone ring, she had been there, not hearing it.

"The police called me," he said. All three of them, I thought, with psychoanalysts. "They've just left," he said.

From newspapers, from television, I had a glimpse of the police carrying out a stretcher, wrapped. Down those steps where we had hugged.

I thought of the Irish. Still there? Who would get it?

I said some things, routine, knowing that he was being patient with me while I said them. I insisted that he take my address and telephone number in case there was anything I could do, any information I could give. I never heard from him.

I felt a completion, iron but inevitable. I saw her, though I had not seen her, at Tom's door, sixteen, the orphanage dress, the suitcase. All her life, a time bomb in her. Tom had been able to smother it for a while. I thought better of Tom now, but I didn't want that, I wanted Jean to be alive, to have our February dinner, to give me another chance at choosing wine. I heard the steel door of a giant vault, finely milled to fit precisely, swinging into place.

Later that day I thought of Betty, too. They went, they both went, I thought hollowly. I survived. It was just a matter of time, of course, but meanwhile I had survived.

We changed the reservations for our spring vacation. We didn't want to go to Jean's hotel, to Martinique, to her island. We went to Guadeloupe.

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The Other Place

VERN RUTSALA

You search all summer, wearing holes
along the creases of your maps,
making camp here and here, dreaming,
hoping through the chill nights.
But morning reveals the littered park,
the postcard views, the dripping tap.
So you move on, speedometer keeping track,
engine more obedient than any dog
as you look and look with shaded eyes
across countless vistas beside roadside markers,
countless parks and beaches too numerous
to remember. And you always come home
disappointed, the car's paint faded, your nose peeling,
the exhaustion of play weighing your limbs.
It wasn't there. It wasn't there again.
And you settle down to dream
the routine of home, and it's then
in dreams, or better, just before you sleep
that it rises clear, like a name carried
on the tip of your tongue all day.
Then you follow the right path
through the woods, past the burned-out shack,
the smell of skunk and death. You follow
as your limbs float out to sleep, follow past
the dump, the smoldering tires, and come finally
to the house of tar paper, the house
of lethargy and curses where the chickens lived
indoors and the dog was called
Nuisance, where your friends, the kids, stared
fiercely out and dared you to live your life.

● VERN RUTSALA, professor of English at Lewis and Clark College, is the author of *Paragraphs* and *The New Life*.

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The State of Middle Eastern Studies

BERNARD LEWIS

THE STUDY OF THE MIDDLE EAST in the Western world has a long history, and its antecedents can be traced back to the Middle Ages, to the first attempts of Christian Europe to learn Arabic and understand Islam. Two basic motives led Western Europeans to that study. One was to learn. Western scholars and students came first as learners, traveling to Spain, Sicily, and, to a lesser extent, other Muslim lands to study what was then the higher civilization of the Muslim world. Their purpose was to obtain access, through Arabic translations and Arab teachers, to the sources of Greek philosophy and science. For them, Arabic was an instrument; the Arabs were intermediaries. The debt of European thought and science to these intermediaries is immense.

The second motive was polemical. In the Middle Ages, Islam and Christendom were still the two great rival religions and civilizations, and much energy was devoted to the double purpose of protecting Christians from Islamic influence and converting Muslims to Christianity. This effort also involved the study of Arabic and, to some extent, of the Qur'an and other Islamic religious texts, in order to refute the Islamic religion.

By the end of the Middle Ages both motives were disappearing. Europeans were already more advanced in philosophy, medicine, and the other sciences in which the Muslims had previously been their teachers, and the study of Arabic for this purpose now seemed pointless. The polemical motive, too, was fading, in both its aspects. The task of converting Muslims to Christianity was seen to be impossible. Muslims were impervious to Christian teaching, and Muslim governments did not permit the attempt. At the same time, Islam was no longer regarded as a serious religious adversary offering a challenge to Christianity, in spite of the imposing political and military might of the Muslim world, now led by the Ottoman Empire. The challenge was to Christendom, not to Christianity, and the response was military, not intellectual. The desire

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to refute Islam lost its urgency, and there was a decline in the old polemical type of writing.

It still lingers on occasionally. Some vestiges of religious prejudice or polemic may be discerned hiding behind the academic apparatus, and a number of the older generation of Western Arabists had a theological background. The missionary element in Islamic studies is, however, far less important than in Far Eastern studies in the Western world. Its contribution, too, has been smaller and more negative. Missionaries to the Far East derived moral and intellectual strength from a record of high achievement among the peoples to whom they were sent. Missionaries to the Middle East brought home a feeling of failure and frustration, which all too often infected the scholarly disciplines and academic communities which they joined.

In our own century, it may be noted in passing, there has been a revival of something resembling the medieval polemical style in some Soviet writing on Islam, much of which is designed to refute Islam and persuade the Muslim peoples of the Soviet Union to accept Russian Orthodox Marxism in its place.

The Renaissance initiated an entirely new phase in the development of Islamic and Middle Eastern studies in the Western world. Perhaps the most important new factor was a kind of intellectual curiosity that is still unique in human history. For until that time, no comparable desire had been felt and no effort made to study and understand alien, still less hostile, civilizations. Many societies have tried to study their predecessors, those to which they feel they owe something, those from which they perceive themselves to be derived. Societies under the domination of an alien and stronger culture have usually been impelled, by force or otherwise, to learn the languages and try to understand the ways of those who dominate them. Societies, in a word, have studied their masters, in both senses of the word. Europe studied Latin and Greek, Islam studied Arabic, and the modern Third World, according to the influences and pressures to which it has been exposed, studies modern English, French, or Russian. But the kind of effort to study remote and alien cultures made by Europe (and later by the overseas daughters of Europe) from Renaissance times onward, represents something new and totally different. It is significant that today the peoples of the Middle East show little interest in each other and even less in the non-Islamic cultures of Asia and Africa. The only serious attempts to study the languages and civilizations of India and China in the universities of the Middle East have been made in Turkey and in Israel—the two countries in the region which have consciously chosen a Western way of life.

Even now, non-European civilizations still have the greatest difficulty in understanding intellectual curiosity of this kind. When the first

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European Egyptologists and other archaeologists began to dig in the Middle East, many of the local people found it impossible to believe that foreigners would be willing to spend so much time, effort, and money and undergo so many risks and hardships merely to dig up and decipher the ancient relics of their own forgotten heathen ancestors. They therefore sought other, more rational explanations. For the simple villagers, the archaeologists were seekers after buried treasure. For the more sophisticated townspeople, they were spies or other agents of their governments. The fact that some few archaeologists did, indeed, render such services to their governments does not make this interpretation of their science any less mistaken, and reveals a sad inability to understand an enterprise that has added new chapters to the history of mankind and new dimensions to the self-awareness of Middle Eastern nations. This difficulty of perception continues to the present day, and even affects some academics, who persist in regarding orientalists as either treasure seekers or agents of imperialism.

The gratification of this new intellectual curiosity was greatly helped by the voyages of discovery which brought Europeans to new and strange lands beyond the ocean. These helped break intellectual molds and provided both a stimulus and an opportunity for further study.

The Renaissance, through the revival of learning and the development of classical philology, also offered models and methods for the study of the East. The philological techniques evolved by European humanists for the study of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew texts—that is, for the classics and scriptures of European Christendom—were also applied to the study of Arabic and of Arabic texts, and later of other Middle Eastern languages. This marked the beginning of a new science and a new intellectual discipline, an exponent of which was called an orientalist by analogy with his predecessors, the Latinist and the Hellenist.

The Reformation, too, helped in the expansion of Arabic studies. Along with related conflicts within the Christian church, the Reformation led to a closer study of the Hebrew text of the Old Testament, for which a knowledge of Arabic was of considerable comparative value. Sectarian conflict also provoked interest in the Eastern, especially Arabic-speaking, Christians, whom various factions in Western Christendom saw as possible allies against their rivals. These advantages figured prominently among the arguments put forward in defense of the study of Arabic in the early seventeenth century. They are not often mentioned nowadays.

There was also a very strong practical motive resulting from the rise of Ottoman power. This worked in two ways: the Ottoman Empire was a menace to Europe, requiring urgent measures of defense; it was also a vast market in which to buy and sell. The need for military and political

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intelligence, on the one hand, and the opportunities and exigencies of commerce, on the other, evoked a new kind of more practical study of the area. "The news from Turkey" became an important part of Western interest in the Middle East. The desire to know what was happening produced a considerable body of literature whose writers were impelled by a number of purposes—political, military, and commercial being the most important. They included adventurers, traders, diplomats, spies, missionaries, and other travelers who described what they had seen in order to instruct their readers and to inform their employers and colleagues. This kind of literature has continued to appear until the present day, although only recently have those who produce it acquired academic status.

The subsequent development of Middle Eastern studies in the West can best be seen as part of the general intellectual history of Europe. The Enlightenment brought a broadening of horizons and a reaction against religious fanaticism. Islamic texts were now translated not only, as earlier, into Latin, but also into the vernacular languages of Europe. The most notable of these was the French translation of *A Thousand and One Nights*, which had a great impact and gave rise to a wave of pseudo-orientalism in European literature and also to some serious scholarly work. Through the influence of orientalist scholarship on such major figures as Gibbon in England, Montesquieu in France, Lessing and Goethe in Germany, some awareness of Islamic civilization and Islamic literatures began to enter the mainstream of European culture.

The process of learning about the East was stimulated and also affected by the rise of the great European empires, both from western Europe by sea and from eastern Europe by land, and the further extension of European trade in the Middle East. Empire and commerce required people with a knowledge of languages and local conditions, and hence provision for language training and practical study became a matter of concern. This was met in various ways in the European empires. The French established the institution of the *Jeunes de Langue*—language cadets. At first these were recruited mainly from the Levantine communities, later from Frenchmen. They were given special training in Arabic, Persian, and Turkish and then attached to French embassies and consulates in the Middle East. A large proportion of French orientalists in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries emerged from this background. Among English scholars, there was greater interest in Persian, resulting from the establishment of British power in India, where Persian was, at that time, the main language of government and culture. The overland expansion of Muscovy southward and eastward brought great numbers of Turkish- and Persian-speaking Muslims under Russian rule and led to the establishment and develop-

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ment more particularly of Turkish and Persian studies in the universities of the Russian Empire.

The nineteenth century saw the continuation, and indeed intensification, of all these processes, especially as the European powers became directly involved in the Middle East itself. A new phase began with Bonaparte's invasion of Egypt and continued with the French conquest of North Africa, the establishment of the British presence in Aden and the Persian Gulf, the extension of Russian power into the Muslim lands around the Black Sea and the Caspian and later in Central Asia, and the Austrian and German involvement with the Ottoman Empire. Even other countries less directly concerned had their own reasons for pursuing Middle Eastern studies. Spanish scholars, affected by the Romantic revival, became interested in an important but half-forgotten chapter of their own national past. The nineteenth century also saw the establishment of Islamic and Arabic studies in the United States, partly through missionary interests and partly as an extension of classical and scriptural scholarship.

While empires, missions, and commerce all helped to stimulate interest in Oriental peoples and to provide opportunities for their study, they did not dominate or even greatly influence the development of academic orientalist scholarship. Missionaries and colonial specialists made a relatively small contribution to these studies, and their work, with few exceptions, was not accorded much attention by the scholars who were the founding fathers of the discipline. These were for the most part university teachers, independent of the great imperial, clerical, and commercial interests and sometimes indeed highly critical of them. Their driving motive was the desire to know and to understand, and their methods were those of critical, analytical scholarship.

The nineteenth century brought a major advance in the organization of Middle Eastern studies as an academic discipline, notably through the creation of specialist institutions. Such were the schools, institutes, or departments of Oriental studies, the first of which had been founded in Paris in 1795. Others followed in Russia, Germany, England, and elsewhere during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. A parallel development was the foundation of learned societies devoted to Oriental studies: the Royal Asiatic Society in England, the Société Asiatique in France, the Deutsche Morgenländische Gesellschaft in Germany, and their equivalents in other countries. From 1873 there were also international Congresses of Orientalists which brought together colleagues from different countries and in which, for the first time, scholars from Turkey, Egypt, and later other Middle Eastern countries began to participate.

A major accession of strength resulted from the emancipation of the

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Jews in central and western Europe and their consequent entry into the universities. Jewish scholars brought up in the Jewish religion and trained in the Hebrew language found Islam and Arabic far easier to understand than did their Christian colleagues, and were, moreover, even less affected by nostalgia for the Crusades, preoccupation with imperial policy, or the desire to convert the "heathen." Jewish scholars like Gustav Weil, Ignaz Goldziher, and others played a key role in the development of an objective, nonpolemical, and positive evaluation of Islamic civilization.

The Romantic movement too had some effect in arousing popular interest and in bringing Arabic and Islamic elements into general literature. Washington Irving is probably the best known of writers in English who used material of Arabic and Islamic origin. There are many others. This process was helped by the emergence of a new kind of literary translator, two of whom—Friedrich Rückert in German and Edward Fitzgerald in English—were themselves fine poets.

Toward the end of the nineteenth century, a first generation of scholars of Turkish, Arabic, and other Middle Eastern origin was beginning to take part in modern scholarship of the Western type. Their writings are still partly apologetic or romantic in presentation, but do attempt to follow the methods of critical philological scholarship as evolved in the West since the Renaissance and the revival of learning.

Perhaps most important was the emergence, in nineteenth-century Europe, and above all in the German lands, of the new philology during what has been called the philological golden age. At this time major progress in Arabic and related scholarship was made in the West, especially in the fields of grammar and lexicography and, toward the end of the century, in the study of Muslim law, theology, and history.

In this academic development from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century the main stress was on what might be termed classical and scriptural studies. Arabic, the language of the Qur'an and the ancient poets, could take its place in the universities alongside Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. "Modern" languages like Turkish, though at that time much more important from a practical point of view, were neglected. So indeed were English, French, German, and other living European languages; these, according to the notions of the time, were not fitting subjects for scholarly inquiry. Historical studies were likewise limited to ancient and medieval times, and even a subject as important to Europe as the history of the Ottoman Empire was left, in the main, to "practical men." The outstanding historian of the Ottoman Empire in Europe until the twentieth century was the Austrian Joseph von Hammer-Purgstall, author of a multivolume history of the Ottoman Empire based on Turkish sources. He, like most other "modernists" of the time, was not

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an academic; he was an official interpreter, and his written works reveal many defects in his textual scholarship.

Since the Arabists and their colleagues working in Persian and Turkish showed little interest in modern history, this field of academic study was left to others: to the colonial historian, the international historian, the diplomatic historian, and a variety of specialists who brought their professional skills to bear on the history of the Middle East but were, unfortunately, impeded by their ignorance of the languages in which the peoples whom they studied spoke and wrote. Their contributions, therefore, though often useful and sometimes valuable, were nevertheless fatally vitiated by the external character which they inevitably retained.

War, said Karl Marx, is the locomotive of history. In Middle Eastern studies, as in so many other things, the exigencies of two world wars brought forced and rapid change. The classical orientalist, nurtured in the disciplines of theology or philology and occasionally history, suddenly found himself expected to take on modern politics, economics, and society, and with greater or lesser willingness began to discuss everything from the pre-Islamic Arabian odes to the oil industry and modern banking, with equal authority but not, alas, with equal competence. The inadequacies of this approach soon became obvious, and before long there was a move toward greater specialization. This gained strength with the introduction of new disciplines other than the philological and theological that had for long almost entirely dominated the field. First history, then the social sciences brought a vast expansion of Middle Eastern and related studies in the universities of the world, notably in the period following the Second World War.

The new phase began in England with the belated rediscovery, during the Second World War, that a knowledge of Middle Eastern languages and of the countries in which they were spoken was useful in the waging of the war, and that some acquaintance with the languages and habits of the region might also facilitate the conduct of diplomacy as well as other political activities. In the course of the war it became clear that the supply of specialists in Britain with a knowledge of the languages and cultures of Asia and Africa was hopelessly inadequate. The government therefore decided to launch a major program of development. Toward the end of 1944 Anthony Eden, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, appointed an interdepartmental government commission with instructions "to examine the facilities offered by universities and other educational institutions in Great Britain for the study of Oriental, Slavonic, East European and African languages and cultures, to consider what advantage is being taken of these facilities and to formulate recommendations for their improvement."

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The commission, generally known by the name of its chairman, Lord Scarbrough, conducted extensive inquiries in universities and elsewhere and received a wide range of evidence. Its report, published in 1947, was the first major statement in England on the development of Middle Eastern and other Asian and African studies and served as the basis for an elaborate program of development undertaken in the years that followed. The report was accepted, and a serious attempt was made to put its recommendations into effect. This led to a great development of Middle Eastern studies in British universities—to the rapid expansion of existing facilities, the creation of new facilities, and, in particular, a whole series of new posts for which qualified persons were not immediately available. Part of the development therefore consisted of special training programs and appropriate budgets to create not only the posts, but the scholars required to fill them.

What happened in England in the 1950s was paralleled in the United States in the late fifties and sixties when, without the elaborate procedure of a Royal Commission, a similar program of expansion was sponsored and funded, and a very large number of new departments, centers, and programs were established in universities all over the country.

For a long time Oriental studies in American universities had been taught on a limited scale and had followed the classical European pattern. In America, as in England, the first impulse to change came as a result of the Second World War, and the example was set in the programs of rapid training established for military purposes. As early as 1943, the American Social Science Research Council began to take an interest in what came to be known as "Area Studies." These, organized on an interdisciplinary basis, were set up in a number of universities, with liberal financing from the Council and from various foundations. The federal government, through the National Defense Education Act of 1958, also made a substantial contribution toward the development of language training, especially in those languages described as "critical unfamiliar." These included most of the languages of the Middle East.

Given the amount of money and effort spent on the development of Middle Eastern studies in the English-speaking world, the results have been disappointing.

There are a number of elements in the situation which illustrate and perhaps also explain the relative failure of Middle Eastern studies in the universities. The first of these is ignorance—or, to put it differently, a low level of professional competence. Because of the sudden and great demand for these studies and the rapidly growing interest, both governmental and popular, in the region, also because of the enormous funds that were for a while available, the demand for expertise greatly exceeded the supply, with predictable consequences. It is painful for a

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Middle East specialist to admit the fact, but it is nevertheless inescapable. Professional advancement in Middle Eastern studies can be achieved with knowledge and skills well below what is normally required in other more developed fields or more frequented disciplines, where standards are established and maintained by a large number of competent professionals over long periods. This has led to low standards of entry at the student level that continue to the professorial level, to low standards of performance, and to low standards of promotion in academic institutions. These defects, in turn, are reflected in the secondary literature of the subject and the acceptance as authorities of books which contain ludicrous errors, even of fact.

Some have even tried to make a virtue of ignorance, particularly ignorance of languages. There are several major languages in the Middle Eastern area, and all of them are difficult. All but one—modern Turkish—are written in scripts other than the Latin script. All are shaped by cultural traditions quite different from those of Europe and North America. The study of these languages is an arduous task. To learn Arabic even adequately, let alone well, can take as much time and effort as to learn several European languages. Inevitably, therefore, the study of Arabic and other Middle Eastern languages has become a specialized field in itself. Those who engage in this field of specialization rarely have either the time or inclination to equip themselves in social science disciplines; social scientists concerned with the area, similarly, rarely trouble to learn its languages. And both groups tend to despise and decry what they do not possess. A social scientist who recently reviewed a work on Middle Eastern history spoke with contempt of orientalists who try to understand the history of another civilization by "the minute examination of difficult texts." Apart from indicating a preference for the superficial examination of easy texts, the remark reveals an attitude of mistrustful incomprehension common to both sides.

The result can best be depicted by an imaginary parallel. If research on modern Germany were left to two groups of people—on the one hand, Germanic philologists whose studies are limited to the *Niebelungenlied* and who insist that such a study is not only a necessary but also a sufficient preparation for a work on modern Germany and, on the other hand, a group of social scientists specializing in modern Germany, who have no knowledge of German beyond elementary hotel and restaurant requirements and who rely entirely on informants and translations—the result would surely be grotesque. Yet it might still be rather better than that prevailing in Middle Eastern studies, since Germany, after all, is a culture far closer to our own and therefore more intelligible to us, and translators and informants from Germany would be more numerous and better equipped than those available from countries in the Middle East.

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Of late, there has been some improvement in this respect. Some orientalists have begun to show willingness to take account of new methods and approaches. This was already true of such major nineteenth-century scholars as Reinhart Dozy and Julius Wellhausen. With the rise of sociology, the great masters—Comte, Weber, Durkheim, Breyssig—were able to find orientalist, even Oriental, disciples who tried to apply their methods to the study of the Middle East—usually, however, somewhat belatedly and not very effectively. A few social scientists have been willing to make the effort to learn Arabic or some other Middle Eastern language and to make use of literary and historical materials. But their numbers are still lamentably small and most social scientists working on the Middle East through a Middle Eastern language have acquired it through some accident of birth or career rather than as part of their academic training.

Some universities found what appeared to be the obvious answer to this problem by resorting to native scholars from the Middle East. Their knowledge of one or other language was native, and at the same time they possessed the necessary disciplinary training. A number of scholars from the region were appointed, some of whom made a significant and valuable contribution to the development of our studies. Unfortunately, their participation in academic development was distorted in two respects. One was that the demand greatly exceeded the supply of really competent scholars, thereby creating a market for the less competent. A second problem was that this development happened to coincide with the vogue of ethnicity in American and some other universities—the insistence that black studies be taught by blacks, Jewish studies by Jews, Hispanic studies by Hispanics, and so on. In Middle Eastern, as in other fields, this led to some appointments of dubious value. The great Soviet philologist, N. Y. Marr, in a moment of impatience with some of his colleagues from the Asian republics of the Soviet Union, once remarked that not every fish can be an ichthyologist. The remark is no doubt harsh and unfair, but it does make a valid point—not so much against the "fish" themselves as against some rather reckless fishermen. Not every Englishman is a specialist on Shakespeare or Dickens or the politics of the Labour party, nor are English birth and education sufficient qualifications for an academic post in English studies. Neglect of this simple principle—self-evident in other areas—has sometimes led to unhappy appointments. Some years ago, in an English-speaking country where there are few Jews and little is known about them, a Jewish religious functionary calling himself "Reverend" and wearing a dog collar succeeded in obtaining university status on the basis of his theological qualifications. He was, in fact, neither a rabbi nor a cantor but a ritual slaughterer—a task requiring some religious preparation but hardly of

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academic standing. There have been several appointments of university teachers in Middle Eastern studies whose lack of qualifications, though less dramatic, is equally clear.

Ignorance, though perhaps the most important, is not the only problem. Another is the working of emotion and prejudice. The Middle East is an area in which there are bitter disputes, and one in particular which arouses strong emotions and stirs deep-seated prejudices. The fact that one of the parties to this dispute happens to be a country predominantly inhabited by Jews is a factor of some relevance affecting the study not just of that particular problem but of the whole region. Not only Jews, of course, are affected emotionally by the Arab-Israeli conflict. There are many others who, though not Jewish, have a strong emotional reaction to Jews and Jewish causes. This may lead in either direction, for or against Israel. None of these impulses is conducive to the development of a strict academic discipline.

Arabs as such do not arouse anything like the same feelings as do Jews in the Western world, although there are signs that this may be changing. For many people, however, Afro-Asians—the larger group with which Arabs are popularly, if inaccurately, associated—also carry a strong charge of emotional tension.

This can be linked with another type of partisanship, inspired not so much by prejudice as by ideology. Because of the nature and magnitude of the issues involved and because of the great wealth at the disposal of some of the participants, the Middle East has become a favorite stamping ground for ideologists of various complexions. These engage in battles whose tactics and objectives have little to do with either the realities of Middle Eastern life or the discipline of Middle Eastern scholarship. They are sometimes linked with political allegiances and interests, and can seriously distort the life and growth of academic departments.

Some administrations, sensitive to the direction of the wind, have gone so far as to insist that academic appointments must be based on ideological considerations, and I have even seen guidelines or criteria laid down for search committees requiring candidates to be "sympathetic" to the "point of view" or "ideology" of the people studied. By the same token, chairs in Russian and Chinese studies would have to be held by Marxists of different persuasions, and a chair of Italian by a rotating panel of professors whose opinions reflect the spectrum of Italian politics.

There are other factors at work which it would be unfair to ascribe to ideology or passion or prejudice. There are many, that is to say, who favor one side or another in Middle Eastern conflicts, not for any of these reasons but out of the rational and understandable motive of self-

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interest. Support for either the Arabs or the Israelis in the Middle Eastern conflict may be based on the hope for some material advantage. This may be political (e.g., the pursuit of votes in domestic elections), or economic (the pursuit of concessions or markets or other commercial advantages in Middle Eastern countries). The influence of such motives on academic programs has been increasing steadily and is surely harmful, irrespective of whence it comes. This is not said in condemnation of people who, after all, are doing no more than is usual—that is to say, looking after themselves and their interests. The elected politician responding to the wishes of his electors, the corporation employee advancing the interests of his stockholders, the public relations consultant diligently burnishing the image of his current or prospective client are all no doubt engaged in legitimate tasks—but none of these is a safe guide to international affairs or to the conduct of academic studies. Nevertheless, all three greatly influence the study and presentation of the Middle East in the universities, and their influence is rarely, if ever, beneficial.

In recent years Middle Eastern studies have confronted a new danger superficially disguised as a blessing: money. Between 1950 and 1970 vast sums were provided for the development of these studies in American universities, particularly by the Ford Foundation but also, to a lesser extent, by other benefactors within the United States. From the late sixties on, these subventions were steadily reduced, and universities wishing to continue their expansion, or even in some cases to maintain what they had already established, were compelled to look elsewhere for funds. This occurred at a time when governments and individuals in the Middle East suddenly and fortuitously found themselves in possession of very considerable financial resources and were beginning to acquire increasing skill in their deployment.

One of the Middle Eastern governments most active in the provision of funds for purposes somehow related to Middle Eastern studies was that of Libya. At first the funds came mostly through non-university channels. One subvention made possible the publication of a remarkable pamphlet entitled *A Critical Analysis of Islamic Studies at North American Universities*, "Compiled by the Committee on Oriental Studies at the Islamic Youth Congress in Tripoli, Libya, July 1973 and updated in March 1975," and distributed through a publishing company in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. This consists of a survey of the state of Middle Eastern studies in Canada and the United States. The author is not indicated, but internal evidence clearly shows him to be a Canadian and a convert to Islam. He is easily identified as one of the very few academics mentioned in the text with respect and some bibliographical credits. The pamphlet reveals a somewhat obsessive concern with Jews and Maronites, who are

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said, between them, to dominate this field in North American universities and are assumed—no doubt by extrapolation—to indoctrinate their students with hostility toward Islam. A similar sensitivity to the critical study of Islam, and a corresponding desire to defend it against its presumed detractors, can be seen in two issues of a magazine, published in England and consisting largely of papers presented at a conference financed by the Libyan government. Most of the papers are written from a Marxist point of view and grind a fairly audible ideological ax. But at the same time the writers obviously feel obliged to defend the purity and authenticity of Islamic theology and Islamic tradition against the critique of orientalist scholarship. This Islamo-Marxist concern, for both authentic Islam and Marxist dogma, is no doubt a result of the combination of Libyan funding and leftist authorship. A similar combination of concerns—left-wing ideology and the defense of Islam against all forms of criticism, both real and imagined—can also be seen in some other more recent and more pretentious publications.

In due course it became clear that little could be accomplished by the funding of dissident groups of students and junior teachers, and attention was therefore turned to the universities themselves. The most outstanding example is the Center of Contemporary Arab Studies at a well-known Jesuit university in the East, 90 percent of whose budget comes from Arab sources and less than 10 percent from American sources. Of these funds, the greater part comes from the government of Libya and the main chair at the Center is named after a Libyan hero. The Libyan government must be credited with a considerable achievement in naming a chair in a Catholic institution after a militant Muslim religious leader who worked for the spread of Islam in black Africa and who proclaimed and led a holy war against the French in Chad and later against the Italians in Cyrenaica. (In this as in some other fields of public relations, the Libyan government shows a remarkable flair for finding compatible spokesmen.) It has been stated that equal opportunity was offered for the establishment of a parallel chair of Judaic or Israeli studies (perhaps a Gush Emunim chair of Jewish geography?) if appropriate financing were made available. The university thus demonstrated that it was falsely accused of bias and that it was determined to show its respect for ethics, if not of academe then at least of the marketplace.

This subvention and similar benefactions in other centers of learning attracted some rather unwelcome attention, and in a West Coast university a more sophisticated approach was adopted, this time by the Saudi government. Instead of providing funds directly, it persuaded a number of American businessmen seeking contracts in Saudi Arabia that it would help them to secure these objectives if they themselves were to sponsor and subsidize Middle Eastern studies, of an appropriate type and with

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suitable safeguards, in this university. Apart from the obvious financial saving, this plan would have a further merit: the benefactors and sponsors of the scholarly enterprise could be identified as Americans and not as Arabs. Even so, the project ran into some difficulties when the details became known, and the terms under which the funds were provided were seen by many critics as infringing the academic independence and scholarly integrity of the university to which they were given.

With or without ill intentions on the part of donors, the provision of large sums from outside sources and, in particular, from governments which do not even pretend to an interest in dispassionate scholarship and independent intellectual inquiry can pose grave problems. Donors naturally wish to have some say on how their money is to be spent. Western donors, through long experience, have come to understand and accept the rules of the game. Others who are newcomers to this form of generosity think it only right that those who provide the funds should at least participate in deciding how they are spent. This can influence such matters as the recruitment of both students and faculty, the planning of academic policy, and the financing of research. Even the expectation of inducements or the fear of pressures can produce some effect. Many scholars who seek no special commercial or political advantage may see their careers in Middle Eastern studies as depending on the goodwill of those who control the largest sources of funding and the widest areas for field research. Even for a historian, access to archives can be a powerful inducement.

Universities have always sought benefactions from outside and will no doubt continue to do so. Some universities, after much heart-searching, have refused gifts which they saw as endangering their integrity. Others, with varying degrees of caution and alacrity, have accepted them. Even state universities have been unable to resist the temptation to share in the flow of money. While some college and university presidents have operated under the proud old Latin motto *Non olet*, others have tried to face and, if possible, to resolve the issues arising from such gifts. The problem is basically that of the conduit leading from the benefactor to the beneficiary. At one end money is put in; at the other end money comes out and is used for a variety of academic and related projects. It is important, if academic independence is to be preserved, to filter and test what passes through the conduit and thus ensure that the money is thoroughly decontaminated and deodorized by the time it reaches the point of exit. In some academic institutions this is accomplished; in others it is not. If the conduit is hidden from inspection, the influence of the benefactor can be very great indeed, as some recent examples have illustrated. These have also demonstrated the value of the safety valve which Western democracy attaches to the conduit. Most

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American universities operate under the glare of publicity, and however much university dignitaries may be willing to accept, and perhaps even to share, the preferences of interested donors, public opinion limits their ability to comply.

This remains, however, a serious problem. Benefactors and those willing to accede to their wishes are learning wisdom by experience. While donors have become more circumspect in making known the restrictions which they impose on the use of their money, academic recipients, rather ominously, have become more skillful in anticipating their wishes. An example may be found in a memorandum written by an academic functionary in a small but highly esteemed eastern college, to solicit Arab support for a projected Middle East center. The writer, combining the classical device of *captatio benevolentiae* and the modern advertising technique of knocking the competition, attacks a rival eastern university for maintaining a Middle East center where "50% of the graduate students come from Israel." As it stands, the statement is a preposterous lie, since students from Israel are a tiny minority. If, as seems likely, by Israeli he means Jew (the writer of the memorandum is obviously a newcomer to the Middle East game, and has not yet learned the acceptable code word), then the statement may more charitably be described as a thumping exaggeration. While this substitution lowers the level of mendacity, it brings no corresponding rise in the level of morality. The results of such attitudes may be seen in the policies of some institutions regarding the admission of students, the appointment of teachers, the sponsorship of research, and even the inviting of guest lecturers.

Where does all this lead? One result, the most widespread and dangerous, is the persistence of low standards. Because of the rapid expansion of Middle Eastern studies during the 1950s in England and the 1960s in the United States, there are many faculty members now established in middle and senior academic ranks whose early promise, such as it was, has not been fulfilled. This has had the unfortunate effect of blocking the way to promotion and thus creating a serious career problem for the frequently much better equipped younger generation that has since arisen. Even the normal safeguards of academic standards are of little avail. The review committees and tours of inspection, which in other fields are an effective device to protect and maintain academic excellence in university departments, are for the most part ineffective in dealing with Middle Eastern studies. The numbers of those professionally engaged are still relatively small, and it is easy enough to pack a review committee with members sharing the standards and loyalties of those whom they are supposed to judge.

The same considerations operate against another of the recognized

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means of maintaining academic standards: the book review. Critical evaluation of new works of scholarship by authoritative reviewers is a necessary stage in the advancement of knowledge. It also serves an important practical purpose, in that the criticism of new works by competent authorities is an essential part of the academic evaluation of the authors of these works. All too often candidates for appointment or promotion in university departments are judged on the bulk of their published work without reference to its quality. In this respect, too, the standard of entry and promotion in Middle Eastern studies is significantly lower than elsewhere. The book review should have an important and irreplaceable function in the maintenance both of scholarly standards in the discipline and of professional standards in academic institutions. Unfortunately, the reviewing of scholarly works on the Middle East has fallen to a low level. In the past, it was generally accepted that the reviewer should be at least equal in competence to the author whose work he reviewed, that he should possess the knowledge and experience to form a critical judgment and the stature to give it authority. Instead, the practice has grown up of assigning books for review—the mature work of established scholars and the first efforts of new aspirants alike—to graduate students or library assistants, few of whom are equipped for the tasks so lightly given and accepted. In the better case the reviewers confine themselves to a brief, and on the whole worthless, description of the contents, culled mainly from the dust-jacket or the publisher's handout. Occasionally the apprentice reviewer takes the opportunity to make some personal statement, rarely based on any real knowledge or even related to scholarly purposes. Sometimes this is an expression of intramural conflicts and interests, sometimes a propitiatory gesture toward those seen as sources of possible patronage. Sometimes—with regrettable and increasing frequency—the book review is used as a weapon, often wielded by an aspiring mercenary rather than by the principal in some professional or political conflict. Here, too, as with review committees, the choice of reviewer may be determined by considerations other than scholarly ones. He may be chosen in the light of his ethnic, ideological, or political loyalties and charged with the predetermined task of either lauding or condemning the book, and thereby either advancing or impeding the career of its author or the cause which he is seen to represent.

Closely linked with the debasement of standards is the politicization of Middle Eastern studies. The extent to which this happens varies considerably from university to university. It is largely determined by the university's own choice. If a program or department wants to prevent itself from being politicized, it can do so. There are institutions in both Britain and the United States which have for a long time managed to

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maintain a nonpolitical stance and to secure the collaboration of teachers and students of different backgrounds, different loyalties, different ideologies but working together harmoniously on a strictly academic basis. There are other institutions that have become so politicized as to make life unpleasant for teachers or students who do not belong, or will not submit, to the dominant faction. The intervention of outside forces, sometimes on a massive scale, is a common feature of such politicized academic programs.

In part, the actions of both those who intervene and those who invite them can be ascribed to a genuine failure of understanding. For the militant who does not share, and therefore cannot understand, the intellectual curiosity of the scholar, every research project must have an ulterior purpose, political and polemical, which he must uncover and then either further or frustrate. One result of this is the growing tendency in American universities to label and classify individual scholars, or even whole programs, with ethnic epithets sometimes half concealed as ideological euphemisms. This technique, with the subtle censorship and, worse still, self-censorship which it engenders, is the negation—and could ultimately be the destruction—of the free spirit of inquiry, discovery, and expression which has inspired and guided the whole modern movement of scholarship and science.

Happily, that spirit is still very much alive. The last few years have seen a remarkable upsurge of interest in Middle Eastern studies among the young, and the appearance of a new generation of graduate students and young scholars who are committed to scholarship, concerned about standards, and able to recognize them. Given the state of the art and the quality of the literature, their task is not an easy one. But good students somehow find their way to good teachers, and in time do good work. The future of Middle Eastern scholarship will be with them.

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The Turtle

FREDERICK MORGAN

In August 1932 it must have been.
The Bering Hill Road, outside of Greenwich, was dirt in those days
with here and there a big boulder poking through.
We eased along it carefully in the Marmon
those late afternoons, near dusk, when we went out searching.

I was ten years old. My mother—young, high-spirited—
loved birds and liked to drive, particularly that svelte old car of hers.
"Come on," she'd say, "let's see if we can find the scarlet tanagers!"—
for we liked the colorful kinds best, though towhees,
dickcissels, cedar waxwings, were all admired in their seasons—

and I'd climb in the front and slam the door, and off we went
out the back lanes and along the dusty Bering Hill Road
and sometimes we saw scarlet tanagers and more often we didn't
but almost always something strange and fine:
badgers, orioles, foxes, rose-breasted grosbeaks—once, an eagle.

—This particular afternoon was a hot one, that shimmered,
and we took our drive a bit earlier than usual.
It was a Sunday, I think—I remember the heat-haze
above pale green treetops, and the eddying road-dust.
After going along luckless for a while, we stopped the car

and got out and stretched—and it was then, down the road a ways,
that I saw something dark right out in the middle,
a mottled thing, rounded like a rock, but it had moved.
I ran over, knelt down, and to my joy it was alive!
—a big, patient box turtle, withdrawn into his fortress.

It's hard to describe the love I felt for him,
love, and fear too, in the freshness of wonder

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as I touched the smooth hardness of brown, patterned carapace
sensing beneath it a life somehow my own.
And then my mother called me to her: a car was coming.

It was an old Model T with two young men in front.
It came rattling and clattering in a huge cloud of dust
and swerved in its course so as to run over the turtle:
as I watched, the wheel crunched him, he exploded, and the pieces
flew high in the air as they drove away laughing.

"They did it deliberately!" my mother cried out.
No more to be said, we drove home in silence—
but I've sheltered, since then, a certain hard knowledge
that has kept me from yielding spirit or mind
to hopeful assumptions of man's native goodness.

✪ FREDERICK MORGAN's most recent books are *Poems of the Two Worlds* and *The Tarot of Cornelius Agrippa.*

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Letter from Sinai

HILLEL HALKIN

In the middle of February, when what spring the desert knows was at its height, and the broom and the wormwood were in flower, I spent a week roaming southern Sinai in a jeep with a friend who knows the region well. Our trip, which was first planned after the Camp David summit last September, when the return to Egypt of most of the southern half of the Peninsula was shortly expected to commence, was intended as a farewell of sorts. Although the Camp David agreement provides for Israeli tourism to Egypt, and presumably to Sinai as well, it is doubtful that Israelis will again be allowed the same free run of the place that they have been accustomed to enjoying for the past twelve years. Most likely they will have to consent to be chaperoned by polite Egyptian guides, whose job it will be to shepherd them on and off buses and keep them from running off toward the horizon, as Israelis are wont to do. By February the negotiations were still dragging on, yet the feeling in Israel remained that they would sooner or later be concluded, if only because no one could afford to let them not be, and so in that frame of mind we set out.

Despite its arid expanses, Sinai is not an easy place to part with. Since 1967 it has become, besides a vast military camp, most of which is well hidden from sight, a kind of last frontier for which Israelis head when life in their little state becomes too claustrophobic. Most do no more than pitch a tent for a few days along the palmy beaches of the Gulf of Elat, or join desert tours that frequent such sites as the magnificent coral reefs of Sharm-el-Sheikh, the historic fourth-century Greek Orthodox monastery at Santa Katerina, or the huge Bedouin oasis in Wadi Firan where green miles of date trees flow through a rocky ravine. Yet some venture farther off the beaten track, and a few among them have all but made the wilderness their home.

Already in Elat, Israel's Red Sea port at the southernmost tip of the Negev, one feels the constraints of life farther north fall away. Amid the natural splendor of the perpetually blue gulf and the red mountains of Edom that turn to fiery coals every evening across from it—and the man-made drabness of the blocks of public housing of which Elat, like most towns in Israel, is largely composed—local residents, tourists, drifters, desert guides, travel agents, renters of jeeps, camels, and diving equipment, and various marginal hustlers mingle in that atmosphere of promised adventure, wild rumor, and the deliberate exploitation of both that characterizes those junctions of the globe where civilization and the wilderness meet. Elat itself has fallen on hard times and may well be in for worse. Badly hit in recent years by the closing of the nearby Timna copper mine because of a slump in world ore prices, by decreased demand for its port facilities because Israeli ships are now permitted by Egypt to pass through the Suez Canal, and by the drying up of its Red Sea–Mediterranean oil pipeline because of the recent change of regimes in Iran, it is now threatened in addition by the collapse of its tourist industry when Sinai, the chief attraction to tourists, reverts to Egyptian rule. In the short run, perhaps no other place within Israel's pre-1967 borders stands to pay so high a price for the Camp David agreement as Elat, and in no other place is one as likely to encounter such criticism of it.

In some respects the traveler in Sinai is tempted to agree with the critics. Compared

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to the state of Israel itself, Sinai is so large (over twice the size of the whole of British-mandated Palestine, including the West Bank and Gaza Strip), while compared to the rest of Egypt it is so small (less than one-tenth of the country's total land area), that it is hard to discern any special fairness or wisdom in the claim that the Egyptians alone deserve to be its sole owners. This is even more the case when one considers that historically the area was always a buffer zone between Egypt and Palestine and rarely the exclusive property of the former. Before 1906 Sinai was not even within Egypt's recognized boundaries, and up to the 1967 Israeli conquest its sparse Bedouin population was never granted Egyptian citizenship. Politically and economically, the Egyptian government's involvement in most of the region has been nil. Apart from its oil wells along the Gulf of Suez, to which Israel never laid permanent claim, Sinai lacks exploitable resources (the pharaohs mined turquoise in it and the British and Russians manganese, but both these veins have largely run out) and is exceptional for only two things: the perfect suitability of its flat northwestern half for mobile tank warfare, and the scenic magnificence of its mountainous southeastern half, with its wild ripsaw peaks, its wonderlands of sculptured sandstone, its oases of palm trees and tamarisks, and its stretches of cliff-backed beaches that are sunny nearly all winter long. Militarily, it would certainly have made sense to partition the region in two, so that the armed forces of Israel and Egypt would be in equal control of it and symmetrically removed from the other country's population centers. If the issue were an equitable distribution of unspoiled desert and coastline, the Egyptians have such a superfluity of these already that they might easily have spared a few square miles of them.

Moreover, even at the height of its territorial demands on Egypt under the Labor governments of Golda Meir and Yitzhak Rabin, most of which were abandoned prior to Sadat's visit to Jerusalem—or more precisely, as a precondition of it—Israel insisted on far less than an even split in Sinai. By the time of Camp David it was asking for what seemed to most Israelis the irreducible minimum: permission to retain the dozen or so Jewish agricultural settlements that had been established in the north between Gaza and El Arish, and two large air bases that had been built southwest of Elat—in short, Egyptian agreement to moving the old international border some five or ten miles to the west or, failing that, to allowing a continued Israeli presence in this strip under formal Egyptian sovereignty. Even had the border been moved it would have meant the annexation by Israel of less than 5 percent of the land area of Sinai. Surely this was within the limits of the "minor border rectifications" between Israel and its Arab neighbors that successive U.S. governments have been on record as supporting since the 1967 war. As one Elati wryly said to me: "Sadat could have given us everything at Camp David that we asked for—and if the black line showing it on the map had been thickened by half a millimeter, no one in Egypt need ever have known the difference."

What, then, made the Begin government back down so completely on the territorial issue in Sinai? Partly Egyptian adamancy coupled with American pressure, partly Begin's and Foreign Minister Dayan's own unduly hasty reading of what Egyptian strategy was. From the moment that Sadat announced his historic trip to Jerusalem, Begin and Dayan apparently concluded that the Egyptians wanted permanently out of the Arab-Israeli conflict, and that if given a suitable fig leaf elsewhere, such as Begin's West Bank "autonomy plan," they would, providing their own demands in Sinai were fully met, extend the Israelis a free hand in their dealings with the Palestinians and their backers in the Arab world. With each passing month since the Jerusalem visit, however, it became clearer that Egyptian calculations were quite different from the outset, and that, even in exchange for all of Sinai, Sadat never contemplated abdicating his position of leadership in the Arab world, or his responsibilities, as he saw them, to the Palestinians. The tiresome haggling over minor details in the treaty both before and at Camp David, and the subsequent bogging down of the talks again, had less to do with substantively negotiable issues than with serious second thoughts on both sides about the actual intentions of the other party once an agreement was signed. In Israel this led to a fair amount of vocal, if politically ineffec-

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tive, sentiment. If the Egyptians are going to support demands for an independent Palestinian state in any case, the surrender of all of Sinai in return for an unstable peace that even Sadat will have trouble keeping is likely to prove a poor bargain.

One Israeli who did not feel this way was my friend, a reserve officer in the paratroopers who does not relish the prospect of another war. His very attachment to Sinai and its inhabitants—for the past several years he has worked as a guide there, and he drives his jeep more unerringly through its remotest wadis and canyons than I myself can negotiate the streets of Jerusalem—has convinced him that Israeli dynamism and technology pose a greater threat to the wilderness that he loves, and the lives of its Bedouin inhabitants, than do the Egyptians. Even today there are not many paved roads in the Peninsula, and one day near the old manganese mines at Um Bugma we passed a section of one that had been so thoroughly washed away by a recent flash flood that it resembled a precision-bombed bridge. "Do you see that?" he gloated. "Within five years after the Egyptians are back, every road in Sinai will look like that. It will take either a Bedouin or someone like me to get around this desert again." The prospect, clearly, pleased him, and when I pointed out to him the paradox involved (for only an Israeli could think in such terms; probably few Egyptians would conceive of either the wilderness or Bedouin life as being worth preserving in themselves), he agreed that this was precisely the point.

As for the feelings of the Bedouin about reverting to Egyptian rule, they are guarded with their opinions, at least when talking to someone they do not know well and whose Arabic is as rudimentary as my own. Certainly they have profited economically from twelve years of Israeli occupation, both through tourism and the opportunity to work as laborers for Israeli projects in Sinai or Elat. It is not an uncommon sight in the desert today, as I am told it was in Egyptian times, to see trucks parked by tethered camels in front of Bedouin tents, and apart from one tribe in the Rafiah area, much of whose land was expropriated for Jewish settlements, their relations with the Israeli authorities have been good. With the Egyptians, on the other hand, they share being Arabs and Moslems. Yet the Bedouins have not the slightest sense of being Egyptians themselves, and profess to know the latter less well than they know the Israelis, since before 1967 the Nasser regime left them pretty much to their own devices. Moreover, the Egyptian government has recently published ambitious plans of its own to settle millions of Nile Valley fellahin in Sinai after the Israelis withdraw, presumably with the help of Nile water. Should even a fraction of this program be carried out, it could be far more disruptive than the Israelis have been of the nomadic life of the Bedouin, between whom and the fellah there is traditionally no love lost. In any event, no one has consulted the Bedouins about their future and it is likely that they prefer it that way. They are remote from politics, and being asked to choose sides in a conflict that was none too clear to them—and in which their main desire was to stay in everyone's good graces—was undoubtedly something they were glad to avoid.

Besides Bedouins, military bases, and some highly spectacular scenery, Sinai has the added significance of being the spot chosen by the God of the world's three great monotheistic religions for making his public debut. There are a number of candidates for the actual site of the Revelation, the best known being Mount Moses, or, as the Bedouin call it, Jebel Musa, an 8,400-foot lump of brown granite on whose summit President Sadat once suggested signing the Egyptian-Israeli peace treaty. At the foot of the mount lies the monastery of Saint Katherine, where a handful of harried Greek monks try to maintain some semblance of a spiritual life while catering to the busloads of dusty tourists who arrive there every day. Well into the Christian era, however, a rival monastery at the oasis of Firan competed for the pilgrimage trade by touting as the holy mount nearby Jebel Sirbal, an even higher granite peak with ridges like the fangs of a wolf. In recent years archaeologists have suggested a number of other alternative sites for a possibly mythical event that historians are not sure ever happened, among them 5,000-foot Jebel Dalal, a prominent outcrop at the southern tip of Sinai's central plateau, and 3,000-foot Jebel Dallal farther north. To the impartial ob-

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server all seem equally plausible locations, as do dozens of other ferocious-looking prominences in which the desert abounds and on top of which one would not want to be caught during a divine thunderstorm. Looking up at their bare and seemingly unscalable heights from below, where the Children of Israel clustered in terror at the unbearable sound of God's Law, one cannot but admire the courage of the man Moses, who spent forty solitary days and nights upon one of them.

The Torah given at Mount Sinai is divided by Jews into fifty-two weekly portions that are read in the synagogue on successive Sabbaths around the year. The week I was in Sinai happened by chance to coincide with that portion of Jethro—that is, of Exodus 18–20—in which the giving of the Ten Commandments is related. As a child who was taken to synagogue every week by his father, and whose inward perturbation at the fulminous details of the Theophany seemed to me every bit as great as that of the Israelites, this was nevertheless the point at which my interest in the weekly reading began to flag; for it marked the end of the marvelous tales about the wandering patriarchs and their children, and the beginning of that endless catalog of injunctions, proscriptions, prohibitions, and imprecations of which most of the rest of the Pentateuch was composed. To this day I cannot read these long passages of shalts and shalt-nots without reflecting that perhaps the most deleterious effect of their loss of freedom in Egypt upon the descendants of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob was their uncritical readiness to take upon themselves all at once so many laws that could not possibly be kept, even by a more disciplined people than themselves. *Na'aseh ve'nishma,* the Bible quotes them as saying at Sinai, "We will obey and listen"—to which the rabbis sagely commented that it would have been more logical had they listened first and then considered obeying.

Various explanations have been offered for the fact that the Revelation occurred in Sinai rather than in the Holy Land itself. Mystics, who share a fondness for the desert, have spoken of its numinous stillness, out of which the voice of God is most likely to be heard. Nineteenth-century Bible critics liked to suggest that only in a desolate wilderness, where nature is stripped as it were to the bone and its customary bounty replaced by stark monotony, could mankind have arrived at the concept of a single, all-engendering God. Neither of these notions, however, makes much sense. The 600,000 Israelites who stood at the foot of Mount Sinai were not all mystics, nor was monotheism the issue there, but rather acceptance of the Law. A more likely answer is sheer panic. "For the desert hath closed on them," says Pharaoh of the Israelites—and who, stepping off into such wasteland for the first time and watching the last dark patch of cultivated earth disappear on the horizon, has not been seized by a momentary horror and the readiness to cede all to whatever power will only be so kind as to get him out again? It is no joke to be in an altogether barren and unfamiliar place where the nearest drop of water may be miles away, and the sun is so fierce and the air so dry that even on a balmy spring day one can dehydrate within a matter of hours if one does not drink. Add to this the savagery of the landscape, and flambéed peaks above one's head, and one might well agree to anything. The Midrash in fact relates that the Children of Israel initially had their doubts about the Law, at which point God told them that if they did not change their minds in a hurry he would simply dump Mount Sinai upon them like a barrel and leave them buried beneath it. A most persuasive ultimatum.

The psychological portrait drawn in the Bible of the Israelites in the wilderness, alternately exulting over their liberation from slavery and self-pityingly raging over the leeks and onions they were accustomed to having in Egypt, is a masterpiece of group characterization. For the reader in Israel it is also all very familiar, since Israelis, too, when they are not in one of their periodic states of euphoria over Entebbe or a visit by Sadat, are constantly grumbling about the intolerable price of existence here and comparing notes about how one can live better with less effort practically anywhere else in the world. For sheer contrariness the Children of Israel—who rejoice after the drowning of Pharaoh's hosts, "I will sing to the Lord for he has triumphed gloriously/The horse and his rider he has thrown into the sea," and a page later complain, "Would that we had died by the hand of the Lord in the land of Egypt, where

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we sat by the fleshpots and ate bread to the full"—have nothing on their latter-day descendants, who, as an Israeli wit once put it, are perfectly ready to die for their country but are incapable of living in it. Thirty years after the establishment of a Jewish state on the heels of the Holocaust, a historical event hardly any less miraculous on the face of it than the crossing of the Red Sea, the nervous, high-strung, manic-depressive exodées from Egypt would feel right at home in it.

Not the least astonishing thing about the Bible is the way it tends to repeat upon the Jews. This does not seem to happen as much with the ancient epics of other peoples, and it would be stretching things a bit to attempt to read the *Kalevala* or *Beowulf* as glosses upon current events in Finland or Great Britain or upon the character of their inhabitants. Yet reading the Bible in Israel today, one cannot help but repeatedly be struck by the parallels—curious, inspiring, worrisome, ironic, or merely comical—between the text before one and the realities around one. In general, the recurrences of history are something that we Jews seem unable to shake; they are forever following us, and just when we think that we have finally ditched them, there one of them is again at the next turn of the road. Perhaps this is simply our fate, as it is that of Russians to suffer from tyrants and of Hindus from too many cows. Or perhaps it is implicit in our own ambivalent attitude toward our own history, and especially in the attitude of Zionism, which saw itself at one and the same time as a Promethean rebellion against the Jewish past and as a heroic affirmation of it, as a defiant assertion of national identity and attachments stubbornly preserved by generations of Jews, most of whom could not possibly have identified with the form in which this assertion took place.

While this ambivalence has characterized all of Zionist thought and practice from their inception in the late nineteenth century to their present-day manifestation in contemporary Israeli life and politics, different schools of the Zionist movement have been associated more strongly with one or the other side of the dichotomy. Left-of-center or "labor" Zionism has traditionally stressed the revolutionary aspect of the Zionist enterprise, the break it represents with previous forms of Jewish life and its commitment to rebuilding the character and social structure of the Jewish people in Palestine on a different basis from that which prevailed in the Diaspora. Right-of-center or "political" Zionism, on the other hand, has tended more to view Jewish colonization in Palestine, and the establishment of a Jewish state to which it led, as simply the latest and most stirring chapter in a continuing saga of Jewish national struggle and longing for its ancestral home. One must not look for too much consistency: Ben-Gurion, the labor-Zionist leader par excellence, in his later years was fond of drawing parallels between the establishment of Israel and the biblical conquest of Canaan, while his arch-rival for over two decades, Ze'ev Jabotinsky, the leader of the right-wing Revisionist party, was a man respected even by his opponents for his powers of rational analysis. On the whole, however, the labor parties in Israel have preferred to discuss the Jewish national revival in the language of the social and economic progressivism shared by their European counterparts, while the Revisionists and their descendants, Begin's Likud, have been partial to a more mytho-poetic terminology reminiscent of the old European right.

It is within this context that Begin's handling of the peace negotiations with the Egyptians must be viewed; for both his surprisingly generous initial offer of all of Sinai that apparently brought Sadat to Jerusalem in the first place, and his subsequent stubbornness over the West Bank, share the same mytho-poetic roots. It may well be that the Labor party's previous policy of demanding the partition of sparsely inhabited Sinai and only minimal Israeli settlement and control in the thickly populated and highly nationalistic parts of Palestine occupied in the 1967 war made more sense in demographic and even military terms than does Begin's vaguely worded "autonomy plan." The Begin plan was conceived, it would seem, as an improvised scheme whereby Israel could have its cake in the West Bank and Gaza Strip without being forced to eat it. Yet whereas Jewish national and religious traditions agree that Judea and Samaria, as the southern and northern parts of the West Bank are called here, are inalienable parts of the promised

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Land of Israel, indeed its historical heartland, they are equally clear that Sinai is not. True, the Torah was given there, yet this was a one-time stand. Unlike Christians and Moslems, Jews have never even had a tradition about where Mount Sinai was, as though the event that took place there were so fearful and traumatic that all memory of its location was repressed. Hence, despite its strategic value, Sinai can be given up with minimal insult to Begin's own conscience or to the sensibilities of his right-wing supporters and former comrades-in-arms.

The notion that religious myths or attitudes derived from them may play a key role in the shaping of a modern state's policies, especially a state as technologically developed as Israel, must seem disturbing to the Western observer, who is likely to see in it a kind of Jewish Humeinism or, worse yet, a Jewish *Volkstümlichkeit*. Yet apart from the fact that the right-wing and religious parties in Israel have on the whole shown an impressive commitment to the rules and values of parliamentary democracy, it must be kept in mind that, Westernized though it is, Israeli society is simply not at the same stage of historical development as society in the United States or Europe. Americans, Frenchmen, and Englishmen belong to peoples that have gone through the process of modern nation-building, are done with it, and may even be ready for the next stage. Israelis, on the other hand, are citizens of a state established by a people that is only now in the process of making the transition from a traditional religious definition of itself to a secular, modern one. Israel still needs the binding power of collective myth to provide its component elements, which have been gathered from the far ends of the earth, with that sense of identity and inner cohesiveness that older polities already have by virtue of shared culture and custom. Indeed, not a little of the inner tension in Israeli life is caused by the fact that while it cannot yet afford to discard mythical conceptions of itself without the danger of internal weakening, these same myths, when allowed to intrude into the political affairs of the country, can have possibly disastrous consequences. The Labor government that ruled Israel for the first thirty years of its existence was singularly adept at using the heritage of Judaism for internal social purposes while keeping it out of foreign-policy decisions, and one of the still unallayed fears aroused by the Begin regime is that it will be unwilling or unable to continue doing so in the future.

Whatever problems are resolved by an Israeli-Egyptian treaty, that of the West Bank is unlikely to be one of them. If anything, the conflicting claims, interests, passions, and fears of both Israelis and Palestinians in regard to the territorial dispute between them are so great that one all but despairs of finding any workable solution. Yet, on the Israeli side, it is important to realize that the issue is not merely one between secular liberals and religious extremists, or between territorial maximalists and minimalists, or between those who are willing to risk a measure of military security for peace and those who are not. In part, all of these things are involved, but much more too, for ultimately what is at stake here for the Jews of this country are the most basic questions of national identity. Who are we as a people? What holds us together? What is the nature of our claim to the land we inhabit? What is our relationship to our own past? Are we still living out the religious attitudes and myths of Judaism that helped bring us back to this country, or can these now be consigned to a spiritual and literary tradition that may be important to some of us but cannot be allowed to influence our collective behavior and goals? Is Israeli society ready for the liberal values of the Western world, or is it still in a heroic age in which such values can only be subversive? If the issue of the West Bank is such an excruciatingly painful one for many Israelis, this is because it involves not only practical matters of life and death, but deeper questions about the meaning of such life and such death.

The Law was given in Sinai, yet it had to be lived out in Canaan, which was a difficulty that perhaps neither God nor Moses fully foresaw. Things are simpler in the desert, where the wilderness puts distances between people and scarcity makes the moral law a must. If a Bedouin places a single stone on a piece of dead brush he intends to retrieve for firewood, or hangs his shirt or a sack of flour from the branch of an acacia tree, he can wander off for miles or months without the slightest fear that his possessions will be gone

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when he returns, for the commission of even a minor theft can lead to the ostracism of the thief for life. (While I was in Sinai I heard of such a case that had taken place not long before among the Jebeliyya tribe near Santa Katerina; the young man in question, who had stolen a change purse, was reported to be wasting away physically because his fellow tribesmen simply refused to acknowledge his existence any more.) There is considerable relief in Israel that a peace treaty has finally been signed, but little rejoicing, and most people here feel that if it took a year and a half of torturous negotiations with the Egyptians to resolve the relatively simple issue of Sinai, how things will work out in the end with the Palestinians on the West Bank is anybody's pessimistic guess. "Well, you have to take the first step," I heard one Elati say to another in a coffeehouse argument over the Camp David agreement. "Yes," was the answer, "but not if it's over a cliff."

Initial Response

KATHERINE SONIAT

That was a year of suddenness
even behind the walls of a girls' school.
Our bodies began to bend, turn serpentine;
it was remarkable how we digressed.
Our lives lifted from history books
to wonder at trappers caught
with their women in deep Montana snow.

Past windows circling classrooms,
we found our bodies corresponding
with the limbs of windy trees,
and our hearts flew forward
to aviators chanting battle hymns
tilted at the sun.

We were swept along the curve
our lives took on. Little else
was real. We blew
like a three-cornered sail,
lightning striking all the way.

KATHERINE SONIAT's work has appeared in the *Nation*, the *New Republic*, and other journals.

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SPORT

Baseball: A Fan's Notes

JAMES T. FARRELL

Baseball was part of my growing up. As a matter of fact, I understood the game and could follow the plays before I could read or write. My memories of baseball go back to the season of 1911. At the time, there were relatively few automobiles. Movies had not yet come out of the nickelodeon stage. Tennis and golf were looked upon as sports of the upper classes—sometimes scorned as "sissy games"—and football was a college game, and interest in it did not extend much beyond college alumni circles. As entertainment, baseball had practically no competition.

Major league baseball parks were located near public transportation. Comiskey Park, home of the White Sox, was located at Thirty-fifth Street and Shields, on the nearer southwest side of Chicago. Thirty-fifth Street was a through street with a trolley line that ran from Lake Michigan for a number of miles west—at least to Western Avenue. Comiskey Park could also be reached easily by the el, which stopped a few blocks away on Thirty-fifth Street.

Public transportation was cheap—a nickel for adults, three cents for a kid under twelve. Often the conductors (mostly Irishmen) wouldn't question a kid's age even if he looked a little big. The prices of admission to the ball park were inexpensive, too: one dollar for a box seat; seventy-five cents for the grandstand; fifty cents for pavilion seats, which ran from back of first and third bases to both right and left fields; and twenty-five cents for bleachers. The bleachers extended all around the outfield. Occasionally, when there was an overflow crowd, fans would be admitted and allowed to watch the game from behind ropes in the outfield. Whenever this happened, any ball hit into the crowd in fair territory was a ground-rule double. I saw this happen during the City Series of 1911 between the White Sox and the Cubs. I saw it again in September 1920 in a game between the White Sox and the Yankees. This was the game in which, for the last time, Babe Ruth batted against the White Sox star pitcher Eddie Cicotte, who was one of the disbarred and so-called Black Sox.

Scorecards cost a nickel. So did cold drinks. Root beer was the most popular soft drink in those days. No alcoholic beverages were sold at the ball parks—not even beer. Popcorn and Cracker Jacks were five cents. The most expensive item sold was a hot dog; it cost ten cents. A workingman could see a major league game for a dollar or less. And for just a little bit more he could take one of his kids.

The game itself was essentially the same. The cork-centered baseball, which had been introduced in 1909 to replace the rubber-centered ball, was not as lively as it is today. Home runs were rare. Pitchers were not as quickly relieved; if one got into a jam with men on bases, it was up to him to try to pitch himself out of his predicament. If he failed, he might be relieved. But there weren't regular relief pitchers in the sense that there are today. Usually, a pitcher who went in to relieve was a second stringer rather than a starter. (And, of course, the rule permitting the designated hitter, which is followed in the American League and some minor leagues, was not in effect.) Some pitches which have since been ruled illegal were then allowed. The most common of these was the spitball. There were many spitball pitchers. Usually, a spitball pitcher chewed slippery elm to give the pitch a good wetting. One of the greatest

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spitball pitchers of the time was Big Ed Walsh. Another one, who joined the White Sox later, in 1914, was Urban "Red" Faber. Faber once told me that he could throw a spitball at five different speeds.

Pitchers would sometimes rough up the surface of the ball. A new pitch, called the shineball, was first described in the newspapers in 1915 but it had been invented earlier. A southpaw named Doc Dave Danforth (the Doc was for dentist), who pitched for the White Sox, used the shineball. He would rub the ball on his pants until it had a shine on it. The ball thus shined could be made to take breaks that could fool the hitter. Eddie Cicotte learned the shineball from Danforth and added it to his repertoire. Cicotte was a great pitcher. According to his catcher, Ray Schalk, Cicotte could still throw a fastball when he was thirty-five. He had a curve. And he could throw a spitball and a knuckleball. No one seems to know how many other pitches he had, but his record is proof that he had enough to pitch winning ball consistently.

There was no radio and no microphone in those days. Announcements were made by a man with a megaphone. He would walk out on the field after huddling with the umpires and give his information to the crowd through his megaphone. "Ladies and gentlemen, the batteries for today's game are: for Chicago, Walsh and Block; for Boston, Collins and Carrigan." These were the actual batteries of a game played between the Chicago White Sox and the Boston Red Sox one Sunday afternoon, August 27, 1911. My older brother, Earl, and I saw this game. The White Sox won 5–0. Big Ed Walsh pitched a no-hit, no-run game. I described it in my novel *A World I Never Made.*

Two umpires officiated at the game, one behind the plate and the other on the bases. If there were plays at two bases which had to be covered simultaneously, the home plate umpire would run to one of the bases. If an umpire was sick or injured, the other umpire would handle the entire game. Originally, of course, there was only one umpire calling plays at major league games. There is a famous legend about those days. It concerns King Kelly, an early star who played with Chicago and with Boston. The song "Slide, Kelly, Slide" was written about him. According to the story, Kelly was on first base. The batter hit the ball to the outfield and the sole umpire followed the course of the batted ball. Kelly cut across the diamond, running from first to third base right through the pitcher's box, thereby eliminating second base from his itinerary. The legend is that Kelly got away with it. I don't know how true this story is but I used to hear it a lot as a boy.

But back to facts. Even though baseball is essentially the same, the strategy of play then and now is different. This is familiar knowledge. As I mentioned earlier, in 1911 the starting pitcher could expect to finish the game. Today, at the first sign of weakness he is relieved by a pitcher whose specialty is relief pitching. There are even short, middle, and long relievers. Today every batter, particularly those in the American League where the designated hitter rule applies, is a threat to the pitcher, especially if there are men on bases. Now a hitter averaging .250, .220, or .200 is liable to swing from his heels and knock the ball out of the stadium, ruining what may have been—up until the moment of that wallop—a well-pitched game. This was much less likely to happen then.

Another difference in the game is the size of the gloves. Today's are much bigger than the gloves of the past. Then, a one-handed catch was considered a sensational play. Nowadays it is often regarded as a routine play. Aside from being smaller, the old gloves had less padding and it took more time to break them in. In fact, it took such a long time to get a good pocket in a glove that, once you did, you were inclined to keep it, even after the leather covering your palm cracked—or developed a hole. I know this from personal experience, playing as a boy. But I have seen big leaguers play with gloves that had a hole in the pocket.

In 1911, none of the three White Sox catchers, Billy Sullivan, Freddy Payne, or Bruno Block, wore shin guards. The first White Sox catcher I saw wearing them was Red Kuhn. Red Kuhn came closest to being the Sox's first-string catcher in 1912. It was unusual for a catcher to catch a hundred or more games during a season. Relatively few catchers did. Kuhn, wearing shin guards, caught in seventy-five games. He hit .202. He might have had a regular job, at least for a year or two, had it not been for a teenager who looked

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more like a batboy than a major league ball player and who showed up as a rookie catcher at Comiskey Park one day in August. He weighed less than 150 pounds. One of the first acts of Charles Comiskey, then owner of the Sox, was to make arrangements for the kid to be fed into more weight.

This preposterously young busher was named Ray Schalk. He had been purchased from the Milwaukee club of the American Association, then in the triple A league. Baseball legend has it that on his first day with the White Sox, Schalk, not even knowing the signals, was put into the lineup to catch Big Ed Walsh and showed his mettle by not only catching Walsh but talking back to the handsome Chicago idol. But this is not true. Schalk was assigned to catch the game that was played against the Philadelphia Athletics (managed by Connie Mack) but the pitcher was Guy Harris.

Ray Schalk not only replaced Red Kuhn before the 1913 season had been played out but he also quickly gained the reputation as baseball's "greatest living catcher." Before Schalk, most catchers were big fellows. Roger Beshnahan, inventor of the shin guard, was small but there were few others who weren't large men. Ray Schalk looked too young and too light to be a great catcher but year after year he caught in more than a hundred games. The other catcher on the White Sox team had little to do but catch during batting practice or warm up possible relief pitchers.

Schalk was innovative as a catcher. Before him, catchers didn't move around the field much. Schalk did. He would run down to first base, following the batter on an infield ground ball. I believe that he was the first catcher to do this. Today it is standard procedure for a catcher. Schalk threw well, too, and he could catch the toughest of pitchers. He caught Red Faber, who threw a heavy ball and was unafraid of any and all batters. He, Faber, had contempt for Ty Cobb even after they both were long retired. The reason was that Cobb's lifetime batting average against Faber was .226. Cobb's overall batting average was .367.

In one of his early games, Schalk threw a man out at second base. It made the sports pages. Today it probably wouldn't. Schalk once told me that when he was a young catcher he learned from two players: Hal Chase, the sensational first baseman who played with the White Sox for part of the 1913 and 1914 seasons, and Eddie Collins, the great second baseman.

In his day, Schalk was called "the perfect catcher." He was. But I have watched Bill Dickey of the New York Yankees catch, too. And I have watched the great center fielder and hitter, Tris Speaker. Like Eddie Collins and Joe Jackson, Tris Speaker played in the shadow of Ty Cobb. It is hard to forget Tris Speaker as a player. But after watching Joe DiMaggio, I could. DiMaggio was as close to being a perfect ball player as I have ever watched. But there are so many players whom I have watched in the course of a lifetime, so many players that I will never forget.

A couple of years ago, while waiting in the clubhouse for a game to start here in New York City, I started talking about some of these old-time ball players. Most of the sportswriters present were very interested and remarked, in effect, that it was almost as though I were speaking of ancient Greece. They had never talked to someone who had seen Hal Chase, Ty Cobb, Eddie Collins, Nap Lajoie, Stuff McInnis, Joe Jackson—I could go on.

I was reminded of an incident that had happened earlier. I had gone to Shea Stadium with my late friend, Tommy Holmes, the great baseball writer. We had met at Grand Central Station and taken the subway out to Shea. Once inside the stadium, we went into the Mets clubhouse to say hello to Yogi Berra and Rube Walker. It was early and the room wasn't crowded so it was easy to spot Yogi. We walked over to him.

"Hi, Yogi," Tommy said. "Jim and I have been having a swell time talking about baseball all the way out here from Grand Central. We didn't mention a single player who played after the year 1930."

On another night—a bitter cold one in October of 1973—I went to a party after a Mets-Oakland World Series game. I started talking to Casey Stengel. He told me about breaking in the game during the 1912 season with the Brooklyn club. Old names came up—Fred Mollwitz, Vic Saier, Johnny Evers, Heinie Zimmerman, Jimmy Archer, Jack Coombs, and many others. We talked, with Casey doing most of the talking, until past three

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o'clock in the morning. He told me about the first time he played against the Chicago Cubs with Johnny Evers at second base. Casey singled. On the first or second pitch, he legged it to second base in an attempted steal. Evers covered the base. Both he and the ball were there ahead of Casey. Johnny Evers caught the ball, slammed it into Casey's face, and said, "There, busher, that'll teach you to come sliding into me."

Stengel talked about playing against Jimmy Archer. Casey was on first base; whether he got there with a hit or by a walk, he didn't say. Archer was catching. Casey took a short lead off first base, just a few inches. Archer, remaining in a squatting position, and without even looking toward first base, snapped the ball down to the Cubs' first-base player—I believe it was Vic Saier—who picked Casey off. Casey said that even then, in 1973, more than fifty years later, he couldn't figure out how Jimmy Archer had done this, considering the short lead that he, Casey, had taken.

He spoke of Heinie Zimmerman. Casey said that most of the young ball players admired Zimmerman. In those days, men wore collars, mostly stiff, that were attached to their shirts with buttons. These needed to be laundered often. Casey and some of the other young players couldn't afford to wear a fresh collar every day. But Heinie Zimmerman could. The younger players thought this was elegant.

Baseball is frequently characterized as a boy's game played by men in short pants. It is a boy's game. Many boys love it. More recently, it has become a girl's game. But baseball is also a game for adults. The development of the game, the relative perfection of the rules of play, the geometrical layout of the diamond—the distances between the bases and from the pitching mound to home plate—these are all wonderfully well-thought-out plans. The assumption that an interest in baseball is not worthy of a serious adult with presumably more serious interests is both true and false. Some adults think that to watch baseball is to waste one's time in a childish way.

But for some of us, there is a peculiar attraction to baseball. It has its own drama. I have always loved the game. I don't care whether or not it is childish. Long before I possessed any capacity to examine myself or the reasons for the game's appeal to me, I loved it.

Not long ago, someone asked me why I had chosen to become a novelist. Ralph Kiner was standing next to me and laughed.

"I'll tell you why James T. Farrell wrote books. He wanted to play second base for the Chicago White Sox, and couldn't."

We all laughed. But everyone in the crowd knew, as I did, that for those of us who love the game the way we do, it wasn't altogether a joke.

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EDUCATION

Starting a Private College

A British Experiment in Higher Education

MAX BELOFF

On May 27, 1967, the London *Times* published a letter from a man named Paulley, a physician in a provincial town—Ipswich—saying that on a recent tour of the United States he had been greatly impressed with private American universities and colleges. Why, Dr. Paulley asked, should not Britain have institutions of this kind? The idea was taken up by a number of people, mainly in the academic world, and three conferences on it were held in London, in April and July 1968 and in January 1969. After the last of these, a distinguished group of signatories published a declaration in favor of creating in Britain an "independent university"—that is to say, a university outside the state system. The signatories included Dr. W. H. F. Barnes, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Liverpool, who was shortly to resign that post in protest against government encroachments on university autonomy; Lord Caccia, then provost of Eton and a former British ambassador to the United States; Sir Sydney Caine, a former director of the London School of Economics; Professor Charles H. Wilson of Cambridge University (now professor at the European University in Florence); the late Professor Harry G. Johnson of the University of Chicago and the London School of Economics; Dr. R. L. James, then headmaster of Harrow; and Professor Alan Peacock, of the University of York who will succeed me as head of the college on my retirement.

Out of this initiative has grown the present University College at Buckingham, an institution of higher education, largely but not exclusively undergraduate, which is dedicated to using its total independence of state aid and state control to experiment, within its means, in both curricula and methods of instruction.

Despite its small size—under 270 students at the beginning of its fourth year of activity—in England the University College at Buckingham has been a constant topic of educational and even political debate. To understand why, one must remember that the British educational scene in the late 1960s, when the idea of creating an independent university was launched, differed sharply from the American scene. In Britain (as in nearly all countries) most primary and secondary education is provided by the state without charge; yet private education still plays an important role, particularly in the case of pupils destined for higher education. As for higher education itself, Britain's forty-four universities, which have had very different historical origins at various periods of British history, have now come to form part of a single system overwhelmingly financed by the central government. Although universities are fee-paying (at a very subsidized level), the vast majority of students can recoup their fees from public funds and, subject to a parental means test, also receive grants to cover their living expenses while at a university. Higher education is also provided by the "polytechnics" (along with courses of a sub-degree character)—institutions for which local authorities are responsible and which, like their students, are fully supported out of public funds.

The Labour party is committed to the aboli-

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tion of all private education at the primary and secondary level, even though Labour governments have found the cost of doing so financially prohibitive. It is also committed to the expansion of state-provided higher, and further, education. The idea of creating an institution at the tertiary level outside the state system was thus anathema to the socialists: it suggested that private education, far from being on the way out, might actually be extending its range. For this reason, much of the debate over Buckingham has had a largely symbolic quality and can only be understood in light of the fact that educational policy itself—within the state system as well as in relation to private education—has been at the center of the party-political debate. The curious notion (for which some American political scientists are in part responsible) that British politics is "nonideological" is particularly misleading here.

Nevertheless, when the movement that led to the creation of the College began, the political implications were scarcely grasped. The founders' motives were not political but educational and, as happens so often in the history of educational institutions, the underlying impetus came from a variety of sources. Some people felt that insufficient thought had been given to the fact that state financing might become not just part of the resources of the universities but almost the whole of them. Moreover, it was difficult to believe that in the future Parliament and the government would allow the universities almost total freedom to spend their income (within the global sums allotted to them) that they had previously enjoyed. Administrative changes placing responsibility for the universities for the first time in a department which was also responsible for primary and secondary education seemed to point in that direction. When money was plentiful this might not matter, but what would happen in periods of stringency?

More important still was the belief that any monopoly had built-in tendencies to resist innovation, and that state monopolies (of which Britain had plenty of examples) were likely to be the worst of all. Although the new "plate-glass" universities created on state initiative in the 1960s stressed their own individuality, they did have common features, some of which were shortly to make them particularly vulnerable to outbreaks of student discontent. Would it not be better to try some other formula, one that private financing might supply? Into this rather inchoate and unstructured pool of debate was thrown the tiny pebble that set off all that was to follow—Dr. Paulley's letter. Obviously a mere declaration of sympathy for the general idea of such an institution was insufficient. Thought had to be given to its precise nature and purposes. A first step in this direction was taken by Professor H. S. Ferns, an economic historian at the University of Birmingham, in a pamphlet published by the Institute of Economic Affairs in London, entitled *Towards an Independent University*. A further attempt was made to examine the problems in a collective work entitled *University Independence*, edited by John H. MacCallum Scott, a distinguished figure in the Liberal International. Besides contributions from some of the signatories of the original declaration, including Sir Sydney Caine and Professor Harry Johnson, the volume included essays by an eminent industrialist, Sir David Barran, and by Professor Fred Decker of Oregon State University, who wrote "The Campus Cash Crisis in the U.S.A."

The 1969 Conference had also set up a planning board to attempt to translate these general ideas into practical terms, and this body held its first meeting on January 22, 1969. There then occurred a virtual hiatus of almost four years. It was impossible to plan the new college in detail until a physical location was available and the nucleus of an academic staff. The former problem was not solved until 1971, when it was suggested that the small market town of Buckingham, some twenty-five miles northeast of Oxford, might serve the purpose if a benefactor could be found to provide a site. The latter problem also had to await a benefactor, one willing to contribute the sum of around £1,000,000 needed to get the enterprise off the ground. Such a benefactor was found in the person of Lord Tanlaw, a Liberal life peer and deputy leader of the Liberal party in the House of Lords. His private fortune was derived from a family with important interests in shipping and other business activities in the Far East, and he was connected with the Brooke family, the former rulers of Sarawak.

However independent and different from

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existing universities the new college might wish to be, obviously it would have to have, for many reasons, close and continuous contact with them. This meant that the first principal of the institution would need to come from somewhere central on the academic scene. Yet it did not prove easy to find a scholar with the requisite qualifications who was prepared to take the risks of innovation. Having been associated with the project from a fairly early stage, I was not prepared to see it fail for want of someone to undertake the task of seeing it through its early stages. The more people said it could not be done (or, alternatively, *should* not be done), the greater the temptation to prove them wrong! Later that year, therefore, I accepted the office of principal of the College.

On January 10, 1973, the planning board set on foot the necessary moves to give the College a legal form. Advantage was taken of the Companies Acts and of the precedent of the London School of Economics (now, of course, part of the University of London) to adopt the rather simple and flexible form of a nonprofit-making company registered as an educational charity. The certificate of incorporation was issued by the Department of Trade on March 19, 1973, and the Council of Management held its first formal meeting on April 3. The foundation plaque at Buckingham was unveiled on May 3, 1974, and it was hoped that teaching would begin a year later. This reckoning was overly optimistic, and the eventual opening date was February 3, 1976.

The gap of almost nine years between the launching of the idea and its embodiment proved to be very significant. Britain had passed from the relatively prosperous sixties to the depressing seventies; inflation was taking its toll of all educational enterprises, and was particularly worrying for an institution that would have to rely upon private donations (in a fiscal system which gives donors no tax advantages) and relatively inelastic student fees. Also, the pressure for university entrance, which had been so strong in the 1960s, was slackening except in certain subjects, such as medicine, which a private institution could not afford to provide. It was therefore much harder to recruit students (at least British students) than it would have been earlier. But the difficulties that have been faced at Buckingham, while real enough for those who have had to face them, are mainly of parochial interest. More generally interesting is what has actually been accomplished there and the extent to which the institution itself corresponds to the hopes of its founders. If there is a lesson to be drawn, it is that of the difficulty of predicting problems, and the importance of flexibility in action as well as doctrine.

Four questions will naturally come to mind: By what right does Buckingham teach and confer degrees? Who are the teachers? What do they teach? And, finally, whom do they teach?

The problem of accreditation, as understood in the United States, did not exist for the simple reason that all British universities have degree-conferring powers as a result either of their having acquired royal charters or of legislation. The new state-financed universities of the 1960s all began with charters. While it is possible for a private body to apply for a royal charter, this can only happen when it is clearly functioning adequately for its proposed purpose. For this reason (quite apart from possible political opposition), Buckingham would have had to wait for some years. But if it could not offer degrees and yet had to attract students in the interim, how could it demonstrate its effectiveness? Three possible solutions to this problem were explored and found wanting. It would have been possible to prepare students for the "external degrees" of an existing university, for instance the University of London. But since a primary purpose of the College was to experiment with the curriculum, and since London University permits no departures from the prescribed syllabuses, this avenue was blocked. For similar reasons and some additional ones, the idea of affiliation with an existing chartered institution outside the United Kingdom (say, in Canada) was found impractical. It was also found that recourse to the Council for National Academic Awards, which exists to monitor degree courses put on by polytechnics, would involve too great external control, not so much over the syllabus as over other innovatory aspects of the College's proposals.

It was therefore decided that the College would have to stand on its own feet. It could not use the standard formula of a bachelor's

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degree, since the lawyers held that this would risk impinging upon the royal prerogative. But the word "licence" was not subject to the same objection; in fact, the French version is a common word for a first university degree. So until the College gets a royal charter (which will permit the licences to be retrospectively converted into B.A.s or LL.B.s), Buckingham graduates have to be styled "licentiates." That decision, however, was only the beginning. It was still necessary to guarantee that the licence would be of as much use to its holder as the more conventional B.A. And this meant analyzing the purposes for which first degrees are required. Where private employment was concerned—in industry or commerce—inquiries soon showed that the problem was almost nonexistent. Firms are concerned with the quality of their recruits, not with the pieces of paper they bring with them. But the majority of Buckingham's original students (for reasons which I shall return to) were primarily concerned with entering the legal profession. Under the British system, entry to that profession (in both its branches, the bar and the solicitors' side) has come to be normally a combination of a first degree in law, usually styled an LL.B., and a subsequent period of professional training supervised by the profession itself. Buckingham's first major breakthrough came when the two professional bodies agreed to interpret or revise their rules so as to make the Buckingham licence acceptable *as though* it were an LL.B. The accountancy profession (the only other one for which the College at present prepares) followed suit.

More complicated was the question of providing for those Buckingham graduates who wished to proceed elsewhere for graduate work, whether in the United Kingdom or in other countries (for example, at American business schools). Where other British universities were concerned, it was a matter of sounding out individual universities on the general principle, or negotiating with them as to individual students. In fact the problem, although time consuming, proved to be relatively easy to resolve. The universities of London, Oxford, and Cambridge each accepted one of the first output of Buckingham licentiates, and in most cases this lead was likely to be followed. The solution was facilitated by two factors. In the first place, Buckingham profited by adopting the common British practice: having examiners from other universities partly set and mark the examinations upon which a degree (and the class awarded, which is fundamental for graduate work) depends. This ensures a common standard to be aimed at and in large part achieved. The second factor was an innovation. At an early stage it was agreed that the original nucleus of Buckingham's academic and administrative staff was likely to be too small for its decisions to be given unqualified acceptance. Therefore two advisory councils were created by invitation—one British and one international—composed of recognized scholars in a variety of disciplines whose advice was individually or collectively available. The problem outside Britain was, for obvious reasons, more difficult, but it has so far been solved in all individual cases.

Thus it is possible to assure would-be students that neither their academic nor their professional future will be impaired by their choice of Buckingham rather than a state-financed institution for their undergraduate experience. The only exception (at the time of writing) relates to the British Civil Service, where political pressure has so far prevented the Civil Service Commission from following the line that the professional bodies and the universities have taken. For face-saving reasons the political aspect of this decision has been denied and reference made to the need for seeing how the experiment turns out, but such denials are not taken at their face value by those who know the ins and outs of Whitehall. A change of government will no doubt be revealing in this respect.

Less need be said in answer to the question, Who are the teachers? The only source of teachers at the university level has been graduates of British or, in some cases, American universities with or without teaching experience. At Buckingham there was, of course, a problem in recruiting teachers for an institution so experimental in nature and with no built-in guarantee of survival. It was here that the only serious compromise with the state system was made. Since the institution would be too small to finance a proper pension scheme of its own, Buckingham entered the joint pension scheme that links all British universities and enables individual teachers (and administrators) to move from

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institution to institution with no loss of pension rights. A more difficult problem was how an almost wholly undergraduate institution would offer its teaching staff opportunities for research. There was no chance of building a library that would itself be a research tool except insofar as it would contain guides to other libraries' holdings: all the money available had to be put into what the students needed. The principal answer was found in dealing with one of Buckingham's most controversial decisions: the length of the academic year for students and for teachers. At the time the College was founded, there was a good deal of criticism of the underutilization of university facilities. Study programs for British first degrees in most subjects were (and are) of three years' duration. But these academic years are divided into three terms, which in most universities means that the academic year consists of about twenty-eight weeks, and in Oxford and Cambridge of as few as twenty-four weeks. It was maintained that there would be a demand for degree courses which would be much more intensive in their use of time. Buckingham therefore began, and continues, with four ten-week terms in each year. From entry to graduation takes a student two years instead of three. But though undergraduates can study for forty weeks in the year, it is doubtful that teachers could give of their best under these conditions. So the arrangement has been that each member of the teaching staff is entitled to spend one of the four terms studying elsewhere—a plan that thus far seems to be both acceptable and effective.

It may be added that while the weight of the College must remain on the undergraduate side, there is no reason why suitable ventures into the graduate field should not be encouraged. Economics seems the most likely discipline for such developments. Already graduates have stayed on to assist staff members with research projects, and I, personally, believe that an apprenticeship as a research assistant to an established scholar may afford better training than many "research degrees." Beginning next year, the College will offer one-year postgraduate diplomas in specialized economic fields—public finance, for instance.

There have also been problems that are harder to define or quantify, arising from the pressures of innovation. It is one thing to teach a subject or even organize its teaching in a given situation where someone else is responsible for seeing that funds are available and that students will come forward. It is quite another thing for the first generation of Buckingham teachers, who have had no such external assurance. They have had to build the institution around them, as it were, taking on whatever tasks the moment has seemed to call for. Some very well qualified senior scholars have found the strain too much and have had to be replaced by younger, more adventurous men and women. Here of course Buckingham did gain from the fact that its opening was delayed due to a period of general cutback: it has been a buyers' market for staff in all but the professional subjects. The general quality of Buckingham's staff now compares very favorably with those of the new state-financed British universities.

So far I have of course been dealing only with the nucleus of a full-time staff, about thirty members in all. It has been clear, however, that with so small a teaching staff Buckingham students would have too limited an experience with different types of teachers. Also, employing full-time specialists for courses which may be given only for one term is uneconomical. The full-time staff has thus been supplemented by part-timers, who fall into four broad categories: recently retired scholars of distinction; current teachers of some seniority or legal practitioners willing to do some specialist teaching; some junior staff members or Ph.D. students from other universities serving in tutorial roles; and scholars from the United States and Commonwealth countries willing to do some teaching while on sabbatical leave in England.

For the first three categories, the problems are of course largely logistical, which has meant that London, Birmingham, Reading, Oxford, and Cambridge have been the sources from which the majority of the part-time staff has been drawn. Oxford, much the nearest of the five universities, gives the lion's share of help both in this way and in the provision of single lectures in some courses.

The problem of what to teach has been much the most difficult. On the one hand, there was the commitment of the founders to some new pattern of liberal education suited

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to the modern age, and, on the other, finding a proper balance between the intense specialization of the English first degree and the traditional eclecticism of the American liberal arts college. So we tried to bridge the gap between the "two cultures." We wanted some science and mathematics for everyone, but the pressure of time soon made science *or* mathematics a more realistic ambition. We also had a concern for Britain's European commitment—high on my personal list of priorities—which translated itself into a demand for at least a decent reading knowledge of two foreign languages. And some space was needed for such subjects as literature and history.

But against these enlightened aspirations was the brutal economic fact that most of our students turned out to be primarily concerned with their professional preparation for law or accountancy, and regarded the rest of the curriculum (except perhaps languages) as something of a luxury. While British (and in many cases West European) students might be brought to see that their ambitions could be satisfied within a more liberal framework, there was the further question of the time available. The requirements for law courses made upon us by the profession are very rigorous, and cannot be trifled with. And for overseas students, particularly from Third-World countries, the whole concept of a liberal or general education has little relevance, perhaps understandably.

At the time of writing we have a number of "schools of study," named after their principal component or components, but each demanding as prerequisites the successful completion of some other courses. These schools of study are Law; Economics; Law, Economics and Politics; Accounting and Financial Management; History, Politics and English Literature; and European Studies. Another school of study combining biological and social studies is under active consideration and, barring accidents, will get off the ground in 1980.

European Studies depends upon cooperation with universities on the continent; three—Aix-Marseille and Nancy in France and Tübingen in Germany—have signified their interest. So far only the collaboration with Aix is active. The course comprises what is basically the Buckingham law course, with some additional material on European and particularly French institutions. An initial course in French law is taken at Aix itself and sandwiched between two spells of study at Buckingham, making three years in all. The successful student will thus have not merely the Buckingham licence, and consequently the right to proceed to professional law studies in England, but also a diploma in French law which puts his feet on the bottom rung of the ladder to a truly international practice. It is hoped that economics may play a central role in other versions of European Studies. The main difficulty is, of course, that of finding students with the necessary linguistic abilities; one can find British students with a reasonable knowledge of French, but a knowledge of German has been one of the casualties of two world wars.

Not only in regard to European Studies have Continental universities been cooperative. Students beginning the Buckingham year in January will often have had the autumn term free, since they will have left school in the summer. The Free (i.e. Catholic) University of Lille and the University of the Saarland provide specially tailored courses in French and German for their benefit, thus enabling them to come to Buckingham with some serious preparation toward the two-language commitment.

Finally, then, who are the students? Some indications have already been given. The basic problem is that we can only take students who are not merely good enough to give reasonable assurance of passing their examinations and receiving the licence after a very concentrated course, but who can also afford to pay the fees that an unsubsidized institution is bound to charge. Where British students are concerned, the problem is at its most severe. Nothing in the original ideas of the founders was further from the truth than the notion that independence in itself would be so appealing an idea that good British students would flock to the banner once unfurled. As good market economists (as many of them were), the founders should have known how hard it is to sell something which one can get elsewhere for free or, at any rate, for much less. Furthermore, those parents who might be especially attracted by Buckingham because of its small size, intimacy,

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high level of personal teaching, and so on, would be likely to have spent their available resources on giving their children a good education at the primary and secondary levels. The progressive impoverishment of the British middle class, and especially the professional middle class, is part of the background of this story. Where Britain is concerned, we cannot rely on our positive attractions, of which the two-year degree is easily the most appealing. Rather, we have to rely on the fact that a number of perfectly capable would-be students have, for one reason or another, missed out on the ordinary conveyor belt that carries the British schoolboy or schoolgirl painlessly forward from school to university through the national university admissions system—from which we of course stand aside. We recruit directly on the basis of past performance and interview. Our British students, therefore, tend to include a rather large number of relatively mature students who have had job experience before arriving at Buckingham. Even so, many of them require financial aid and although some local authorities may give them grants, others—for political or financial reasons—decline to do so. Hence in addition to the needs of the infrastructure, money has had to be raised for scholarships and bursaries. It is likely, however, that more and more employers will see the College as offering particular advantages to mature students, and may be willing to sponsor their own employees. In this way it will be possible further to vary the social background of the College's British intake.

In one respect, Buckingham's intake of British and West European students overlaps. The network of English-speaking "international" schools in western Europe has a varied clientele from families who are often expatriate and mobile and who prefer their offspring to have the benefits of a stable boarding-school education. These schools may well become an important source of Buckingham students. In other respects, too, the College's appeal to Europeans has both a negative and a positive aspect. The flexibility of its internal organization enables it to offer courses tailored to the needs of particular categories of would-be students. On the positive side it offers a one-year course in English law to Continental law graduates who require some acquaintance at least with the very different principles and practice of the common law (as against the Roman law) tradition. On the negative side there are countries whose own university systems, owing to unplanned growth and politicization, make attendance at their universities intellectually unrewarding if not also physically dangerous.

In a way, the one most obvious vindication of Buckingham's innovative program has been its suitability for American students. Many young Americans would like to study abroad for a year, or at least a semester, during their four-year undergraduate course. I believe this desire should be encouraged, both for their own sakes and, if one chooses to put it so, for political reasons. The "overseas campuses" maintained by many American universities seem a poor way of meeting this need; by bringing over the teachers as well as the taught, they merely reproduce the home situation and give the students little or no opportunity to benefit from close contact with the host country. On the other hand, European universities—British ones in particular—are not designed for transients, and make few or no concessions to meet their needs. My feeling was that if from the beginning we accepted the likelihood that American students of this kind would be attracted, we could allow for their particular needs—for instance, by limiting most courses to one term and by properly monitoring the students' performance and reporting this to their home institutions so that reasonable credits could be given for the time spent abroad.

On the whole, these beliefs have been justified by our early experiences with Americans (mostly juniors) from a number of universities and colleges, with some of which we have formal agreements. One could not expect a full measure of success. Some American students have found the culture shock hard to take; others have needed time to settle down to the (for them) quite different pattern of education. Instead of detailed assignments, they get lists of books to consult and learn to use; there is the weekly "essay," disconcerting for those with oral rather than writing skills, and there are three-hour examinations with essay-type questions instead of multiple choice tests. But for the most part, the Americans have taken to the experience and valued it; they have certainly been among the most stimulating members of tutorial groups. To

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those who come from large institutions, the experience of being taught by established scholars rather than junior faculty or graduate students has often been a refreshing surprise.

What they could not have expected (and what we did not expect either) was that they would find themselves not just in a British setting but in an institution with many Third-World students. Clearly, this extension of the students' experiences has many advantages, but the pressure from the Third World presents the College with some of its greatest problems.

True, for the Third-World students the financial problem is much less significant than for the British. If their expenses are not paid by their home governments or from other native sources of funds, they come from families who are willing (and able) to pay for the coveted education that may lead to professional or political advancement in their countries' expanding elites. Unfortunately, as we have seen, this keenness does not always extend beyond the mere acquisition of the paper qualifications they seek. But there are other problems as well, the most obvious being, of course, the language question. It is one thing to speak school-taught English, another to use it for advanced study with standards set by the English themselves. British universities and, still more, British polytechnics seem to have underestimated this difficulty. At Buckingham we now have a preentry course for Third-World students, designed to bring both English and learning skills up to the necessary level. The course ends with an examination, which must be passed as a precondition for admission to the regular courses.

The other difficulties are more intangible and affect even students from countries in Africa and from Malaysia (the two main sources of overseas students) who have been entirely educated in English-speaking schools. The students from some countries are not likely to perceive the difference between a *school* where one is taught precisely what is true and what is false, and a *university* where there is an emphasis on independent thinking as well as on personal fact-finding. This particular obstacle to making the transition from secondary to tertiary education is even more obvious in students from countries where education has traditionally meant the absorption of approved texts—virtual learning by rote, as is true in the Islamic countries of the Middle East (our third most important source of overseas students). Many of the problems that Third-World countries have in working with Western-style organizations, whether in government or in business, can be seen to have deep educational roots. And the excellence of some individual achievements is not a full solution.

It would be absurd to expect an institution through whose doors only about four hundred students have passed (even if from forty different countries) to offer itself as a model to other institutions, or even to make an important impact on the British educational scene. Some of the many visitors we receive from all over the country and all over the world may merely be motivated by a desire to satisfy themselves that the College actually exists—after all the prophecies of doom that surrounded its creation.

I am myself not sure that the prophets were all wrong. The difficulties they foresaw were real; what they underestimated was the determination, not to say obstinacy, of the pioneers. Of course we began with too little money. Yet penury did us some good; it saved us from the building mania that has been the ruin of other new institutions. We have never built anything new, and our converted or rehabilitated buildings—ranging in date from the seventeenth to the nineteenth centuries—at least give the impression that we are no mushroom growth. But the other side of the coin, as our uninhibited American students remind us, is that some of the facilities and comforts that they in particular take for granted are just not there. My own greatest disappointment has been that our experiment has failed to attract any of the great American foundations which have played so prominent a part in worldwide education throughout this century. Of the famous international foundations, only Volkswagen in Germany has shown a benevolent and constructive interest in our affairs. Apart from this gift, money for American books given by three smaller U.S. foundations, and one large benefaction from the Sultan of Brunei, almost all the money that has been raised for us has come from within the United Kingdom—and for the most part from individuals and corpo-

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rations. Most of the British foundations which have supplemented government expenditures on state-financed institutions have played safe by remaining aloof.

None of this is to say that we should aim very high in terms of size or numbers. My own feeling is that the optimum size for the College would be some five or six hundred students. Equally important, if it is to fulfill its experimental role, the quality of the student body should be steadily raised, and this means attracting a higher proportion of British, West European, and North American students.

The experiment must continue to be focused on liberal education. Even on prudential grounds it is essential to proceed in this direction. The present demand for training in law and accountancy, from both Britain and Commonwealth countries, is not likely to persist very long. Certainly it would be fatal to be tied to too narrow a clientele. On the other hand, we must not be so concerned with future goals that we overlook present obligations: our current students. Their education and their careers must remain our first priority. Unless we can do better for them than other institutions, our justification for the fees we charge—the price of independence from government—will cease to exist.

Above the Wall

SUSANNAH P. MALARKEY

Suppose—
Ah well, suppose
That there could be no avenue between us,
That these ample rows
Of ancient child-remembered trees—
Suppose that these should go,
Their simple need outgrown,
And there, instead, a thoroughfare
A rising flood, a wall of stone.

Then still my dear and still,
Though nothing should remain,
Of our so long inviolate
Our quiet lane,
Though neither you nor I were there
To meet again
Still suddenly upon the air
Across the flood
Above the wall
Still should I surely
Hear you call.

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Remembering Max Eastman

SIDNEY HOOK

THE LAST ROMANTIC: A LIFE OF MAX EASTMAN. *By William L. O'Neill. Oxford University Press. $14.95.*

The history of American radicalism, like so many other aspects of the American experience, is profoundly different from the history of European radicalism. The greatest difference between them is apparent in the failure of socialist ideas to penetrate the American working-class movement to a point where they acquired any significant influence, not to speak of concrete political expression. This is the more surprising because American class struggles, measured by the militancy and violence of American labor disputes, have often reached an intensity that bordered on local civil wars. Few European strikes have been marked by the bloodshed that has stained American labor history.

The failure of the American working class to develop a Labor party on a national scale, or even to support radical political parties, was not due to the absence of radical intellectuals—of socialist, anarchist, and, after 1919, communist persuasion. But here, too, there was a characteristic difference. Radical intellectuals in England and on the Continent played a significant role in influencing the thinking of radical movements. The Fabian socialists in England, the *Katheder-Sozialisten* in Germany, and even the free-floating café intellectuals in central Europe had a perceptible effect on the thinking of radical political parties rooted in their organized labor movements. By and large, few American radical thinkers had much influence or contact with radical political parties, and still less with labor groups. Through nominal affiliation they served more as adornments of political parties than as theoreticians. There were few occasions, except when the American Socialist party took its firm anti–World War I stand, when any group of them sought to influence policy.

If one looks for a paradigmatic figure of the radical American intellectual in the first half of the twentieth century, one can hardly do better than to focus on Max Eastman, now in eclipse among the current generation of intellectuals—radical and nonradical alike. Authentically American, a fellow townsman of Mark Twain, intellectually independent, drawn to an undogmatic socialism on compassionate rather than economic grounds, an ardent supporter of women's rights at a time when it was dangerous even for a woman to be known as a feminist, defender of the dissemination of information about birth control, an advocate of free love and open marriage, a pioneer for civil liberties, receptive to new ideas in almost every field, Max Eastman fought in more good causes than any man or woman of his generation. And yet he was by no means a purely literary radical—by which I mean something much more significant than that he was indifferent to modernism in the arts, poetry and painting. As distinct from purely literary radicals who flaunted their radical ideas but never came within hailing distance of any political activity or labor struggles, Max Eastman put his very life and career on the line in pursuit of his radical ideas. More than once he had the courage to stand up to an enraged mob. He narrowly escaped lynching and physical assault during the terror of the post–World War I years. One

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reason why he did not take Senator Joseph McCarthy seriously enough thirty years later was his vivid recollection of what a real reign of terror for dissenters was like—one which he and his friends withstood without resorting to the Fifth Amendment or similar evasions. He could not understand how any genuine radical who had nothing to hide could feel intimidated if given an opportunity to talk back to benighted congressmen.

Of all the forms of intellectual independence Eastman displayed in his life, nothing matched the courage he had to summon up when he stood practically alone on his return from the Soviet Union with the first hard evidence of the Stalinization of the Bolshevik regime. He became a rebel outcast in his own country and a pariah in the radical movement that had been central to his life.

The great virtue of William L. O'Neill's biography of Max Eastman, *The Last Romantic: A Life of Max Eastman*, is that he meticulously documents the stages in Eastman's intellectual odyssey from American syndicalism and pragmatism to Bolshevik Leninism and, after several other ideological ports of call, to the safe harbor of free enterprise to which he was piloted by Friedrich Hayek. This is the book's chief virtue. Unfortunately, O'Neill does not catch the color and feeling and vital quality of the lived experiences of Eastman's remarkable career. These are much more effectively communicated in Eastman's own writings, especially his autobiographies, *The Enjoyment of Living* and *Love and Revolution*. Nonetheless the details of the cold record, even when related in a pedestrian way, are essential to correct the lapses, the half-witting and unwitting distortions in every autobiographical account of a troubled past. Without the O'Neills of this world we could not distinguish between truth and fiction in the most candid of autobiographies.

Max Eastman's life was so rich and full that few people are sufficiently interested or qualified to do justice to it. If any man could be called the darling of the gods, it was he. In figure, voice, face, expression, and wit, even in his twilight years, he was compared almost invariably, on first encounter, to a Greek god. He affected women in the way Helen of Troy must have moved men. When Eastman persuaded John Dewey to chair a formal debate between him and me on the meaning of Marx, I made only one condition—that no more than half of the invited audience be made up of women. Dewey grinned knowingly. The formal debate never came off. But until the Moscow Trials in the mid-thirties brought us together, we never met without heated informal debate.

For someone who has had a small part in the intellectual life of his times, one of the mixed blessings of living on into his seventies is being still on the scene to read what younger generations have made of his own role in the events of an earlier day. I come in for a number of mentions in Professor O'Neill's biography of Max Eastman, and I ought to say straightaway that my own recollection of the events he describes is often very different from his historical resuscitation of them. Max Eastman's and my paths first crossed in the pages of the *Modern Quarterly* in 1928 and then in the home of its editor, V. F. Calverton; it was a very painful experience for both of us. Until I read Eastman's account of it I never realized how deeply aggrieved he felt at my vigorous criticism of his *Marx and Lenin: The Science of Revolution*. Eastman was convinced that Marx's Hegelian heritage of metaphysics had obscured his scientific vision, that Lenin's approach to the socialist revolution which viewed it as a project of social engineering was not only sound but authentically Marxist, and that among the most important of Marx's contributions was his anticipation of Freud's theories of the unconscious, repression, and rationalization. I, on the contrary, although rejecting Hegel's metaphysics and idealism, regarded his historical approach to culture and society not only as integral to Marx's thought but as profoundly fruitful. I strongly criticized the idea of social engineering as inappropriate, and as inadequate to democratic change as was the technocratic approach to history that it illustrated. It either ignored the nature and justification of human values or deduced them in primitive fashion from fact. Freud's doctrines, to which Eastman was sympathetic, seemed to me then (as now) projections of poetic fancies unrelated to his remarkable observations of human behavior. I denied that Marx was a metaphysician and claimed that his theory of knowledge, his conceptions of the nature of meaning and truth, in contra-

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distinction to the movement that called itself scientific socialism and orthodox Marxism, were an anticipation of Dewey's pragmatic naturalism.

There is nothing so revelatory of O'Neill's intellectual limitations as his failure to grasp, or even to state accurately, the issues in this dispute, or indeed any of the theoretical disputes in which Eastman was engaged. He does not analyze any ideas or examine the arguments or evidence presented in their behalf. His statement of the issues is superficial and unilluminating. He is more interested in who got the better of whom—although he lacks the qualifications to judge—and, instead of judicious appraisal of the conflicting positions, he speculates on the personal causes of their expression. (He falls far short of John Diggins's treatment of the subject in his book *Up from Communism.*) For example, he refers to my having "mugged" Eastman, and explains my having "set upon" him as a form of "sibling rivalry," since we had both studied with John Dewey. Why I would think that my defense of Marx against Eastman would ingratiate me with Dewey he leaves unclear. The fact is that when I first wrote my criticism of Eastman I sent it to *The New Masses,* Eastman's own periodical, where it was referred to Eastman and contemptuously rejected. At the time I did not even know that Eastman had studied with Dewey and was a good friend of the Dewey family.

The truth is, I had been an avid student of Marx since my high school days and was keenly aware of the ambiguity of Marx's texts. Although Marx used the language of inevitability when he spoke of the advent of communism, I could not believe he meant it literally, since he also spoke of the possibility that the struggle of conflicting classes might result in the common doom of both, and of the reversion of civilization to barbarism. I had early surrendered any belief in the existence of philosophical truth as autonomous of the world of everyday experience. Under the influence of Dewey I recognized the centrality of value judgments in any philosophical construction, and like him I sought a rational method of resolving conflicts of value judgments comparable to the way in which scientific method led to resolution of conflicts over matters of fact. In addition I had become increasingly impatient with the large and unsubstantiated claims Freud was making in explaining individual behavior, and even more so with attempts to account in Freudian terms for the struggles and absence of struggles on the part of social groups.

Justified or not, my exposition of Marx and criticism of Eastman were motivated by a sincere belief in the importance of ideas in the struggle for a better life in a better society. At the outset, my criticisms of Eastman were no more vigorous than my other critical reviews of thinkers and movements I believed mistaken—and were not personally abusive. I was shocked to find that in his initial reply to me Eastman taxed me with "dishonesty," with plagiarizing his criticisms of Marx and then attacking him to cover up my traces. This shock was reinforced by the discovery that—angered because I had made critical reference to his book in a footnote to an article of mine in the *Journal of Philosophy*—he had journeyed up to Columbia University to blacken my reputation with Dewey and F. J. E. Woodbridge. His visit resulted in a communication in which he claimed originality for the distinction between necessary and sufficient conditions, and accused me again of plagiarism in using this commonplace to contest the assertions of some expositions of vulgar Marxism.

That Eastman was capable of resorting to measures like this, so foreign to his own generous impulses and love of fair combat, was a measure of the hurt he felt. Unable to dismiss my criticisms as uninformed, since I had the certification of professional competence from both Dewey and Woodbridge, Eastman's own teachers at Columbia, smarting from malicious and ignorant attacks against his book by the orthodox Communist party members who were incensed at his courageous defense of Leon Trotsky, Eastman vented not only his wrath but his malice against me. And on occasions his wit. He reviewed my book *From Hegel to Marx,* which was the first study of Marx's intellectual development that sought to account for his inconsistencies and ambiguities in terms of the contrary positions, and rejected it, under the title "What Karl Marx Would Have Thought Had He Been a Student of John Dewey." This was much more legitimate criticism of my views than defamatory attacks on my

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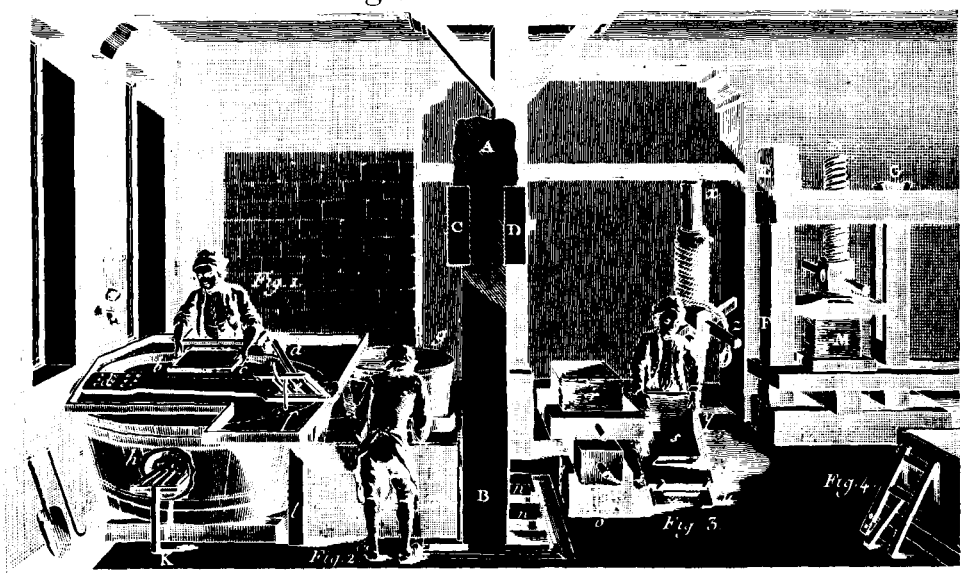

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character, although it would have been more appropriate had it been directed to my earlier work *Towards the Understanding of Karl Marx.*

Few of us are aware of all the motives that inspire our actions. After Eastman's vicious attack on my intellectual integrity, which is after all the one virtue a scholar must have to make him professionally acceptable, I responded in kind—that is, with the gloves off. Although sympathetic even then to Eastman's anti-Stalinism, I felt no compunction in exposing the lacunae in his scholarship (he had studied the Soviet expositions of Marxism more carefully than the original sources). As our polemics continued I may, despite myself, have been encouraged by the plaudits of spokesmen of every variety of communist thought. They cheered me on to deliver the critical response they were unable to make to Eastman's shallow technocratic approach to the socialist revolution. But the joy of combat in what I felt was a righteous cause was sufficiently strong to sustain me in this fierce polemic without urging from the sidelines.

Actually I was not the first nor last to find a strong philosophical kinship between Karl Marx and John Dewey. Bertrand Russell, among others, had remarked upon it. This could be traced to the Hegelian origins in both cases: their acceptance of the Darwinian revolution in biology as a basis for a world view, their opposition to atomism, and the common emphasis on democracy. Compared to the reconstruction and reinterpretation of Marx's thought after World War II, my own interpretation, whether accepted or rejected, seems a model of sobriety. Eastman lost interest in Marxist studies after he surrendered his belief in Bolshevism—as late as the Moscow Trials he was using the term "Menshevik" as an epithet of derision—then in communism, in socialism, and finally in the welfare state. He would have been completely baffled by the way in which Gramsci, Lukács, Bloch, and Korsch read Marx, not to mention writers like Sartre and Heidegger.

Viewed from the perspective of the present, both of us, it seems to me, missed the main issue. What Eastman attacked as the metaphysics of Marx was really the metaphysics of Bolshevik Leninism, which also embraced Stalinism. And he was right in what he said about it. The way in which I read Marx was one possible way of making sense of a developing doctrine that had proved to be an ambiguous legacy to his followers. But even if subsequent generations of scholars were to conclude that my reading was closer to what Marx really meant than other views, this was largely irrelevant. For were Marxism to be identified with the version I read out of him, I would be the only Marxist in the world—which is too much for my sense of humor. John Dewey remarked to me, after his return from the hearings on the Moscow Trials in Mexico City, that regardless of the accuracy of my interpretation of Marx, it was largely an intellectual conceit: to the extent that ideas counted in the world, Marxism in our time was the state philosophy of the Soviet Union and its satellites. Yet he himself had returned from the Soviet Union a few years earlier more impressed with its achievements than I. Shortly after, in 1930, he referred to the doctrine of historical materialism (which he miscalled economic determinism) as "now a fact, not a theory."

For Eastman the Russian October Revolution of 1917 was a confirmation of the scientific elements in Marx's thought, despite the Hegelian metaphysical overlay in which they were buried. What we both failed to see at the time of our polemic was that, to the extent that the theory of historical materialism could be given a scientific or testable formulation, it had been refuted by the actions of Lenin and his party. They had achieved what Marx had declared impossible: they had seized political power and had used the state to transform the economic foundations of society. Whether the economic system they had created was socialism or communism, as their ideals conceived it, was little more than a futile exercise in semantics; it certainly was not capitalism of any known variety. Nor were Eastman and I at the time any more perceptive about the failure of Marx's theories to anticipate the social, political, and economic developments in the West. We overlooked the significance of Marx's commitment to democracy and the democratic political process, its tension with the predicted decline of the capitalist economic order, and the impact of the democratic political process on the creation and distribution of wealth—in short, the emergence of the welfare state.

My last polemic with Max Eastman was a

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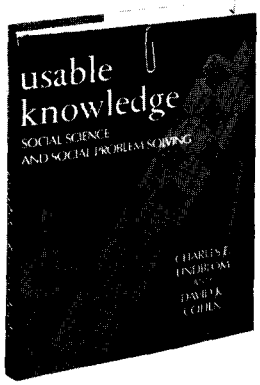

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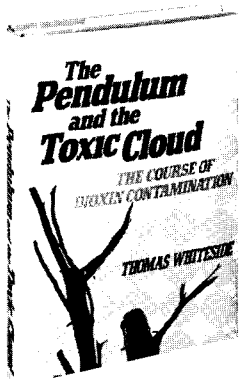

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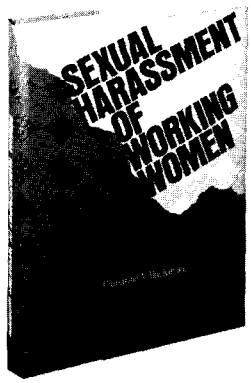

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model of gentlemanly exchange and consequently elicited little attention among intellectuals at the time. Its theme today is in fact much more topical than "the meaning of Marx." Converted by Friedrich Hayek's *The Road to Serfdom* in 1945, Eastman became convinced that the preservation of human freedom required the preservation of the free enterprise system as a necessary condition, and that any intervention of the government into the functioning of the economy was a move toward a totalitarian regime. I disputed this on various grounds, and contended that in the West the abridgments of the free market economy had been accompanied by the expansion, not the restriction, of political, cultural, and civil freedom. There was a puzzling and unwonted dogmatism about Eastman's shift to an extreme laissez-faire economic and social policy. It had the character of a religious conversion, and it surprised many of his friends and admirers for whom he had personified, despite his shifting allegiances, something of the eternal rebel. In jettisoning Marx's view that the socialization of production would inevitably lead to a new birth of freedom, in favor of Hayek's contention that it would necessarily result in human slavery, he seemed unaware that he was still subscribing to the historical materialist dogma that the mode of economic production was the decisive factor in human culture. He was abandoning the pluralism and selective activism of his native pragmatic philosophy.

Dewey, who rarely commented on people he knew unless he had something good to say about them, was quite distressed by what he called Eastman's "180-degree shift overnight." The shift was there, but it was not overnight and it was inspired by as genuine a love of freedom as had anyone I knew. Yet there was something incongruous about Max Eastman as an establishment figure whose latter-day career is symbolized in a *New Yorker* cartoon of the 1960s. It shows a husband comforting his distraught wife as they watch their hippie son stalking out of their home with the assurance: "Don't worry too much about it. Look at Max Eastman. He wound up on *Reader's Digest*."

To do him justice, Eastman did not make the ultimate capitulation. He went over to free enterprise and the *Reader's Digest* not because he had become a philistine but because he feared that every form of liberalism and progressivism would be unable to resist the insidious growth of totalitarianism at home and abroad. Here he was doubly mistaken. Those whose primary allegiance is to free enterprise as an economic system will not die for it. For them freedom first means profit first; with an eye on profit and loss in the short term, they will supply the technical means and skills to totalitarian regimes that in the long run may ultimately destroy free cultures. Those who define a free culture not in terms of a free market but as the right of people to choose for themselves the kind of economic system under which they wish to live, will, if committed, defend that freedom to the last. Nonetheless there was a flash of the old rebel still in him. To his credit, Eastman refused to accept the religious authoritarianism of the *National Review* or to worship simultaneously at the altars of Thomas Aquinas and Adam Smith. He had a deep-rooted and well-justified fear of bringing religion into political life. Religion for him was like poetry and love, a truly private matter whose significance transcended the political dimension.

When one assesses the whole of Eastman's long public career as an intellectual, what impresses one most is his courage, his moral courage. It was no easy thing to stand up to the organized campaigns of defamation by former comrades and friends when he spoke the truth about Soviet Russia. Even in the 1920s, as he defended its right to exist against those who, like Churchill, wanted "to strangle Bolshevism in its cradle," he was already discerning, and warning against, the emergence of a new, fearsome despotism. In the 1930s he undertook the heroic task of counteracting the shameless but effective propaganda of Walter Duranty, the *New York Times* Moscow correspondent, through whom the Kremlin concealed the truth about the great famines, liquidations, and purges that resulted from its collectivization campaigns. O'Neill aptly remarks about Duranty that "given the *N.Y. Times*' prestige he was probably of more value to Stalin than the entire American Communist Party and all its work." It was not only against Duranty (whose reports seem even more horrendous now, in the light of our greater knowledge, than when he sent them) that Eastman had to

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contend. There were also the self-deluded idealists like the Webbs, who were heralding the already well-developed Gulag Archipelago as "a new civilization."

Gradually a small band joined Eastman in his confrontation with the new cultural and political despotism, whose influence in American literary, artistic, and academic circles seemed to grow as the pitch of Soviet terror increased. Typical of the sentiments voiced at the time by zealous fellow travelers, and a measure of the intensity of their new uncritical allegiance, was a column by Malcolm Cowley, the literary editor of the *New Republic*. His review of a book by George Kitchen, an early victim of the Kremlin's terror (September 11, 1935), begins with a paean to Russian accomplishments.

> YES, THANK you, our Russian neighbors are doing quite well. All their industrial ventures seem to be zooming ahead . . . their farms are yielding as never before. . . . With some of their major problems out of the way, Soviet leaders are turning their attention to minor products—flower beds, jazz bands, joy, light wines and the secret ballot.

The truthfulness of the victim's story is not denied, nor is his protestation of complete innocence of wrongdoing contested. Cowley concludes:

> But there are many truths about Russia, and he tells only one . . . the truth he gives us is of a special sort: it is the truth about spraying apple orchards as written from the point of view of the wooly aphis and the codling moth.

This brutal comparison of the innocent victims of Soviet terror with harmful parasites goes beyond anything that Lenin wrote; he first referred to those who did not support the communist regime as "vermin." For he, as did even Stalin and Vyshinsky, professed to believe that the victims of their terror were guilty of something, however farfetched. They would not admit to the slaughter of the innocent. Only their apologists admitted it and justified it.

Oddly enough, the only political ally Eastman had during this period was the American Worker Party, which I had helped to organize with A. J. Muste of the Brookwood Labor School, J. B. S. Hardman of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, Gerry Allard of the Illinois Progressive Mineworkers Union, and James Burnham, then my colleague at New York University. The Socialist party was in disarray at the time, and the followers of Leon Trotsky, for whom Eastman had done so much, treated him very shabbily as had their heroic leader—lest their Marxist orthodoxy be compromised in the eyes of the American revolutionary proletariat, which existed only in their imaginations and to which they addressed flaming appeals.

Only after the Nazi-Soviet Pact of August 1939 was Eastman's isolation and that of the anti-Stalinist intellectuals broken—to be resumed again when Hitler double-crossed Stalin in 1941 and declared war against the U.S. following Pearl Harbor. The Soviet Union was not regarded as a co-belligerent in a common cause but hailed as a great democratic ally, and the slightest criticism of its internal regime was decried as bordering on treason. Even after hostilities ceased, the Soviet Union's ardent admirers, in and out of government and especially in the liberal press, responded to mild criticism of the Soviet policy in Eastern Europe and Berlin by denouncing the critics as warmongers.

Perhaps it was the memory of these denunciations and defamations over a score of years that contributed to Eastman's underestimation of the harm wrought by Senator McCarthy. In late March 1952 I chaired a public meeting of the American Committee for Cultural Freedom at which, out of almost a dozen speakers, only Eastman defended McCarthy—to the manifest disapproval of the audience. (He subsequently resigned from the committee.) Although he was perfectly justified in contending that not everything McCarthy said was false, and in ridiculing the notion that the American loyalty and security program, even with all its errors and excuses, was comparable to what was going in communist countries, he overlooked the way in which truths could be used to create an impression that was a gross untruth. He was wrong and insensitive in ignoring the results of McCarthy's intemperate accusations—the injustices done to individuals, the demoralizing effects on government officials, especially in the foreign service, and the damage to the efforts to create an international movement for cultural freedom. Yet even in this piece of unwisdom there was something strikingly independent. Eastman was practically a lone figure in defying the stormy disapproval of

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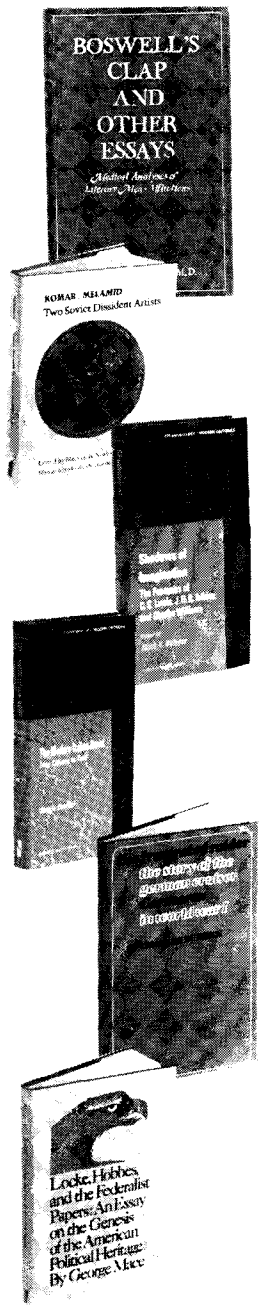

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the large audience. My last difference with him took place in May 1953, after I published a letter in the *New York Times* calling for the organization of a national movement to retire McCarthy from public life on the ground, among others, that he was helping the communists by his attacks rather than hurting them. Eastman charged that the critics of McCarthy were guilty of a greater degree of irresponsibility in their exaggerations of McCarthy's behavior than was McCarthy himself. He could not see that, even if this were true, it was no vindication whatsoever of McCarthy's conduct.

This inglorious incident does not blot out the pervasive quality of a long and gallant career. Eastman more than atoned for the romantic illusion of his revolutionary days. For although it led him on a mistaken quest, what originally inspired its pursuit was the same impulse that moved him to revolt against it—an irrepressible love of freedom.

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E. M. FORSTER: A LIFE. *By P. N. Furbank. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. $19.95.*

Reviewed by LEON EDEL

There is much to praise in this life of E. M. Forster—a kind of biographical case history of an enormous literary talent, lodged in an Edwardian homosexual, product of a lifelong attachment to his mother and a tea-table circle of aunts. It is lucidly written, candid, quiet, carefully narrated, and judicious in the choice of significant detail, in showing us the illuminations of a civilized literary mind. P. N. Furbank knew Forster for almost a quarter of a century, quite as long as Boswell knew Johnson. He writes out of personal intimacy and familiarity with Forster's private papers. Edward Morgan Forster lost his father when he was two; his mother did not remarry. In a sense she married her son, for she clung to him and he grew up in a wholly feminine environment. He was physically healthy, and his life became a quest for masculinity; in the process he developed a love-hate feeling for women and for his mother. That he should have ended by loving an Egyptian tram conductor and then a London policeman is perhaps less surprising when we remind ourselves that Forster, for the better part of a century (his mother and he lived into their nineties), was conducted and policed by blind maternal devotion and dictatorship. The biographer's story is how he survived without being suffocated.

The shortcomings of this life reside in Furbank's failure to explore Forster's imagination as revealed in his novels. Furbank has written an extrovert biography that will delight flat-footed scholarship, in which a fact is a fact as a rose is a rose. But uninterpreted fact, as Lytton Strachey wisely tells us, is as useless as buried gold. Furbank bypasses Forster's fiction, telling us only when it was published, how it came to be written, and how much fame and money it earned. He seems to assume that his readers have read all Forster's novels. In omitting his creative fantasies, as they were fashioned in his fiction, Furbank deprives us of the imaginary links between the life lived and the life imagined, the whole extraordinary process of "metamorphosis." A writer's life, especially when it is a quiet life, resides not in what happens to him every day but in what happens to his imagination in action. In this sense, a literary biography is above all a biography of an imagination. The kind of stories Forster told, the people he put into them, the way he made them act, the emotions he invested—surely these are more important than the clutter of his usual life.

Perhaps I can illustrate what I mean by the imagination's fantasies if I describe, in skeletonized form, a crude play Forster began and discarded. Furbank tells us it was called *Heart of Bosnia* and was set in the old Austro-Hungarian Empire. Two passionate Bosnians fall in love with the flirtatious daughter of a British consul. One declares his love and lays "his naked knife on the table," announcing he will protect her to the death. She "plays with the knife and cuts herself," and he plunges her bleeding hand under his shirt and kisses her. She is outraged. The second suitor is a friend of the first; they "passionately embrace" when they meet. They soon discover that the flirt is trifling with them. After she confiscates their knives, the young

LEON EDEL, Citizens Professor of English at the University of Hawaii, is author of the forthcoming group biography, *Bloomsbury: A House of Lions.*

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men kiss and, says the account, "follow the only course left, which is to murder her." Furbank calls this "a very strange play," and so would most readers. He adds only that it reveals Forster's lifelong desire to have "a loving brother." If we overlook the Freudian penis-knives, we still must account for the murder fantasy in *Heart of Bosnia*, for the message in behalf of "men without women." This is a fantasy as "naked" as the knives; we recognize that Forster would have liked to make his mother disappear at many moments in his life. Yet when she died, he thought of suicide. Life without Mother seemed quite as impossible as life with Mother.

The negatives of Forster's life-myth seem to have provided one overwhelming positive, and I believe this is what saved him from being a traditional mamma's boy: he had an inner sense of his own importance. Why shouldn't he, if so much fuss was made about him and he needed all that feminine care, supervision, direction, attention? His aunts confirmed this by calling him "the Important One." When he was a boy, the women of the household had called his penis "the dirty," but at the same time he learned that he was an important little male entity, that he possessed a kind of individual kingship. In the chemistry of Forster there seem to have been counter-agents which kept him alternating between inadequacy and power; this in turn saved him from rank egotism and arrogance yet gave him his amazing selfhood and an acute awareness of his relation to others—mainly men. Here lay the roots of his free spirit. In spite of life's constraints, he was strong enough and powerful enough to reshape experience and give a transcendent place to his imagination, which his mother was never able to control.

The unresolved question is Forster's so-called "sterility." He wrote only six novels, including his masterpiece, *A Passage to India*, and then ceased to write fiction, though he had decades left to live. Why did his novelistic power dry up? We may speculate that his sexual liberation, at age thirty-eight, and his free imagination provided so rich a fulfillment that he no longer needed to make up stories about his unquenched desires. He could write as brilliantly as ever—essays, polemics, letters, which served the living of his life rather than the reimagining of it. His

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experience led him to believe that neither male nor female, neither color of skin nor race, nor class, nor role determines the truest part of the social contract. For Forster, human relations represented supremacy of being, the capacity for feeling the importance of others as he felt his own importance: "only connect." But, we must wryly add, the connection, given his nature, had to remain a male connection and one that took him out of his clan and class. Still, he did not deny that other kinds of connection were possible. Maleness and mother simply happened to be his. And his ironic wit and verbal felicity enabled him, in his novels—and especially in *A Passage to India*—to deliver this single and significant message to the world. He was a remarkable observer and a delicate interpreter. It is a pity that this admirable biography does not sufficiently explore his inwardness.

Growing Weeds

THE LITERACY HOAX: THE DECLINE OF READING, WRITING, AND LEARNING IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND WHAT WE CAN DO ABOUT IT. *By Paul Copperman. Morrow. $10.95.*

Reviewed by JOHN P. SISK

Since Paul Copperman's disturbing book is without an epigraph, I will begin by proposing for it some lines from Benjamin Franklin's *Proposals Relating to the Education of Youth in Pennsylvania.* After noting how much of "our present prosperity" should be credited to the wisdom and good management of those first settlers who had been well educated in Europe, Franklin says:

> The present race are not thought to be generally of equal ability: for though the American youth are allowed not to want capacity; yet the best capacities require cultivation, it being truly with them, as with the best ground, which unless well tilled and sowed with profitable seed, produces only ranker weeds.

That agricultural metaphor may be a bit too elegant for Copperman but he is, if anything, more disturbed than Franklin with the disparity between the intellectual capacity of American youth and the ranker weeds that have sprouted in spite of it—particularly since the "sharp and widespread decline in the primary academic skills of American students" happened over a single decade.

Mr. Copperman's indictment of the public schools can be quickly summarized. The trend of a radical improvement in academic achievement between 1900 and the mid-1950s accelerated sharply between the 1950s and the mid-1960s following the *Sputnik* scare. Since then, however—and despite the fact that the national education budget has tripled—academic performance and standards have declined, so that by the late 1970s the academic skills of American young people have deteriorated to the pre-*Sputnik* level of the early 1950s. Students, especially in secondary schools, have lighter course loads than in the early 1960s; study fewer academic subjects and more junk subjects; are assigned about half as much reading and writing; and use texts that have been down-sized like candy bars so as to reduce their readability by two grade levels. Further, they skip more classes, consume more drugs, and are more violent and disruptive both in and out of class. In the meantime—as if to prove that in education as well as in engineering the best way to give the illusion of raising the bridge is to lower the river—the grades of high school and college students have improved even faster than academic skills have declined.

Mr. Copperman, who is the president of the Institute of Reading Development in San Francisco, documents this depressing assessment with results from the Scholastic Aptitude Test, the Iowa Basic Skills Test, the Graduate Record Exam, and the College Entrance Examination Board; from records of particular school districts, states, and textbook publishers; and from his own on-site investigations. As one might expect, the situation is somewhat worse in inner-city schools than in suburban schools, in which conditions are bad enough. To learn that students in parochial schools "attain much higher levels of academic achievement, at less than half the cost," is more an embarrassment than a comfort.

In his second chapter, Copperman de-

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scribes and analyzes the curriculum changes that have contributed to the literacy hoax. Here, not surprisingly, the reader revisits the sociopolitical events of the past decade: the civil rights movement, the counterculture, the youth rebellion, the human potential movement, the egalitarian movement, and (to give a name to a phenomenon about which the author is especially unhappy) the untested-innovation movement. These movements are shown working separately or in combination to replace the traditional emphasis on reading, writing, computing, citizenship, and basic subject matter (the staples of Franklin's Academy) with "a combination of psychological goals and restructured intellectual goals."

This shift in emphasis had behind it the expectation of gains "in the areas of self-esteem, creativity, anxiety reduction, and general psychological health," but its minimal achievements have been offset by the sacrifice of "too much teacher direction, teacher input, and teacher discipline." Hence, in what Richard Hofstadter called the "Age of Rubbish," we saw the abandonment of basal readers (charged with racism and sexism); the failure of compensatory programs for disadvantaged students; the new math ("an entire generation did not learn to compute"); open education, on the free-school model of A. S. Neill's Summerhill experiment; individualized instruction with supposedly teacher-proof materials; the replacement of history and biology with current events and ecology; the infestation of the English curriculum by film appreciation courses; a tendency (encouraged by the Conference on College Composition and Communication) to identify the discipline of standard American English with the forces of political oppression and racism; and the equalizing effect of both television (the average high school graduate will have spent 15,000 hours watching television as against 13,000 hours in school) and grade elevation, so that the less capable students get no better while the more capable get worse. "I do not believe that young people should be given the freedom not to learn," Copperman says, but it is apparent that he also believes they have been enjoying that freedom abundantly

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and with a good deal of cooperation from their elders.

There follow two shorter chapters on the nature and need of authority and leadership in education. Here, perhaps unavoidably, there is a good deal of repetition of matter in the earlier chapters, in which it is quite clear what corrective action Copperman favors: a healthier family structure, authoritative (but not authoritarian) teaching, the grouping of students by ability, more effective teacher training both in college and in the classroom, less well-intentioned but untested interference from government bureaucracies, strong superintendents and principals, more firing of incompetents, a reordering of curricula in favor of primary academic skills, a recognition of the damage done to young people when they are raised in the moral and emotional vacuum of a value-free society, a firm adherence to high standards. To borrow the Keynesian term David Riesman employed effectively in his own survey of public education in the mid-1950s, Mr. Copperman would like the schools to be "counter-cyclical"—to be protected, as Riesman put it then, "for those long-term intellectual and humanistic interests that are momentarily under pressure from so many sides."

It is apparent that there is already a certain counter-cyclical reaction to the forces of disorder that Copperman deplores. The fourteen interviews with students and teachers (chosen from more than two hundred) themselves suggest the kind of awareness of impending disaster that might encourage constructive change. What we know about social cybernetics leads us to believe (or at least hope) that societies tend to counter the excesses of their centrifugal tendencies with a centripetal tightening up—which itself, of course, may turn out to be excessive. Perhaps, too, the dismal picture can be considerably lightened if Copperman can be dismissed as an overreactor from the right who either misses or is afraid of the creative potential in the disorder. Who is to say that Franklin's "ranker weeds" won't in time evolve into flowers of presently unimaginable beauty if our nerves do not fail?

Hopeful speculations, indeed. In the meantime, Copperman presents us with a familiar American dilemma. We must realize, he says, that the schools "will not be able to fulfill their traditional purpose unless they are given a great deal of authority and autonomy." But to contemplate giving any institution a great deal of authority and autonomy is to contemplate sacrifices in personal freedom that many Americans will hesitate to make, even though they are worried about the quality of their children's education. "Children automatically identify discipline with love," says a principal in one of the interviews. I think he is right, and I suspect with Copperman that one reason why the parochial schools are more successful is that they have not yet lost connection with a tradition which, whatever its deficiencies, assumes that discipline and love are complementary and not contradictory forces. This is why they are counter-cyclical in the very act of trying to survive in American society. Yet even many of those who support the parochial schools at considerable financial sacrifice are themselves uneasy with their counter-cyclical position: there is no necessary immunity from the American dilemma about authority in the act of being a Catholic or a Lutheran.

The truth is that Copperman's distinction between authoritative and authoritarian, which assumes the complementarity of discipline and love, has never been easy for an American to make, and certainly is not easy to make now. Too many of us are still nervous in the presence of anything but the most qualified attacks on the permissiveness that for Copperman has had such a disastrous effect on the schools. I think of the student in one of the interviews who, when asked whether students have the right not to learn if they don't want to, responds: "Yeah, it's part of their rights." He has got at least one American message straight: it's a free country. But I also think of Winston Smith's discovery in Orwell's *1984* that freedom is the freedom to say that two plus two equals four, and "*If that is granted, all else follows.*"

The fact that it is not easy for even good college students to understand "how all else follows" is one indication of the distance between them and Franklin, for whom Winston's discovery would have been a truism. It is also an indication that Copperman's book needs to be widely read by parents and educators, whether of the right or the left. They would be wise, however, to read it bearing in mind Franklin's words to Dr. Samuel

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Johnson: "Bad habits and vices of the mind are, like diseases of the body, more easily prevented than cured."

Child and Victim of His Time

RUDYARD KIPLING. *By Lord Birkenhead. Random House. $15.*

RUDYARD KIPLING. *By Charles Carrington. Macmillan, London. £8.95.*

Reviewed by WILLIAM HALEY

Thomas Hardy's Spirit Ironic should enjoy the fact that these two rather massive lives of Britain's "Poet of Empire" command attention when Britain has no empire left. A little bibliographical information is needed to explain the duplication. Lord Birkenhead's "long-suppressed biography," as it is proclaimed on its dust-jacket, was first in the field in 1948. It had necessarily been written under the aegis of Mrs. Bambridge, Kipling's daughter, and she would have none of it. She paid Lord Birkenhead off, as she could do under the terms of the contract, adding a sum to ensure that he would never publish, or cause to be published, any biography of Kipling.

Three years later Mrs. Bambridge found a biographer more to her liking in Charles Carrington, a New Zealander who became professor of commonwealth relations at the Royal Institute of International Affairs in London. His volume was published in 1955 and was widely applauded. It has held the field ever since. Kipling's daughter having died in 1976 and Lord Birkenhead a year earlier, the way was open under the letter of the contract for his son to proceed with the volume now in our hands. At the same time, in order to enable Professor Carrington to accommodate new material, his publishers have brought out a third, and revised, edition.

Little is to be gained from a close com-

SIR WILLIAM HALEY was director-general of the British Broadcasting Corporation from 1944 to 1952, and editor of *The Times* (London) from 1952 to 1966.

The Voices of Silence

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parison of the two volumes. They have the same story to tell and, thanks to the enthusiasm of Kipling societies and others, there is little of moment to add. Lord Birkenhead deals more fully with Kipling's relations with Theodore Roosevelt. He does not cause us, or try to cause us, to revise our estimate of Kipling. Mrs. Bambridge's dislike of his work can be attributed to her ultrasensitive feeling of responsibility for her father's reputation. If we say that on the whole we prefer the Carrington volume, our affection for it through more than twenty years has tipped the scale. Professor Carrington has added to his earlier editions "The Lives of Kipling" based on the article he wrote for *The Times Literary Supplement* in 1976. Other additions are a new consideration of *The Light That Failed*, a section on "Kipling's Earnings," and one on "Kipling and the Critics."

If this last were widened to include "Kipling and His Readers," it would be worth a study in itself. Kipling was the child of his time, the phenomenon of his time, and the victim of his time. It is good to be reminded by both these books how young Kipling was when he became world famous. His apogee coincided exactly with that of the British Empire. "Recessional" was written two years before the Boer War started. *Kim* was published the year before it closed. By the time Kipling was thirty-three, the shadow of the future was approaching the British nation, whose virtues he had sung. The critical and political denigration of Kipling had begun.

No amount of enthusiasm can overlay the fact that Kipling was a political writer. His politics were often distorted by those who hated them, his message misunderstood. But in seeing him as their arch-enemy those Liberals who were "Little Englanders" were not mistaken. Such a percipient journalist as A. G. Gardiner, editor of the *Daily News* (his *Prophets, Priests, and Kings* and its companion volumes are still the best portrait galleries of the political and social leaders of those times) could fulminate because Kipling was the first Englishman to be awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. Gardiner, usually sound in his literary judgments, declared Kipling to be no more than "a precocious boy with a camera," and he went even wider of the mark by adding, "The world of his imagination is a world without a meaning or a purpose, for it is divorced from all moral judgments and values." Only a subconscious fear of what might happen—and what in fact did happen—to Britain could have led a fundamentally honest man so far from the truth.

While the attack on Kipling was general, the causes behind it were particular. *The Cambridge History of English Literature* describes him as "in a sense, the foremost English poet of South Africa." That was where the British Empire began to disintegrate, and the legacy is now the world's. Kipling had been a close friend and an unqualified admirer of Cecil Rhodes. The Campbell-Bannerman generation could not stomach this. Kipling grew ever more conscious of the German menace, but his exhortations to discipline, his advocacy of preparedness, his praise of the pioneers and the men of action antagonized a generation of politicians and their editorial outriders who, up to the very last hour of the last week of peace in 1914, were seeking to bypass the carnage.

During the years of disillusion after the 1918 victory, it seemed that Britain had incurred too heavy a debt in lives and jobs and money for what Professor Carrington describes as "the age of Cromer, Curzon, Kitchener, Milner, Johnston, Lugard, and Rhodes." (The First World War was a colonial as well as an industrial one.) Kipling, whose task it had been "to reveal the secrets of their actual life to his contemporaries" no longer cast so magic a spell. Some of his short stories about the war shocked a war-sick public. It took twenty years to convince the peace-at-any-price majority that the whole desolation would have to be suffered again. By then Kipling was dead. Any relevance his message had once had seemed to have been swept away by the avalanche of history. One cannot say that the warriors of 1939 marched to a different music from that which had inspired the warriors of 1899 and 1914. They marched to no music at all.

Even so, it was in the third year of Britain's second war with Germany that the critical revival of Kipling began. T. S. Eliot's *A Choice of Kipling's Verse* (1941) and his introductory essay led some critics to reconsider inherited assessments. Not that Kipling had lacked earlier admirers in his own profession. Much has been made of Max Beerbohm's determination to destroy Kipling and of Os-

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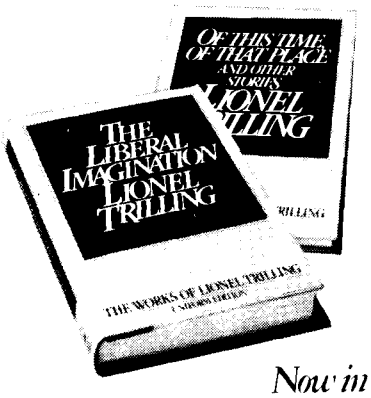
car Wilde's animadversions. (Strange allies!) It is less well known that, as Professor Carrington relates, Robert Bridges wrote to Buckingham Palace about Kipling in 1916, saying stoutly, "It is plain that he is the greatest living genius that we have in literature." And the mass of ordinary, nonprofessional, nonpolitical, nonacademic readers continued to agree with him. "The paradox of Kipling's career," Professor Carrington rightly observes, "is that his popularity with the reading public grew in inverse proportion to his reputation with the critics." Lord Birkenhead was on the whole a more detached assessor, but he too had no doubts.

When dazzling success had come upon him in the dingy chambers in Villiers Street, Kipling began to regard himself as a man with a mission. Just how great that success was, we are in danger of forgetting. It would not be an exaggeration to say that Kipling enjoyed a position given before only to Dickens and Tennyson among English writers. Although the chill cloud of oblivion was to fall upon him for a while, he was in fact already immortal.

Eliot had had his forerunners. They were premature. Even he did not start a wave of reaction, rather only a trickle. But it grew in the 1950s and 1960s, as Britain shed all pretensions to the power she had been forced to relinquish in two world wars, and as a complacent nostalgia replaced both the praise and the condemnation of the departed order. That order had not been so reprehensible after all. Powers and superpowers had not managed to replace the Pax Britannica. Britain had not, on the whole, betrayed her mission.

Kipling could now once again tell his tales and sing his verses. It has been said that for him the beginning of every new poem was a tune; the list of titles in his collected verse contains thirty-seven "Songs" and "Ballads," which people could enjoy as part of their heritage, without arrière-pensées. Indeed, for my generation, tags from Kipling (he has more than twenty-one columns in *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*) are as much part of our literary bric-a-brac as those from the Bible. We can recite "Recessional" with a deep feeling that it is still a relevant reminder of one essential of greatness, humility. We can think of "If" as a splendid Godspeed for young men and women in all walks of life



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setting out on the hazardous road to the twenty-first century. We can silently or vocally chant his longer poems with their irresistible rhythms. We can read the short stories mostly as entertainments, occasionally as mysteries.

The old political battles are not only dead; they seem now to have been never more than half alive. What endure are virtues that can no longer be hysterically exaggerated into vices. Kipling's tales can still enthrall the young and retain their magic for the old. The *Jungle Books* have survived the fanciful exegeses with which controversialists sought to weigh them down. The Dan and Una stories and the evocations of the Romans in Britain remind us of a noble past unblemished by overtones of the present. Kipling's enchantment by machinery and new inventions has not had its romance killed. "McAndrew's Hymn" and "With the Night Mail" hold their own with space fiction. The creeping urban sprawl heightens our appreciation of Kipling's reverence for the land. *Actions and Reactions*, the book which contains the last-named story, opens with one of his most moving evocations of this, "An Habitation Enforced." And is there, among all his poems, a more enduring strand of English history than "The Land"? Hobden is uniquely English. We are fighting more fiercely than ever to ensure that our grandchildren's grandchildren will have to put up with him.

It may seem odd to choose such simple—one might say elementary—examples to encourage interest in a great writer. They offer nothing abstruse or massive. But will anything of Walter de la Mare's, or even of weightier poets, outlast the eight lines of his "Here lies a most beautiful lady"? And has anything more haunting come down to us from the sixteenth century than Anon's quatrain:

> Western wind, when will thou blow,
> The small rain down can rain?
> Christ, if my love were in my arms
> And I in my bed again!

Kipling's work does contain things that are profound and puzzling. We should let him first take us by the hand.

It is almost a truism that among those who govern, lead, instruct, and entertain the public, the most loved are generally also the most hated. In this regard Franklin Roosevelt was America's Gladstone. Keats received as many sickening blows as caresses. Audience researchers have found the same tendency in the modern world of film and television stars. But for those whose fame endures there does at last come a time when posterity accepts a consensus, and hands on a settled opinion. The simultaneous publication of these two volumes can be said to mark that stage for Kipling. He is an immortal, for whatever that imprecise word is worth.

So long as Kipling survives in more than name, however, his career will invite a tantalizing question. What would have happened to it, and to America, had he spent the greater part of his life in the United States? He was only thirty, and had forty more years to live, when the obstreperous Beatty Balestier forced him back to England in the summer of 1896. Kipling had been happy in Vermont; he left the United States sadly. The Boer War was three years away. In that brief interval America's own yearnings beyond the skyline were remarkably fulfilled, and her own empire begun.

America Firster

POLITICS AND CINEMA. *By Andrew Sarris. Columbia University Press. $12.95.*

Reviewed by VERNON YOUNG

This is not, as might appear from the title, a definitive essay on a subject of moment and potential scope; it is merely a selection of Andrew Sarris's pugilistic reviews, topical obiter dicta, altercations (depending on how euphemistically you wish to describe them) that were published, principally in the *Village Voice*, during the last eighteen years. For whom is this selection now compiled? I must assume, if Sarris managed to stay in print for eighteen years, that those who encouraged him to do so by reading him might, for reasons impossible for me to explain, want to reread him. It would be more incredible for

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VERNON YOUNG is the author of *Cinema Borealis: Ingmar Bergman and the Swedish Ethos* and *On Film: Unpopular Essays on a Popular Art.*

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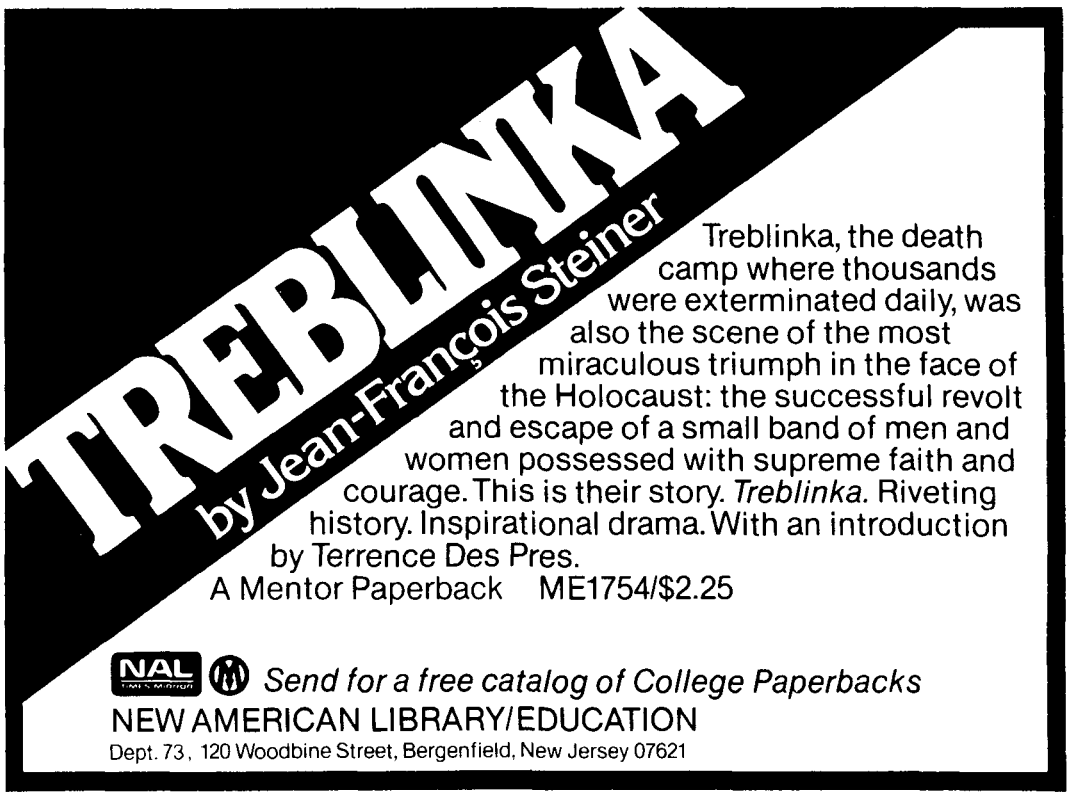
me to suppose that anyone outside the Manhattan Performing Arts ghetto for whom Sarris does his impersonations might conceivably be enthralled by the ephemeral notations, the wall-to-wall carping, the paranoid infighting, the manic self-aggrandizement that are herein exhibited as criticism.

Criticism relates instances to principles. Sarris has no principles. He has likes and dislikes; closer to the mark, he has infatuations and animosities, any one of which he will speedily renounce if he finds it too widely shared. Film criticism tries to relate the art of the film to its paraphrasable content, but by the evidence of these pages Sarris is not bewitched by the art or doesn't know wherein it lies. (Though he is given to startling outbursts in which he makes isolated declarations of this sort: "For me, camera movement had become a form of spiritual contemplation.") The *argument* of a film—and the shape of the actress—is largely what engages Sarris's jump-cut attention. Since paraphrasable content is not unarguable but must be construed by the viewer, Sarris's reviews are, in the main, furious attempts to define this content by spurning the possibility that anyone else's interpretation is allowable.

An expectant reader of this miscellany will find no fruitful definition of politics or of cinema and will discover no heretofore unrevealed nuances in their collaboration. He will learn, however, what summary verdicts Sarris has pronounced on hundreds of films—by reference, as I said above, to their arguments. He will learn further that, for instance, Sarris did not vote for Nixon; that Sarris objects (*he* objects!) to Norman Mailer's "presumptuous New York provincialism"; that *Dog Day Afternoon* was a conspiracy of Sidney Lumet and his scriptwriter to smear the CIA and to glamorize freaks (and that the movie wasn't funny!); and that, for want of assertions supplied by Sarris otherwise, the Greatest Movie Ever Made (at least in America and Sarris loves America first) was a John Ford western, *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance.*

"Violence in Movies," dated 1972, is characteristic of the Sarris inquisition. The title, like many others, is inflationary; his subject is not general, even though he manages to wander with it for pages. Centrally (I take liber-



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ties with the word) he is scrutinizing four American films: Stanley Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange;* Don Siegel's *Dirty Harry;* Mark Rydell's *The Cowboys;* Sam Peckinpah's *Straw Dogs.* In truth, the scrutiny is a subterfuge for an attack on five other film critics. Not an all-out attack but a flanking strategy: guilt by implication—and wasn't old Sarris more astute than any of them? After three opening paragraphs in which Sarris surveys and relegates the problem of X and PG ratings in America, shortly dismisses most opponents of violence in cinema as lazy moralists or puritans who don't like movies at all, and delivers a few nutshell sneers at "that picturesque European civilization" which "cultivated Americans" are alleged to admire (he's second-generation Greek, by the way), he takes off on an extended quibble (oh, God, is it ever extended!) over the relative degree of violence exhibited in the four American films I have named. Assuming that a present-day reader saw and remembered the films in question, and that he *cares* enough to have them now recapitulated, here is the sort of rhetoric he will undergo while waiting for Sarris to come to a point—or not arrive at one, or drop the subject for another bone which has been trotted across his path (Sarris's normal mode of composition):

> As a certified non-admirer of all four films, I have been fascinated by some of the critical polarization that has taken place, especially between the Kubrick and the Peckinpah. Whereas Vincent Canby, Judith Crist, and Rex Reed admired *A Clockwork Orange* and detested *Straw Dogs,* Pauline Kael and John Simon dismissed *Orange* and glorified *Dogs.*

How many were going to St. Ives?

> One of the unremarked ironies in the critical debate surrounding Kubrick and Peckinpah is that although both *A Clockwork Orange* and *Straw Dogs* take place ostensibly in some version or other of England, almost all the American reviewers have treated the films as allegories of the American experience. Allegory and even analogy be damned, I say. England is England, and America is America, and no cockney punk or village yahoo can tell me otherwise. Of course, Stanley Kubrick and Sam Peckinpah are American directors, but, on this occasion, at least, I find them both dealing with material much too abstract and undeveloped for me to become sociologically implicated.

I can see how difficult it would be to argue with Sarris, should one care to; the unclear English obscures the gist of his contentions. In the second paragraph above, why is a confusion or a misnomer described as an irony? What is the meaning of that explosion of rancor beginning "Allegory and even analogy be damned"? And what is the bearing of the adverbial introduction "Of course," which precedes the designation of Kubrick and Peckinpah as American directors? Sarris seems to have no controlled conception of the usable English language. Often he sounds as if he were writing a parody of someone else's style, yet the context will not support this hopeful suspicion. This—what he writes—is what he believes English to be: a language that will accommodate any kind of modifier, sequel, apposition, or dislocation, whether or not syntax or the muse of continuity will tolerate it. He is, indeed, "ill schooled in bolted language; meal and bran together he throws without distinction."

Further, he is often so desperate to kill a film, fearing that his analysis is insufficient to expose its weaknesses, that he will reach anywhere to fish up what he thinks of as a devastating comparison—as, for example, putting down Dustin Hoffman in *Straw Dogs* by protesting that "he doesn't embody the spiritual regeneration of Buster Keaton in *College* and *Battling Butler*"(!), or assuring you that *The Candidate* was *not* the greatest political film ever made in America (had you thought so) by citing no less than twenty-seven other film titles to clinch his repudiation, among them *Citizen Kane,* which should have been the only round of ammunition he needed!

Far too often Sarris indulges a sneering, philistine aversion to a nameless clique for whose taste he has a ready supply of vituperation. Vainly attempting to account for Marilyn Monroe's decline, fall, and extinction (at the same time dismissing anyone else's tearful explanations), he cuts abruptly from his California focus to the villains on that other coast. "In the East, the elitists were savoring Jeanne Moreau in *Jules and Jim* and Emmanuele Riva in *Hiroshima, Mon Amour* and Jean Seberg in *Breathless* and Monica Vitti in *L'Avventura* and Bibi and Harriet Andersson in the Bergman films." He has not stated, in so many words, that all these actresses were

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inferior in importance to Marilyn Monroe, but when you already know his opinion of the films named here, and that in his mouth "elitists" is always a dirty word, the inference is obvious, spiteful and maudlin: the eastern intelligentsia of the cinema should have known that Tinker Bell was dying, abstained from their Europe gazing, and clapped their hands.

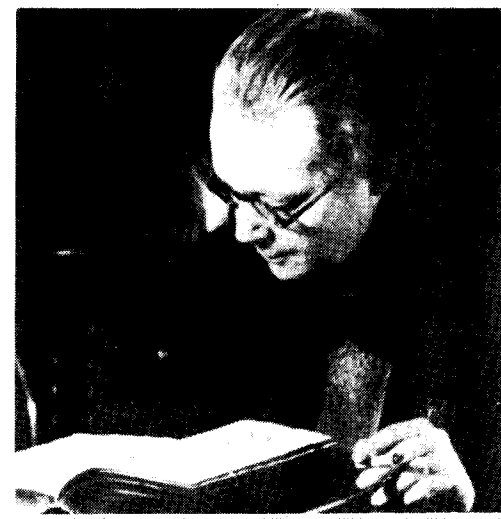
Sarris is unable to write more than five hundred words at a time which will remain autonomous because his mind has been on the subject, and on nothing else. His discussions of *Lecombe, Lucien*, and *Lenny* are relatively more coherent than most of the pieces in this collection; they are shorter. Given leeway, however, he feels compelled to look over both shoulders and execrate anyone Out There who has said differently or who might be suspected of wanting to say differently. He hates to be alone; he demands company so that he can affront it.

To read Sarris's rummage-sale survey of the sixties is to wonder at the franchise extended to him as even a reporter of film history. In 1973 here is the dreary conclusion he came to when recording the international film scene of the sixties:

> In the realm of *expresso esoterica*, Bergman was buttressed in the Sixties by such *nouvelle vague* directors as Alain Resnais, François Truffaut, Jean-Luc Godard and Claude Chabrol, from Italy by Federico Fellini and Michelangelo Antonioni, and from the Spanish-speaking world by a regenerated Luis Buñuel. The films most often treated as "turning points" in the history of the medium were Resnais' *Hiroshima, Mon Amour*, Godard's *Breathless*, Antonioni's *L'Avventura*, Fellini's *8½*, Truffaut's *Jules and Jim* and, much later in the decade, Bergman's *Persona*. In one way or another, each of these films exuded alienation and pessimism with an arty aroma which delighted the nostrils of the more sensitive filmgoers.

(He does concede that they were more sensitive!)

In this paragraph ignorance lies entombed. For anyone of comprehensive taste, the sixties was the decade in which more films were made with a vital appeal to the imagination than in any preceding decade. Italy was not represented solely by Fellini and Antonioni; there were, besides, Ermanno Olmi, Mauro Bolognini, Monicelli, Zurlini and Pietro



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Germi, no one to be confused with the other. The French contribution was not confined to the work of the four singled out and falsely related by Sarris; it comprised, as well, the films of François Leterrier, François Reichenbach, Claude Lelouch, Jacques Demy, Marcel Ophuls, Doniol-Valcroze, Louis Malle, and the last great film of Jacques Becker, *Le Trou*. These were the years when we were introduced to the first, best efforts of Leopoldo Torre-Nilsson in Argentina, of Roman Polanski in Poland, of Michael Cacoyannis in Greece. And in Sweden, before the end of the decade, Bergman's monastic art was challenged by the epic talent of Jan Troell.

Whether all or any of these have survived creatively today, or had survived until 1973, when Sarris wrote his bleak dismissal, is beside the point. They swelled the chorus; they gave to cinematic art a prestige it had seldom before deserved, save in isolated national cases. Going to the movies between, let us say, 1958 and 1966 was a hopeful and rewarding adventure, which it has rarely been since the fraying out of these talents and the tidal wash of pornography and anarchism that has engulfed or succeeded most of them. To Sarris, *nothing* happened in European film except Buñuel's *Viridiana*, which he describes as a "surrealist fantasy" and was willing to accept because it was "closer to a Hollywood style than [he] had at first realized"; his explanation is not clear to me, nor is his diffident mention of Buñuel's "ideological inclinations." I wonder what he thinks they are!

Since it is doubtful that any man would hold the same opinions for twenty years, you would assume that a critic with any self-respect, introducing a selection of judgments, snap or labored, which he was willing to see reprinted, might have something qualifying to say. You might expect that his (or his publisher's) chosen title would have moved him to define the intersection of politics and cinema in a more fundamental way than he would have needed to do in the fugitive pages of the *Village Voice*. You might expect—you could always hope!—that he would repent—not wholly, but a little?—the sustained insolence and unmodified invective with which he had persistently conducted his disputes with his fellowmen. . . . Not a bit of it! Undeterred by misgiving, conscience, modesty, or professional integrity, Sarris is clearly confident that he has no deficiencies to amend, no uncharitableness to atone for, no omissions to repair, no sweeping generalities to minimize.

His 1978 introduction is a monument of solipsism and a confounding foretaste (or retake) of his rain-forest English. He sees himself as the very devil of a fellow, a feared iconoclast of the screening room, the Aretino of Bleecker Street; congratulates himself on having become "a certified scholar of cinematic style," to the astonishment of his Greek father; perceives himself *and* "the film medium in the Heraclitean flux of history." How so? He is a revisionist, "in the most restless sense of constantly revising myself" (every hour on the hour); tends to prefer (he doesn't prefer, only tends to prefer) "tinkering with society to smashing it to smithereens." Well, we *are* relieved! We feared getting up one morning to find society smashed to smithereens by that old smasher, Sarris! "The cinema . . . depends for its survival upon a civilization that possesses the largeness of spirit to preserve its past, warts and all. It is therefore not surprising that I have achieved a certain notoriety over the years for deflating the apocalyptic fantasies of the left." (The logic of his "therefore" I can't bother to pursue!) "Fantasies of the left," "sociologically inclined critics, mostly of the left," "the idiot left"—such references spatter his pages, yet he never instructs us where this body of left criticism is to be found lurking. I receive the impression that he thinks any film criticism sociologically motivated is of the left. Where does this leave his, which bears the rubric "Politics and Cinema"?

He has provided clues. At the end of that unfortunate essay on the sixties, after emigrating with relief from the European subject to that of Hitchcock, John Ford, and more Hollywood films than I want to remember have been made, Sarris returns to his C major—The Girls!—with a yard-long citation of actresses whose "relatively suggestive sensuality" he savored "before the bottom fell out of even toplessness." So help me Kinsey, he names every one of the actresses (thirty-seven, by my hasty count) *and* the films in which he savored them—relatively. Perhaps

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this is what he means by the otherwise dubious curtain line of his 1978 introduction: "My aesthetics have been my politics all along."

Airy and Fiery Spheres

THE MAKING OF THE NUREMBERG CHRONICLE. *By Adrian Wilson, assisted by Joyce Lancaster Wilson. Nico Israel, Amsterdam. $65.*

Reviewed by OWEN GINGERICH

The Christmas card roster of nearly every major art museum testifies to the enduring appeal of early printing and graphic arts. Indeed, just such a card kindled my interest in the most lavishly illustrated of all fifteenth-century printed books, Hartmann Schedel's *Liber chronicum*, or "Nuremberg Chronicle."

The card itself was humble enough to belie the grandeur of its source; the small woodblock showed what purported to be a comet, surely more charming as a work of the imagination than as a depiction of a historical event. My memory jogged, I made my way to a small fabric shop north of Harvard Square, where I had seen a handful of loose leaves from this incunabulum, and there, bringing brilliance to the memory of a gray December day, was not merely an original leaf with a comet, but one with Halley's Comet in an early bygone apparition.

Not until some weeks later, when I examined the entire volume in the Houghton Library, did I realize that my luck was not as incredible as it first seemed. The nearly 300 leaves of the Nuremberg Chronicle contain 1,809 woodblock illustrations, but only 645 different designs. The comet, like the assorted images of kings and popes, performed multiple duties; since two woodblocks served for a dozen comets, I had about an even chance of getting one in a dozen sheets.

The Nuremberg Chronicle itself covers the history of the world from the Creation to the Apocalypse (with five leaves left blank for the discretion of the reader between the year 1493—the publication date—and the scenes from the last days). On its pages saints and sinners march by in a quaint, eclectic mixture from both biblical and pagan sources. Most of the larger and better cuts appear only once in the book, and these often convey a certain primitive power: witness the double spreads of Nuremberg, or Venice, or the drunken Noah.

For an astronomer's eye, the woodblock of the seventh day of Creation has an especial appeal. In center stage, like a Renaissance anatomical theater, are the spheres of the terrestrial elements, the planets, and the starry firmament, while rank on rank of passive spectators peer down from the heavenly gallery: angels and kings, bishops and cardinals, and God himself on a majestic throne. These tidy, closely nested circles and ranks convey at a glance an entire medieval conception of the universe, both physical and spiritual.

I cannot help but remark in passing that the Nuremberg Chronicle's vivid depiction

OWEN GINGERICH is professor of astronomy and of the history of science at Harvard University, and is an astrophysicist at the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory.

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stands in authentic contrast to one of the most widely reproduced "medieval" graphics. This popular design, actually a late nineteenth-century fabrication, reveals a charming landscape and village skyline, but its focal point at front left is a traveler in medieval garb who, poking his head through the boundary of earth and sky, gazes in astonishment at the celestial machinery. Perceptive critics have for some time suspected that the medieval wanderer was in reality a piece of art nouveau, and careful research has at last pinned a convincing attribution on Camille Flammarion, one of the most distinguished astronomical popularizers and a skilled amateur artist; the wanderer's earliest known appearance in print was in 1886, in one of Flammarion's popular science books.

From a philosophical viewpoint, the design of the medieval traveler is wrong. In the sixteenth century such curiosity would have bordered on blasphemy, for everyone knew that beyond the airy and fiery spheres lay not psychedelic gear work, but eternal, transparent, crystalline spheres, and beyond them God and his angels. And it is this latter conception that Schedel's artists have laid out as the culmination of the Creation.

The tranquil world and heaven of the Nuremberg Chronicle are, however, displayed within a border of dynamic movement. With puffed cheeks the four winds—Zephyrus, Aparnas, Subsolanus, Auster—stir the environment into a frenzied chaos. One hesitates to imagine that the same artist who made the angels made the winds. And with this observation we enter upon the fascinating scholarship and detective work of Adrian and Joyce Wilson.

The Wilsons, bibliophiles and book designers in their own right, have entered a rather rarely explored region of bibliography: the planning and design of an incunabulum. Remarkably and exceptionally, the original layouts for the Nuremberg Chronicle, together with manuscripts and contracts, are still preserved. These materials languished on the shelves of the Nuremberg City Library, unreproduced and practically unknown, until Adrian Wilson began his investigation. And then, quite by chance, an earlier sequence of sketches and layout sheets was discovered in the endpapers of a Koberger Bible in the same library. The quality of several of the sketches raised anew the question of the involvement of a young Nuremberg apprentice, Albrecht Dürer.

In 1491 Dürer's master, Michael Wolgemut, together with his stepson, Wilhelm Pleydenwurff, had contracted with the printer Anton Koberger to provide the illustrations for this lavish edition, although other evidence indicates that the work had already been in progress for several years. Wilson reproduces part of the 1491 contract, furnishes a complete translation, and also shows that the teenaged Dürer had just concluded a three-year apprenticeship with Wolgemut. Furthermore, a street map of Nuremberg in Peter Zahn's introduction reveals the close proximity in which the principals lived. Wilson also reproduces a self-portrait drawn in 1484 by the thirteen-year-old Dürer. The power of the silver point gives convincing evidence of the artist's precocious ability, and the pose of the self-portrait offers a striking resemblance to numerous woodcut half-figures in the Nuremberg Chronicle itself.

The titled intention of Wilson's volume is carried off to a great effect through a handsome and thorough selection of illustrations, from both the preliminary layouts and the sketches and from the magnificently hand-colored copy of the book owned by Hartmann Schedel himself. Along the way, Wilson includes information that can scarcely be found for any other early book, concerning printing economics and the book's survival rate (probably over 50 percent).

But the hidden agenda, which makes the detective story all the more enticing, is the attribution of certain of the drawings and blocks to the young Dürer. For example, the sketch of "The Dance Around the Golden Calf" could be Dürer's—although, alas, the artistic integrity of the sketch has been altered and diluted in the final cutting. And of course the four winds filling the corners of the seventh day of Creation become excellent candidates for Dürer's hand. These conclusions, incidentally, parallel the suggestions made thirty years ago by Erwin Panofsky.

The outstanding typography and design of *The Making of the Nuremberg Chronicle* provide a feast for the eye. In blending bibliography with art history, the Wilsons have created an unusually beautiful scholarly work.

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The Reader Replies

Running and Other Vices

Aristides ("Running and Other Vices," Spring 1979) thinks that fear of death keeps joggers running. So what if it does? That fear also powers procreation. It even powers art: as Robert Desnos has said, "Poems are those bits of incorruptible being we toss into the repugnant jaws of death." Yet Aristides delivers his insight with a smug tone that implies he's exposing what's rotten at the core of running. Moreover, runners can run *toward* death, while they're running away from it. My sense of mortality is often heightened while running, not because I'm in pain—I'm not—but because the trimming-closer-to-the-bone that goes on is its own *memento mori* and suggests that such body improvement is but the readying for a sacrifice to the god of death; as the shepherd chose the best lamb to offer, so too the runner makes his body fit and presentable for its rendering.

Fundamentally, Aristides suffers from the assumption of a body-spirit split. William Blake didn't: "The notion that man has a body distinct from his soul is to be expunged." With that in mind, one can understand Thoreau: "The whole duty of man may be expressed in one line—Make to yourself a perfect body." Thoreau is not recommending sterile materialism and narcissism; he's simply being Greek, dreaming of reclaiming some of our lost heritage, lost through years of European otherworldliness.

I'd be remiss if I didn't also add that Aristides' piece on running was great fun to read.

Philip Dacey
Cottonwood, Minnesota

"Aristides" (which, I have discovered, is nothing but a Greek name meaning vegetable) has obviously never experienced the serenity of a long-distance run, the sense of well-being that running provides, or the thrill and excitement of being chased in Harlem by a large German shepherd who is about to chew on more than your running shoes. What does he know?

Paul C. Saunders
New York, New York

The Lower Mythology and the Higher Clichés

George Core, writing in the Spring 1979 Scholar ("The Lower Mythology and the Higher Clichés"), concludes, after wading through four books on sports, that all academics now writing on the subject should be benched, mainly because they combine a turgid prose style with a dull empirical approach. The upshot of Core's review is that sportswriting should be left to the sportswriters.

The flaw in Core's argument is his failure to distinguish between *sportswriting* and *sports criticism*. Certainly Core must be aware of the fact that the tendency toward puffery and cheerleading among sportswriters has given rise to a coterie of writers, not involved in the day-by-day coverage of games, who are attempting to approach the subject with some critical detachment and, in the process, keep the puff artists honest.

It is regrettable that so many academicians who have taken up sports criticism write badly; but that seems a poor reason for suggesting that no academician should pursue the subject. Sports is too important a matter to be left to the sportswriters.

Burling Lowrey
Department of English
Montgomery College
Rockville, Maryland

George Core replies: I am grateful for Mr. Lowrey's interest, but I must protest that I did not argue that all members of the academy who write on sports should be benched. My point is that there is little place in sportswriting for the academic mind. I may be unreasonable, but my unreasonableness does not extend to believing that everyone in the academic world suffers from the deficiencies of the academic mind. Nor did I suggest that sportswriting be left to sportswriters. Roger Angell, John McPhee, and William Zinsser cannot be called sportswriters, any more than that term can be applied to A. J. Liebling. What I would like to see—and here Mr. Lowrey would agree, I believe—is more sportswriting on the order of Liebling on boxing, Angell on baseball, and McPhee on tennis and basketball.

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In Search of the Grampian Hills

We have read Moody E. Prior's "In Search of the Grampian Hills with W. C. Fields" (Winter, 1978/79) with great interest and some agreement. Fields never revealed what he knew or thought about the Grampian Hills, or, indeed, how they came into the orbit of his attention. Prior's essay, therefore, can only be labeled an intriguing hypothesis. His explanation certainly does not preclude others, and, indeed, Prior himself provides an extremely fruitful suggestion that leads to further insight. He quotes Gene Fowler to the effect that for the Barrymores, the Grampian Hills symbolized Utopia. Prior concludes that the hills also had a symbolic meaning for Fields: a symbol of "ebullience of spirit . . . [and] refusal to despair."

We believe Prior is essentially correct in identifying just what the Grampian Hills meant for Fields, but we claim an additional insight which may be elusive simply because it is so obvious. The Grampian Hills are the heartland of the Scottish distilling industry, and Fields's predilection for whiskey is well known. Indeed, high in the Grampian Hills, a sixty-two-mile walking tour known as "The Whiskey Trail" has been signposted that leads through the lush countryside from one distillery to another. Obviously Fields's ebullience and refusal to despair could not be quenched as long as there was another drink just around the bend. Surely one cannot be blind to that. For further edification look for our projected book, *The Spirits of Capitalism: The Stimulus of the Grampian Distilling Industry to the Scottish Economy.*

Joseph H. Preston
Edward A. Cole
Department of History
Grand Valley State
Allendale, Michigan

Moody E. Prior replies: I am grateful to Messrs. Preston and Cole for their communication, if only because they make available interesting information about the Grampian Hills which is not available in the usual sources. Their new interpretation of Fields's preoccupation with that region of Scotland proposes in effect to alter "ebullience of spirit" to "ebullience of spirits," and their association of the Grampian Hills with the most famous commercial product of the Scottish Highlands does make it look as though I missed the ultimate meaning of the Grampians for Fields because it was all too evident. It is unfortunately a failing of scholars to search in obscure places, like the police in Poe's "The Purloined Letter," who look far afield while Auguste Dupin finds the missive by assuming that it would be "hidden" in full view in the most obvious place. But obvious to whom? Chance, Pasteur observed, favors the prepared mind. When I first saw *You Can't Cheat an Honest Man* I was familiar with Norval's speech, and so I was certain that what Fields had on his mind was not Scottish geography but "My name in Norval: on the Grampian Hills/My father feeds his flocks." But when Preston and Cole read my essay they were in possession of knowledge even more unfamiliar and surprising than mine, and they arrived at a hypothesis that now threatens my own.

Their discovery fits in with what we know about Fields, and it brings Fields's comic persona into closer association with Falstaff (how unfortunate that no director thought to cast Fields in that role). At the same time it has the effect of distancing him from some of his other comic genotypes and forebears. There is, for instance, Micawber, whom Fields himself recreated so memorably, and who, like the Fields comic type, never despairs that something will turn up and thinks finally to try his luck in Australia. Yet we cannot imagine Micawber surviving a convivial session with W. C. I suspect that the Utopia which Fields never abandoned hope of stumbling onto was not to be found in a bottle, and that he knew it.

It looks like a standoff, but Preston and Cole may well have the last word when their magnum opus appears.

The Prince of Heartachers

I thought I understood these matters and am thrown into confusion when, in his article "The Prince of Heartachers" in the Winter 1978/79 issue of the Scholar, Professor Pritchard quotes a stanza from Robinson's "Miniver Cheevy" and says, "the lines swing along in their anapestic lilt."

Where is an anapestic lilt like that of Byron's "The Assyrian came *down* like a *wolf* on the *fold*"?

Throughout the poem I hear what Frost called "loose iambics"; in each stanza four stresses in the first three lines, two stresses in the last line. The third line Professor Pritchard quotes—"He mourned Romance, now on the town"—is perfect iambic tetrameter.

Please clarify.

Thomas Carper
Cornish, Maine

William H. Pritchard replies: Mr. Carper is right: I should have spoken in the singular, referring as I was to the second foot of the second line in that stanza—"That *made* so *ma*ny a *name* so *fra*grant." Even in that one, the "many" could be elided with "a" so as to preserve the iambics. Anyway there's a lilt.

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